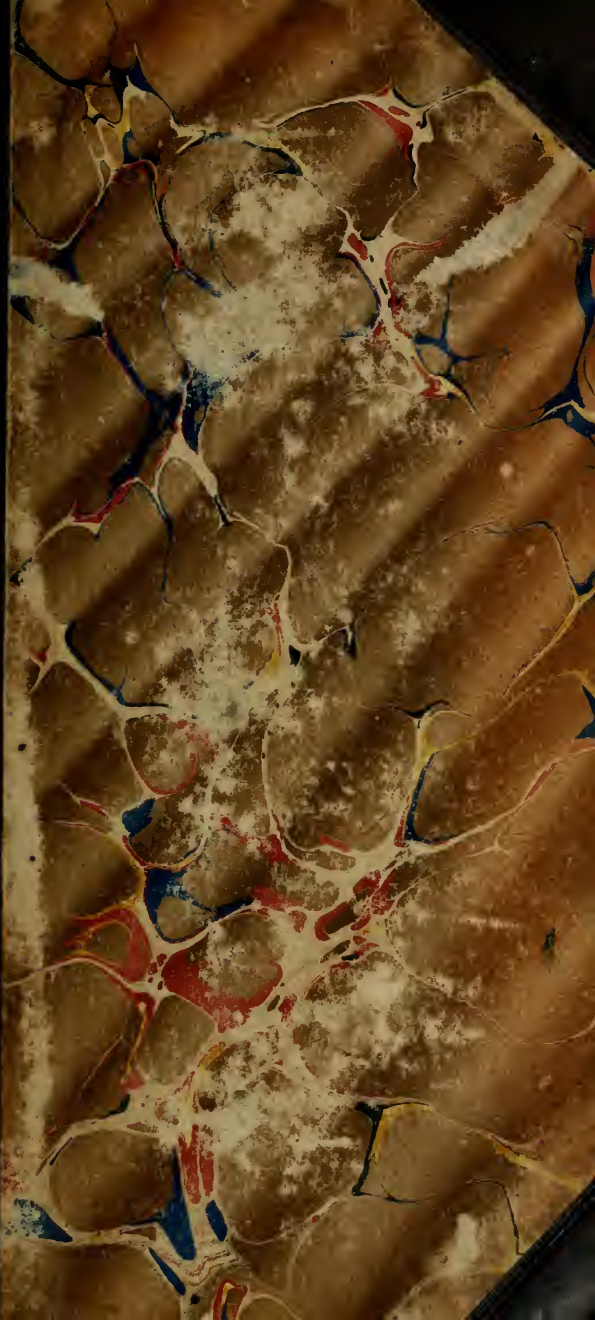


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Published by F. Housten & Son, Wellington, Salop, April 11th 1825.

THE
Lady of the Manor.



BEING
A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS
ON THE SUBJECT OF CONFIRMATION.
Intended for the Use of the Middle and Higher Ranks
OF
YOUNG FEMALES.



BY
MRS. SHERWOOD,
Author of "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,"
&c. &c.



VOLUME III.

THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:
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THE

LADY OF THE MANOR,

&c.

CHAPTER XIV.

Second Commandment.—Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven Image, nor the Likeness of any Thing that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, or in the Water under the Earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children, unto the third and fourth Generation of them that hate me, and shew Mercy unto Thousands in them that love me, and keep my Commandments.

THE lady of the manor opened the conversation this evening, by requesting one of the young people to repeat the second commandment, which was accordingly done.

“Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.”

When the young lady had finished the repetition of this commandment, some person in company asked the lady

of the manor to have the kindness to explain to her the precise distinction between the duties enforced by the first and the second commandment; adding, that it appeared to her that every obligation enjoined by the first commandment, seemed to be equally inculcated by the second; and those of the second in like manner inculcated by the first. The young lady apologized for making this request, and at the same time expressed her assurance that the Almighty would not have given two commandments where one was sufficient, although she could not satisfactorily discern the difference between them.

The lady of the manor answered, that the commandments of God would always be found so to hang together, that each involved duties enforced by some or all of the others, insomuch that no one commandment could ever be singly and solely broken; and that hence might be found another solution besides that which is commonly received of the following expression—*Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.* (James ii. 10.)

“There is a perfection and agreement,” continued she, “in the commandments, which will appear more and more in proportion as we consider their several parts—a holy harmony which admits not of the slightest discord; from whence arises the absurdity of supposing that any thing like an imperfect obedience can be acceptable to God. However, to answer your question, my dear young friend, and to state my opinion to you on this subject as accurately as possible, I must inform you, that, with respect to the commandments in question, it appears to me that the second may be considered as the first commandment assuming a more express and palpable form. The first commandment has respect to the feelings of the heart and its affections, forbidding the undue estimation of any created object; whereas the second commandment especially refers to every external form of idolatrous worship. This latter commandment prohibits the worship which is offered to idols, or false gods, whether celestial or terrestrial, whether in heaven above or in the earth beneath. It also forbids the making or forming of any images, or likenesses, of the true God. It likewise forbids the introduction of all human inventions into the worship of the true God, requiring that we should keep

ourselves free from all the contagious influences of heathen abominations, according to the solemn injunctions recorded in Deuteronomy xii. 30, 31, 32.—*Take heed to thyself, that thou be not snared by following them, after that they be destroyed from before thee; and that thou enquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise. Thou shalt not do so unto the Lord thy God: for every abomination to the Lord, which he hateth, have they done unto their gods; for even their sons and their daughters they have burnt in the fire to their gods. What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it.* Finally, it forbids our adoption of heathen manners and customs, by no means allowing us to make their mythological writings our guides, teaching them to our little ones, extolling their beauties, or holding them up as standards of morality to the admiration of our friends and associates.

“The Almighty,” continued the lady, “represents himself in the second commandment, and in many other parts of Scripture, as a jealous God, as one who will have no rival in the affections of his people. He compares himself in other passages of the Word to a husband, while the Church is represented as his bride, as one purchased and washed with his blood. And under this tender appellation of a husband he condescends to solicit the affections of his people; as in Isaiah liv. 5, 6, where we find the following words—*For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall he be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.*”

The lady of the manor then proceeded to observe, that as she had already pointed out to her young people how the first commandment was frequently violated in Christian societies, she should now go on to notice the various modes in which the second commandment was broken in the present day by persons calling themselves Christians, and even by such as are accustomed to consider themselves as the most enlightened and best instructed of the age.

“Idolatry,” continued she, “has been the grand engine

by which Satan has held the dominion of the world for the last four thousand years. It is not, however, my present object to ascertain precisely how large a portion of the habitable globe is still lying in absolute paganism. The horrors and enormities of open heathenism are evident enough to every observer: we can all of us see the follies and absurdities of Hindoos and Hottentots with a sufficient degree of clearness; and I trust that there are none of you, my dear young people, who are not zealously promoting the cause of missions, whose direct purpose is to evangelize these dark corners of the earth. But our present business is not with these remote evils: by looking continually towards them, we are perhaps in danger of drawing comparisons too favourable to ourselves, and by constantly gazing upon the mote in our brother's eye become insensible of the beam which is in our own eye.

“From the first day that I was honoured in being permitted to become your instructress, it has been my object to draw your attention as much as possible to your own spiritual concerns, and to guard you against those dangers which grow out of the present state of society in this country. Every age and every state of life have their peculiar trials and temptations, and dangers often arise in quarters whence they were least suspected.

“It is well known that there is much actual idolatry in the papal Church, in which the Virgin Mary and the saints are made the constant objects of divine honours: but the Roman Catholic religion has been losing ground and influence for some years in Europe. Neither is it from this quarter that the young people of England, and we may even add those of the Continent, have now most reason to fear.

“It is impossible, one should suppose, for a thoughtful person to visit the Continent, or to become acquainted with our places of public education in England, without perceiving that true religion has another enemy now existing more powerful than popery itself, and one indeed to which the continuance of the Roman Catholic religion on the Continent, and the very slow advancement of religious truth in England since the period of the Reformation, may be traced with a degree of certainty which in after ages will be as apparent as the influence of popery before the time of Luther.

“This enemy of true religion, my dear young people,” added the lady of the manor, “is no other than the ancient heathen literature; and it might perhaps be very useful on the present occasion to enquire whether the dark shadows of paganism are so absolutely passed away from Christendom as is generally believed; and whether Satan has not been enabled, with a degree of art unrivalled in the annals of mankind, to keep up the influence of heathen morality with nearly undiminished force, and to preserve the fascinations of heathen profligacy upon the minds of our young people, under the mask of classic elegance and ancient wisdom, not only for ages after the light of true religion had shone on various parts of the earth, but even down to the present period—a period, in this country especially, of no small light and illumination in many other respects?”

In this place one of the young ladies interrupted the lady of the manor, to ask whether she comprehended aright what she had heard; and whether their kind instructress meant them to understand that she considered it a kind of heathenism to study the writings of idolaters in the manner in which they were studied by the learned in the present day?

“My dear young friend,” replied the lady of the manor, “I am by no means such a barbarian as to wish the destruction of a single interesting vestige of ancient days; neither do I believe it to be any offence against the Almighty to study the writings of antiquity in order to throw light either upon history in general or upon the sacred volume in particular. But when I consider that the reading of these books is made the constant employment of our sons from early infancy until the period of education is supposed to be finished, to the almost total exclusion of all biblical learning;—when I consider that the countenance and authority of all we hold sacred, and all we hold dear, is given to these works which abound in mythological allusions of the most impure nature, and whose choicest passages are replete with such vain-glorious and worldly sentiments as a man must utterly renounce before he can enter the kingdom of heaven;—when we consider that a knowledge of the classics is counted indispensable to the character of a gentleman, while a very slender acquaintance with Scripture is re-

quired even from a minister of our Established Church ; — we must acknowledge that, although we do not actually bow the knee to Jupiter and Saturn, the shadows of paganism have not yet passed away from our country ; and if not from *our* country, how much less so from our continental neighbours !”

The lady of the manor then proceeded to inform her young people of the result of her observations on this subject in a visit made some years before to the Continent.

“ I had expected,” said she, “ to have found our neighbours on the Continent, at least those who preserved the old order of things as it existed before the Revolution, quiet and simple papists, having their houses decorated with the images of their saints, and their walls perhaps enriched with representations of the Holy Family, of St. Agnace, and St. Ursula, &c. &c. How much then was I astonished to find that those pieces of sculpture and painting which had any reference to their religion were almost wholly confined to places of worship and burying-grounds ; while nearly all the ornaments of their houses and gardens, whether produced by the pencil or the chisel, bore allusion to mythological and classical subjects. The inhabitants of the Continent are immoderately fond of paintings and statuary, insomuch that they frequently adorn their gardens and houses with them ; the figures in each being large as life, and representing scenes from Ovid, and other ancient writers of the same description.

“ I am rather inclined to think that our continental neighbours are not the deep scholars that we are, and probably do not for the most part enter so accurately into the niceties of language and criticism as we do ; at least I believe our islanders wish to have it thought so. But be this as it may, their minds seem very deeply imbued with classical ideas, and not possessing the delicacy which we affect, they represent in colours and proportions which none can mistake, those unholy conceptions of the unregenerate imagination which are found in the above-mentioned authors—which very authors are made the study of our infant boys when scarcely weaned from the breast.

“ The enlightened English tutor may perhaps reply

to this—No: we select with care; choosing that which is likely to be profitable to our pupils, and casting the rest away. In return to which it may well be asked, How can good be selected from that in which no good exists? or how can we draw any thing that is profitable from that which is universally evil? There may indeed be found in heathen writers some beautiful descriptions of the works of God, and the glories of nature: but all that proceeds from the writer himself, is and must be corrupt; since every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart are declared, in the sacred volume, to be only evil continually. The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be: every sentiment, therefore, of a heathen writer must needs be corrupt, and opposed to that which is right; neither can we wonder at any evil effect which is or may be produced by placing the sentiments, actions, and imaginations of the heathen world under the constant observation of our children. And I have seriously apprehended that much, very much of the depravity of the young people on the Continent may have proceeded from the constant recurrence of these unholy images, whether represented in sculpture, painting, or needlework; whether found in the original languages, or in translations; or merely re-modelled in the shape of epic poems, dramas, songs, or romances.

“But,” proceeded the lady of the manor, “as I know your partiality, my dear young people, to any thing in the style of narrative, instead of detaining your attention any longer with my remarks on a subject which may be more interesting to you hereafter than it now is, I shall read a letter to you, which I received a short time ago from a lady, who is now the happy wife of an excellent man in exalted life, and the joyful mother of a beautiful and pious family.”

The lady of the manor then rang her bell, and directed her servant to bring in a small casket which she had placed on her dressing-table.

During the absence of the servant, the young people ventured to put some enquiries respecting the lady in question.

In answer to all these enquiries, the lady of the manor referred them to the letter, which she said contained a

little epitome of the lady's life, written with the express purpose of being shewn to a person who was a total stranger to any part of the author's history.

On the casket being put into the hands of the lady of the manor, she opened and drew from it a letter, together with a small painting representing a young and extremely lovely person dressed in the habit of a huntress. Her figure was singularly elegant and majestic; her golden hair was knotted with classic simplicity on the back of her head; health bloomed on her cheek; and genius sparkled in her eye. The back-ground of the little picture represented a wild wood, and two delicate Italian greyhounds occupied some part of the fore-ground. The execution of this little painting was as excellent as the design was beautiful.

When the young people had satisfied themselves with looking upon this picture, they laid it on one side, and the lady of the manor commenced the letter.

A Letter from Ellen Temple respecting the Effect produced upon the youthful Mind by our usual Classical Studies.

“ My grandfather, as you well know, my dear Madam, was the Earl of K——, and my father a younger son of that nobleman. My father was a remarkably handsome man; his personal accomplishments being of a kind which served as a letter of recommendation to him wherever he wished to be introduced. His figure was strikingly majestic, while his countenance expressed a peculiar sweetness mixed with an extraordinary degree of vivacity. After being educated in one of the first public schools in England, he was considered as one of the most elegant scholars of his time in the University of Oxford, through which he passed as a gentleman commoner.

“ My father's private tutor at Oxford was a man of talent; and having, no doubt, in his situation as an instructor of youth, often suffered the penance of being obliged to bear with much dulness, he seemed to be particularly delighted with the rapid manner in which my father received ideas and adopted them as his own. And he was not a little gratified in the success of his

pupil, who was acknowledged to be a man of the first genius and most elegant taste who had appeared at Oxford for some years.

“It was at that time predicted, by those who knew my father best, that he would become an author, and would distinguish himself by some superior literary productions: but these predictions have not been fulfilled. My father never produced any compositions of sufficient consequence to be brought before the public; though I found a few essays and some slight attempts at versification in his portfolio, which afforded sufficient proof that had he undertaken larger works it would not have been without a considerable share of success.

“It was always the intention of my grandfather, who was high in favour with the ministry, to bring my father forward in the diplomatic line; but as no situation of this kind immediately offered, upon my father’s leaving the University, he was without employment for two years, during which time he indulged in some expences which his noble friends could not conveniently answer; for my paternal relations are not rich.

“In the mean time, hopes were held out to him of speedy advancement in the line he desired: but finding that his creditors would not receive promises in lieu of payment, he suffered himself to be persuaded to seek the improvement of his fortune by marriage; a mode of rising in the world which one should think was but ill suited to a man of my father’s elegant taste and intellectual refinement. For he had often been in the habit of speaking of his future wife as of one who must possess the beauty of Helen and the graces of Calypso, together with the mental distinctions of the unfortunate Sappho: all of which imaginary perfections he was compelled to forego for the ordinary consideration of that large fortune which his various improvidences had rendered desirable.

“But, to speak in plain language, the young lady whom he selected as the object of his addresses was very rich, though she had few of those charms with which he used in imagination to endow his destined wife. She had, however, many excellent qualities; and, had her life been spared, she would, no doubt, have obtained and preserved the regard of her husband: she however lived only two years, and dying, left him one daughter.

“ My father thus becoming a widower in early life, was not sorry to be relieved from the charge of his infant by her maternal grandmother, to whose care he consigned her after her mother’s death, and never saw her more; though he ever retained a tender recollection of her, and seldom spoke of her without a certain expression of countenance which indicated that his feelings for her were more tender than he openly acknowledged.

“ And now, in order that I may not hereafter break in upon other parts of my story, I shall here trace the simple outline of my sister’s pathetic history. She was brought up by her respectable grandmother in much retirement, but not in ignorance. Her grandmother being aware of my father’s love of literature, procured for her, when at a proper age, a learned tutor in the person of a middle-aged clergyman of the name of Gisborne, who, while the old lady herself undertook those branches of my sister’s education which particularly belong to her sex, occupied himself in the cultivation of her mind and the improvement of her talents.

“ As far as I could ever learn, my sister was never a brilliant character, nor in any way distinguished by personal beauty: she possessed, however, in a singular degree, that uniform gentleness and consistency which, when united, as in her case, with feeling and good sense, so peculiarly fit the female for all the duties of daughter, wife, and mother, and render her so especially a help meet for the nobler sex.

“ My sister, being entitled to a large fortune, married very early, and as early became a widow, though not till she had first become a mother. Her only son, the little Alfred, was born when I, his aunt, was about ten years of age, and continued to live with his mother and grandmother, enjoying the instruction of his mother’s venerable tutor till I had entered into my eighteenth year; at which time he was deprived of both parents within a few months, and consigned by the dying testimony of his mother to the guardianship of my father, with this stipulation, that he should not on any account be separated from Mr. Gisborne. Intending to mention in its proper place what more I may have to say respecting this little boy, I shall now proceed with the history of my father.

“He was very young when he first became a widower, and being thus freed from all domestic cares, he immediately entered upon that mode of life for which he had originally been designed, by accompanying his Excellency Lord —, the English ambassador to the capital of the French monarchy; and from that time he was continually engaged in public affairs in the different courts of Europe till I was thirteen years of age, although his second marriage did not take place till his daughter by his first wife was between ten and eleven years of age.

“It was in the duchy of Baden, at the town of Carlsruhe, that my father first saw my mother. Being at that time in easy and affluent circumstances, he was not led to this second marriage by the same motives which had formerly influenced him, for my mother was a very beautiful woman, and nearly allied to the first families in the principality. Her fortune was also small when she became my father’s wife; though some years after their marriage, through the sudden death of an only brother, she became the heiress of a noble property, and entered into the possession of an almost princely domain.

“Thus, my dear Madam, having given you the simple statement of the situation of my family before my birth, I shall proceed to those matters which relate more nearly to myself.

“I was born in the grand duchy of Baden, and was called Ellen, after my mother; but I left the place of my nativity so early, that I should have had no knowledge of it had I not seen it again at a later period. Soon after my birth, my parents went to France, and settled in Paris, having a country-house at Versailles, where I chiefly resided with my governess; although I enjoyed much of the presence of my parents, who were seldom long absent from me, and who regarded me with a degree of tenderness which formed not only their happiness but mine also. I was naturally a very lively child; and I lived among very animated people. The scenes amid which I resided were calculated to excite the fancy in a more than ordinary degree. It was precisely that point of time in the last age, in which Versailles might be said to have reached its highest glory,

when the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the star of Austria, had just commenced that career of vanity, the end of which was so peculiarly disastrous as to excite the commiseration of all Europe, and will continue so to do as long as any records shall remain of the horrors of that time.

“ Though very young when I first saw that princess, I shall never forget the expression of her beautiful countenance as I one day met her, when walking with my governess in the gardens of Versailles. She was dressed in a simple robe of dimity, with a straw hat, in which was a single bunch of artificial flowers. Her attendants were few; and there was in her countenance an almost infantine expression of ease and sweetness, which formed a painful contrast with the portraits taken of this unhappy princess in later life, when the world had finished that work of corruption which we are well informed was too successfully begun in the court of her ambitious mother; when the caprices of fashion had destroyed her native simplicity; and after her mind had been inflamed with passion and harassed by fatigue.

“ About three years ago, when again visiting Versailles in order to weep over the wreck of former magnificence, I saw a portrait of the little Dauphiness on her first arrival in France; it was inclosed in a shabby frame, and had been thrown aside with other old lumber, in an underground apartment of the palace. In this portrait, the same infantine tenderness was visible; and though the features seemed scarcely yet to have obtained their due proportion, yet there was an air of harmlessness and sweet inexperience cast over the whole figure, which made my heart bleed at every pore, and led me to the indulgence of an encouraging persuasion, that the tragic end of this ill-fated princess was probably preceded by such convictions of the vanity of human life, as might happily fit her for a better world. But to pass from these touching reflections, and to descend into more ordinary life, though still somewhat allied to the pomp of courts.

“ Many of my early years, as I before said, were passed at Versailles, where my father had a country-house. Though I have myself been a great traveller on the Continent, I never saw a palace which conveyed

to my mind such an idea of regal pomp as that of Versailles. I doubt whether it may be asserted that the building is in a good taste; I believe that it is not generally allowed to be so: nevertheless the eye is struck with its magnificent extent, the profusion of sculpture with which it is enriched, the magnitude of its columns, porticoes, terraces, balustrades, and other architectural ornaments; all of which may be more easily conceived than described. The old-fashioned gardens, too, are not without their imposing effect; the various long walks, some straight, some winding, are separated one from another by little coppices or groves, (for we have not a word in English to describe the ornamented *bosquet* of the French,) in which grottoes charm and fountains play, and where all the caprices of the heathen mythology are represented in groups of marble or of bronze; the various lakes and basons of clear water, each adorned with its triton or water-nymph, its dolphin or its mermaid; the gardens of orange trees; the avenues of tilleul; the groves of myrtle; the stairs of stone, descending from terrace to terrace, ornamented with balustrades; the marble effigies of kings and heroes of other times;—all present in one point of view so much to amuse the fancy, and to confound all sense of ordinary life and the real state of man on earth, that the youthful individual must be cold indeed, or raised in no ordinary degree above earthly things, who can live at Versailles without receiving many corrupt impressions and entertaining many erroneous ideas.

“There is to be found, for the most part, about the courts of kings, a spirit of intrigue or gossip, which requires all the circumstance of splendour attending such places to preserve it in any degree from the low character which never ceases to accompany it in every other modification of life. This spirit is equally blended, in general, with flattery and detraction, and few minds are found sufficiently exalted to rise wholly above it. Hence the characters about every court are commonly of the most ordinary kind, agitated by the lowest passions, and excited by the meanest motives. Nor indeed is it possible that the immediate attendants and companions of earthly kings should ever be enabled to triumph completely over the low feelings of envy and ambition, until

they are actuated by the fear of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords.

“But it was not in the court of Louis the Sixteenth that characters remarkable for piety were to be looked for; since, among those persons who formed this society, there were few distinguished above the rest by any ideas which were not of the commonest order. There were, indeed, a few literary men—some individuals who read and thought—and among this number was my father. But, as he has since said of himself, his intellectual pleasures had no reference whatever to religion; and though by no means an avowed infidel, or an open enemy of his God, it never once occurred to him, that the word of God could be made of the slightest use in enlightening and clearing the intellect, or improving the taste: and as to its power, under the divine blessing, of correcting the heart and controlling the passions, it was an idea which never could have suggested itself to his mind in the state in which he then was; for the natural man receiveth not these things.

“My father, however, read much; and, pursuing the bent given him at the University, he particularly devoted himself to the classics, together with all such books as are in any way connected with that study. And if he gained no other advantage from this plan of reading, it served to pass his time in a less hurtful way, in some respects, than it might otherwise have been employed in: it kept him at home; it led him to associate with those of the court who were not entirely sunk into modern frivolities; and it preserved him from entering into that very low style of conversation which I have described as prevailing in the habitations of kings. The society also which frequented his house was of a literary description, men of wit and quickness; yet probably shallow, though I am not authorized to say thus much; and it is highly probable that, had they not been recommended to him by their intellectual endowments, their society would have had few charms for my father.

“Though my mother was never accustomed to speak much, yet she laid little restraint on me: and I can well remember, when I was about eight years of age, that I used to steal into the saloon, where my father was entertaining his friends, and actually to make my

way through the circle to his knees. Situated in this my place of safety, from which I knew that no one would dare to force me, I used to listen to much that passed; and once in particular I ventured to make such remarks, that a certain abbé, a friend, or rather frequent companion, of my father's, expressed in my presence his regret that a child of such talents, as he was pleased to say I possessed, should be brought up under an ordinary governess.—‘Give your daughter,’ said he, ‘a classical education; cultivate her taste by presenting the finest models of composition to her examination; enrich her fancy with the beauties of ancient authors; allow her not to read any modern writers which are not of the same school; and be assured that your daughter will, one day or other, surpass the most celebrated females of her age.’

“I do not pretend that I should have recollected the whole of this speech from the first hearing of it, and that at so early an age as my ninth year, had it not often been repeated by my father; although we are very ready, even in our most tender years, to receive and understand that which we think redounds to our own honour.

“But notwithstanding the good abbé, in the plenitude of his politeness, had thought proper to invest me with such extraordinary talents, I am not aware that any such really existed. I know not that there was any thing out of the common way in me, excepting that I undoubtedly inherit in some degree that vivid imagination which always enabled my father to seize, and as it were to make his own, all such poetical images as were presented to him through the medium of words, of sculpture, of painting, or of scenic representation; although the power of combining these afresh, and arranging them in new and striking forms, (which power we honour with the name of invention,) was not equally bestowed upon him. But however this might be, my beloved father, being encouraged by the abbé, and finding that much leisure remained to him after discharging the various functions of his office in the suite of the ambassador of the English court, resolved to employ himself in the cultivation of my mind, excusing himself for not having provided the same means of instruction for

his elder daughter, who was still with her grandmother, upon the plea that her countenance, though mild and amiable, exhibited in infancy no promising symptoms of genius.

“ Thus having quieted his feelings of duty towards his firstborn, my dear father lost no time in procuring for me such a tutor as should bring me through the drudgery of Latin and Greek. This tutor was to ground me well in grammar, and while he led me gently forward through this stony road, my father never omitted any occasion of opening my mind to the beauties of the classics; the more elegant passages of the heathen mythology; the fabulous histories of ancient heroes, kings, and demi-gods; as well as the brilliant actions and heroic sentiments of the most celebrated personages of those periods of ancient history which are not concealed beneath the cloak of fable or the mists of doubt.

“ Many of these lessons were given me in the highly decorated environs of Versailles, or in those parts of the palace into which we had admittance—in the halls of the Louvre—in the gardens of the Thuilleries and the Luxemburg—in the pleasure-grounds of Marly—and other places in the neighbourhood of Paris; and assuredly had I been born at Rome itself, before the name of Jesus had extended beyond the precincts of his native land, I could not have enjoyed (if such a word be not ill used in this place) better opportunities of studying the figures, attributes, and characters of the heathen divinities, than those which I possessed in and near the capital of His Most Christian Majesty.

“ I was at that time too young to be introduced into company, and there was no enjoyment which I could conceive to be greater than walking with my parents in the gardens of Versailles, and listening to my father’s conversation, for his lessons were at that time always given through the medium of conversation, and generally taken from the objects which presented themselves; and there can be no doubt but that lessons thus given and thus brought before the eye, are not easily forgotten. Is it possible for me to forget the outlines of the history of the son of Jupiter and Latona, when that history was given me as I stood in the very presence as it were of the demi-god himself, in that beautiful grove

of Versailles where three exquisite groups are placed in a grotto formed out of an enormous rock, the entrance of which represents the palace of Thetis?—in the centre is the celestial hero himself, accompanied by six nymphs, the two other groups representing tritons watering the horses of the sun. These last figures are reckoned chef-d'œuvres of the art of sculpture, and seem to be inhaling with fiery nostrils the waters which on days of high festivity gush in torrents from the rock. Or could I lose the recollection of the various adventures of Bacchus, Diana, or Mars, when every perfection of painting and tapestry had been employed to fix them in my imagination? And though my father, no doubt, endeavoured, with all the delicacy that parental affection could adopt, to keep all that was decidedly vicious in these histories as much as possible in the background, yet their effect, when purified as much as they were capable of being purified, was every thing but good; for the imagination of unregenerate youth is ever ready to add that which is wanting, when such aliment only is supplied as carries not with it a strong corrective to evil, just as a disordered stomach turns all to poison, which is not an actual antidote to its distempered state. Thus the imagination of children being always in a vitiated state, some such corrective as the word of God supplies should be constantly administered to them, *for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.* (2 Cor. x. 4, 5.)

“I was not more than twelve years of age when my parents left Versailles, at which time also I quitted my tutor, who had already carried me through the first seven books of Virgil, together with a part of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and had begun to initiate me in the mysteries of Homer amid all his original beauties. Young however as I then was, the various recollections and impressions I carried away with me of mythological subjects, the sentiments I had acquired from the heathen writers, and the strong bent which had been given to my taste, were such, that I am persuaded no means which could have

been used under any system of education, would have effaced those impressions, or changed that bent.

“ Now it may be asserted that no school-boy in England, while obtaining the rudiments of classical literature, can ever be precisely in the circumstances in which I received my education; for our more enlightened land abounds not with that multitude of images and symbols of a polluted polytheism, with which various parts of the Continent are overspread. Nevertheless, do we not convey to our sons, and even our daughters, the same images, through the medium of books? And though the cold colouring of words undoubtedly makes not its way so speedily to the heart of a child, as the warmer tints of painting and the more palpable forms of sculpture; nevertheless, the solemnity and gravity which accompany our classical lectures, and the importance we affix to them, are perhaps as likely to give them influence over the minds of our young people, as the lighter mode in which these lessons are conveyed on the Continent. However, to leave those to judge of this subject who may understand it better than I do, I hesitate not to say, that I have no doubt but that the prevalence of classical and heathen imagery among the more refined of our continental neighbours, is one grand source of their corruption, one great cause of their darkness with respect to religion, and that which has upheld the influence of popery, where otherwise it must have fallen from its own inherent absurdity. Of this prevalence none can have an idea who have not quitted the shores of England: nor am I able to understand how this circumstance can have been so long overlooked by the many excellent men who have visited our continental neighbours, unless perhaps that they are deluded with the opinion so commonly enforced among us, that the ancient heathenism of Greece and Rome is an enemy so entirely overthrown, so utterly mortified and subdued, as to be no longer an object of fear; while the papal power, though in a declining state, is waiting only a fair opportunity to rise again and obtain fresh triumphs.

“ The occasion of our leaving Versailles was the sudden death of my mother’s only brother, by which a very large property devolved to her in the duchy of Baden.

I remember little accurately respecting my journey, or of the various events which took place, until my father, having disengaged himself from all his affairs in the diplomatic line, settled himself in a habitation belonging to him in right of his wife, not very distant from Carlsruhe, the modern capital of Baden, and among the mountains of the Schwartzwald or Black Forest.

“These mountains extend from the borders of Switzerland to Sforzheim, from which last place the chain which branches off to the north assumes another name. This region, being inclosed towards the west by the Rhine and the Neckar, and by the mountains on the east, is one of the most beautiful parts of Germany; the whole country rising gradually from the rivers to the mountains, and presenting to the traveller one continued garden enriched with fruit-trees bending down in summer with the weight of their fruit.

“The Hartzwald, which are nearer the Rhine than the Schwartzwald, and are sometimes blended with them in one line of view, are not however so bold in their aspect as the mountains of Switzerland, while they have a more smiling and less sullen appearance than the heights of the Black Forest, being frequently enriched with varieties of beautiful forest trees, while their more savage neighbours are for the most part covered with pine, and some of their higher points capped with almost perpetual snow. This range of hills abounds with innumerable torrents, which pouring down from the heights discharge themselves into the Rhine; while the ruins of many ancient towers and castles frowning from amidst these mountain forests, carry the imagination back to those lawless ages when the old Teutonic race disputed the possession of that country with the Roman legions then stationed along the banks of the Rhine.

“It was not however one of these ancient towers, but a handsome modern chateau, with a well cultivated garden, of which my father took possession on his arrival in Germany; neither was it so deeply inclosed by the mountains as to render it an inconvenient habitation, though sufficiently so for every purpose of romantic beauty. The highroad from Manheim to Rastadt was not very distant from us, and as the whole of the in-

intermediate ground was occupied by oak and beech woods, the drive through the forest from the highroad to the chateau was exceedingly beautiful, acquiring new charms as it approached the foot of the mountains, and penetrated more deeply into the haunts of the deer.

“Some time before my father had relinquished public life, he had begun to express his weariness of it, and since he had conceived the idea of devoting his time to my education, he seemed to have expressed more than his former disgust at the manner in which he was compelled to pass his days in the suite of an ambassador: but now, being suddenly raised to a very distinguished situation in his wife’s country, and finding himself in possession of a very ample property, he resolved to indulge himself in that mode of life for which he had long secretly sighed; namely, an elegant and classical retirement, where, with his books, his daughter, (for he was excessively fond of me,) and a few friends, he might bring together all that he conceived really desirable in the present life.

“My father had lived many years with foreigners, and could speak German and French with perfect ease; it was not therefore necessary to his comfort that his literary companions should be Englishmen: but such was his predilection for the classics, that he never considered any man a real gentleman who was not well versed in these studies.

“With such plans of future enjoyment, my father lost no time in adding such decorations to his house and grounds as he judged they were best capable of receiving. It was not a gothic castle, but a classic villa, which my father wished to possess; and although the Apennines might have afforded a more suitable situation than the Schwartzwald for a Roman villa, yet my father was not sorry to have such beauties of nature at his command, as those which the Schwartzwald presented at so remote a distance from Rome as the banks of the Rhine.

“The house which I am here describing stood in the centre of a large and rich domain. - It was situated on the side of a hill, in the centre of a lawn, wholly inclosed by woods; those in our neighbourhood being composed of chesnut, beech, oak, and the silver-shafted

birch, while those which were more remote presented only one mighty mass of dark fir trees.

“From these woods arose, in one vast range, and stretching from north to south further than the eye could reach, innumerable summits of mountains; some bare and rocky, some entirely covered with wood, and others frequently clothed in mantles of snow; some forming prominent features in the landscape, while others appeared to withdraw from the eye in colours almost as faint as the blue ether of the higher latitudes. The house was surrounded by a park, abounding with deer, and containing within a moderate compass every possible variety of hill and dale, waterfall and rock, cool grotto, breezy lawn, and shadowy glade;—scenes of endless variety, and such as were calculated to give inconceivable delight to one already perhaps too much devoted to the pleasures of fancy.

“The inhabitants of that part of Germany concerning which I am here speaking, are not behind their more western neighbours in their taste for statuary; and great encouragement is given to the arts of painting and sculpture in the principality of Baden. It was not, therefore, difficult for my father to find artists of sufficient eminence to execute all his plans of this kind; and since a better and purer taste has marked his character, through the divine mercy, he has often smiled at the recollection of his persevering activity and the diligence he used in converting his house and pleasure-grounds into a kind of pantheon. This trifling taste is undoubtedly not so common now in England as it formerly was; but it is impossible to take the air in a nobleman’s garden on the Continent without coming into contact with gods and goddesses, fauns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, in marble or bronze, ill or well executed, suitably or unsuitably accompanied. Scarcely a fishpond can be found on the Continent, in the centre of which there is not a frowning Neptune with his trident; nor a summer-house which is not set forth with the loves of the Graces. There is hardly a little inn throughout all Germany whose walls are not adorned with the representation of some classical story; and I have frequently seen the greater part of the metamorphoses of Ovid represented on coarse paper, with a

coarser pencil, and employed as a substitute for tapestry, in houses where it was almost doubtful whether a single person could read.

“These things are absurd; but if they were only absurd, we might pass them by without wishing them otherwise. But they are worse than absurd; for their influence is decidedly corrupting; and every one who thinks at all must feel them so to be. And although, as I before remarked, the worthy people of England have in some degree renounced their taste for leaden gods and marble goddesses, (a taste which probably never prevailed in our island in the degree it has abroad,) yet it must be allowed, that ideas are the same, however conveyed, whether by words or symbols, their nature and influence not undergoing the least alteration by the medium through which they are brought to the mind.

“It may perhaps be pleaded, that the ancient authors are not read on account of their mythological allusions; that no person now living believes in the existence of these ancient demi-gods, and that no one receives them with more faith than they do the tales of Riquet a la Houppé, and Petit Poucet. For the sake of argument, we will grant all this, and that the shocking narratives of the degrading conduct of these fabled personages produce no effect on the youthful mind: yet let it be remembered, that when the fountain itself is corrupt, the waters which spring from it must necessarily be equally corrupt. The ancient heathen authors were either entirely without religion, or the religion they professed was of the most polluting description: hence the poison of infidelity, or the abominations of a vicious polytheism, were distilled into their hearts, and flowed abroad through their writings; and these writings, thus polluted and replenished with poison, are delivered to our children, yea, and pressed upon them with every argument which parental authority can adopt with any chance of success. The child who neglects these studies is threatened with correction; and the youth who declines them is told of the shame which must accompany him through the whole of life.

“But without saying too much in this place on a subject to which I must again call your attention in a fur-

ther part of my letter—I must request you, my dear Madam, to represent me to yourself at the age of fourteen, settled with my parents in the chateau of Warenheim, among the most beautiful and least rugged environs of the Schwartzwald. The house we occupied stood upon the site of an ancient castle; which having fallen into complete decay, had risen again in the form of an excellent modern house, possessing many of the interior and exterior beauties of ancient Grecian architecture. On each side of this building towards the east and west were colonnades of polished granite. These colonnades were composed of coupled columns of the Corinthian order, and the interior peristyles with their ceilings were richly decorated with foliage and interlacements carefully executed. Above the door-ways which led from the peristyle into the interior of the house were many classic groups, executed in low relief of excellent workmanship; while a variety of beautiful figures, after the antique, ornamented different parts of the house and pleasure-grounds.

“The prospects from the two fronts of the house, namely, towards the Rhine on one side, and the mountains on the other, were equally beautiful and striking; the forepart being filled up by the ornamented pleasure-grounds, which formed a most striking contrast with the more wild scenery in the distance. This pleasure-ground, on our first arrival at the chateau, we found arranged with too much art: but my father soon contrived to destroy this stiffness, and to introduce the line of beauty and the ease of nature into regions, which the late possessor had laid out entirely by the rule and compass.

“There is something peculiarly wild and impressive in all the scenery of the Schwartzwald, a certain appropriate character, which when once seen cannot easily be forgotten. But it was necessary to pass the more ornamented grounds surrounding our habitation, in order to enjoy an unobstructed view of these more savage prospects, which derived an additional degree of grandeur from a comparison with the beautiful lawns and walks by which they were approached.

“There are nearly sixteen thousand inhabitants spread over these mountains, who have no other subsistence but what they derive from their cattle and the tillage of

their fields. There are few towns and villages in these wilds: solitary cottages, scattered here and there, afford the only habitations of these mountaineers. These houses have many windows, and are surrounded with galleries of wood; the thatched roofs of which project so far on the back part of them as entirely to cover these galleries, and sometimes to touch the sloping sides of the hills on which these little tenements are built. These habitations afford not a single specimen of masonry, and their large black beams suggest the idea of deep gloom. Many of these buildings have small chapels, the little bells of which are daily heard calling to morning and evening prayers.

“The inhabitants of these mountains were, as may be supposed, so extremely ignorant, that it was impossible for my father to find a companion among them: he was therefore rendered more entirely dependent for society on those learned men who thought it worth their while to come from a distance to enjoy for a short season the charms of retired life and literary ease.

“In the mean time, my father found constant amusement in the decoration of his place, and in the cultivation of my intellect; wishing to effect that change in my character by polite literature and a refined taste, which can only be produced by the influences of the Holy Spirit working effectually on the heart.

“As my father was a man of real taste and rectified feeling, he could not but greatly admire the excellency of virtue. He had an exalted idea of female perfection. He seemed precisely to know what ought to be the result of a good education; but mistaking the means which were to produce that result, he lost himself and his daughter, for a time at least, in seeking among the rubbish of heathen writers those treasures which exist only in the word of God.

“It might perhaps fatigue my reader, were I to note down precisely the order in which my father brought me acquainted with the ancient classic writers. Suffice it to say, that I pursued much the same course as is generally followed by young men in England who receive a classical education, with this exception, that I was not required to write Latin. I was also made to study the Greek and Roman history, to write correctly in English

and French, as well as to read and appreciate the best authors in these languages. My father was at no time an enemy to religion: so far from it, that when, in the course of these lectures, any religious sentiment or any notice of holy men or holy things came before his view, he would not only receive them favourably, but even speak of them in the warmest terms of approbation. These matters, however, took no hold of his mind; he would pass them over almost immediately, and scarcely give them a secondary weight when compared with the objects of his literary attention. Yet one thing I must remark, as happening to him, I believe, in common with many other well-meaning persons who are devoted to classical studies, that he would always speak of the Bible with respect, especially when it happened to be forced upon his attention, and would assert very coolly, and wholly without any appearance of doubt of his own sincerity, that it was in order to enable me to understand the Scriptures fully, that he had taught me the ancient languages; asserting that it was his intention at some future time to go through a regular course of Scriptural reading, taking with him all the helps which his knowledge of ancient languages and customs could supply; not considering that if he spent so much time in the vestibule of divine knowledge, little would be left for the study of its interior parts. But allowing that, which cannot be disputed, that the Latin and Greek classics might afford much assistance in explaining certain obscure passages of Scripture, in throwing light on ancient customs, and ascertaining the signification of the language and use of types and emblems; yet is it not to be feared that this end, for which no doubt the works of the ancient heathens have been preserved, by a wise Providence, is too often overlooked by the classical reader, and the study of the ancient writers carried on through life without the slightest reference to the connexion which they might be found to bear with sacred literature?

“But to hasten from this disputed ground, where I fear I shall bring down upon me the indignation of the wise and prudent of this world, I shall proceed to state the effect which the education I received had upon my mind, and to describe the kind of person I was in my seventeenth year.

“ I must begin with saying, that I was naturally lively, and from the unrestrained liberty I enjoyed, in amusing myself among the various beautiful scenes which our large domain included, I was remarkably healthy and active.

“ The education, however, which I was receiving, and the society with which I mixed, prevented this exuberance of health and spirits from degenerating into coarseness. I had been accustomed to all the more refined decencies of high life. I had been early acquainted with courts, and I knew that it was expected of me that I should appear to be every thing that was accounted amiable. Neither was I without pride, nor yet without a just sense of what is graceful and estimable in women: so that I had various motives for endeavouring to set myself off to the highest advantage. My passions, too, were not of that overpowering nature which demand their gratification at every risk. I therefore passed well in the eyes of all who knew me, and my poor parents, no doubt, rested content in their work. In the mean time, however, nothing but disorder reigned within my breast. I was alternately a prey to eager longings after pleasure, and strong risings of resentment against the lawful and necessary restraints of society. At one time my buoyant spirits would carry me to the very verge of discretion, and at another I became a prey to painful regrets: for there was not in fact one single rectified idea in my mind, nor one solid point through the whole wide region of my heart whereon reason might fix its stand to take just views of human life. And here permit me to remark, that reason itself, without the aid of revelation, can throw but little light on the present circumstances of man; being utterly unable to unravel the mysteries of fate, to account for the contradictions exhibited in the human character, or to conceive how such multiplied imperfections should exist in the works of an all-wise and omnipotent God.

“ I believe it to be a very common thing for young people, and those especially whose imaginations are naturally lively, and whose intellects are highly cultivated, particularly when frequently alone, to become the prey of very disorderly thoughts. Many excellent persons being fully aware of this, strictly forbid their children

the indiscriminate use of novels and romances, with such works of the English poets as are not the most correct of their kind; and in so doing it cannot be doubted that they fulfil an important duty. But I ask, do these parents act consistently by being thus guarded with respect to the authors of our own country, while they place the writings of the heathen in the hands of all their infant sons? or, is it possible that they should not perceive that there is scarcely a single novel of the present century which does not contain more pure sentiments and more proper rules of life than could have been extracted from the whole Alexandrian library, had its thousand volumes been consulted for this only purpose? We of course except the sacred volumes of the Jews. And may it not further be asked, are not the works of men who have made the classics their chief study, and derived their sentiments from those polluted sources, generally speaking, the worst productions of the English press? I speak not of books which never find their way into polished life.

“But not to digress from my point.—I speak from experience when I assert, that all the worst effects of novels, with respect to filling the youthful mind with ideas which should if possible never be admitted into it, are produced in a stronger degree, and in a much more dreadful form, by these celebrated works of the ancient heathen; and I am fully persuaded that more persons have been prepared for vice in after life by books of this description than by any other engine which Satan ever devised.

“The form in which the images presented to me in these writings first took hold of my mind was apparently more pleasing than dangerous. It was soon after my arrival at Warenheim, when I first found myself removed at some distance from the hurry and confusion of more public life, and in a situation to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to range at liberty through the wild scenery which surrounded my father’s house—it was in these circumstances that I first began to combine and arrange in my own mind those ideas which had been instilled into me from infancy. The writings of the ancient heathen are replete with exquisite images and striking symbols, which render them unspeakably fascinating to

youth, and thus enhance their danger; inasmuch as these elegancies of style are employed sometimes to set forth the most unworthy actions, and sometimes to conceal the most atrocious deeds.

“ In early infancy the fable is often read, and the emblem committed to memory, with the same simple view as that under which the child considers the offering of Abel and the sacrifice of the paschal lamb. But as in one case the seeds of truth unfold themselves in after years, and shed their sacred influence over the heart; so in the other case the serpent, long concealed beneath the flowery emblem, after a while raises its threatening head, and poisons the whole soul in which it had long lain dormant.

“ It was accordingly at that precise period of life in which a young person begins first to think and use those stores of knowledge, whether good or bad, which he has acquired in childhood, that my mind first began to make those classic images its own with which it had been so richly stored: and having every help that the most beautiful scenery could afford, together with the aid of solitude, it was then that I began to people my usual haunts with the creations of fancy. In the purple light of the morning, beaming over the sombre Schwarzwald, I failed not to represent to myself the daughter of Hyperion and Thia, who, as the poets pretend, opens with her rosy fingers the gates of the east, and pours the dew upon the tender grass, causing the flowers to unfold their enamelled cups, and shed their odours through the ambient air. I fancied that I could see her chariot rising above the fir-crowned heights, while darkness fled before her—the celestial bow, the arch of the covenant, the token of our better hopes, brought no other image to my unsanctified imagination than that of the fabled Iris with her variegated robe—and the sun in his meridian glory had not power to excite in my mind any ideas more exalted than those which the heathen poets supply, although I must even then have heard that wonderful description of this glorious body in the Psalms, which, in point of poetical beauty, as much exceeds all classical images, as the majesty of the human countenance surpasses in glory the physiognomy of the noblest of the brute creation.

“ All this, however, may be considered as childish. I grant it. But what can reasonably be considered as more mean and puerile than the conceits of heathen authors? and what should be the object of a well-directed education, but to keep out of sight all childish fancies, and supply the mind with proper materials for meditation? I must be permitted to remark in this place, that where no counteracting means are used to rectify the disorders of a puerile imagination, the evil must necessarily increase with increasing years. A wicked child may be sometimes quieted with toys and sugar-plums; but the restless imagination of an unsanctified young person cannot be so easily satisfied. The study of the Book of God is the appointed means for correcting and purifying our thoughts, and few were ever persuaded to adopt this custom without finding the divine blessing.

“ I have probably now said enough to lead you to conjecture that, as I advanced in years, my progress was rather from worse to worse than from better to better: and from this time till I reached my eighteenth year, though I grew in stature, and acquired some degree of important information, I deviated further and further from that straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life.

“ About this time, it was necessary for my father (I do not precisely recollect on what occasion) to pay a visit to the court of our sovereign prince, the Duke of Baden, who was at that time at his palace at Swetzinghen. As certain princesses were also then residing at the palace, ladies to whom my mother was not only well known but distantly related, and as it was a season of public festivity in the court of Baden, my father was pleased to make my mother and myself the companions of his journey. This was a gratifying incident, and I proposed to myself great pleasure in being introduced to such scenes of princely grandeur and festivity as the occasion promised.

“ Were it to my present purpose, I could say much about the satisfactions I enjoyed in this journey from my father's house on the Schwartzwald towards the higher provinces of the grand duke's dominions. We arrived at Swetzinghen on the third day from our leaving home; where my father having provided his family with the

best apartments which so small a town could afford, he hastened to pay his duty to his sovereign, and was honoured with an invitation for my mother and myself to a gala to be celebrated that very evening at the palace.

“It was with no small delight that I saw myself arrayed in a magnificent dress for this my first appearance in a royal circle; and the sight of my own person in a large mirror, (for there are few houses of any respectability on the Continent which cannot boast a piece of furniture of this description,) blazing in the family jewels, and sweeping behind me a train of the richest silk, very powerfully assisted my imagination in anticipating the pleasures which I expected.

“It was after sunset, in a glorious evening in the early part of autumn, when we were conveyed to court in my father’s coach, attended by such a train as the pomp of the occasion was thought by my mother to require: for the nobles of the German empire affect extraordinary appearances of pomp, though they are great contemners of what in England we call consistency. On reaching the palace, we were set down in a large court encompassed on three sides by buildings whose extensive and heavy architecture was any thing, as I thought, but magnificent; though their defects were in some degree shrouded by the dubious light. However, let the building be what it might, it was a palace, and the dwelling of a crowned head, and as such I entered it with trepidation, although it was far inferior in point of beauty to my father’s habitation.

“I scarcely recollect the various halls and ante-chambers through which we passed before our introduction into the presence of his serene highness, who received us in an apartment blazing with all the circumstances of royal magnificence; neither shall I trouble you with the various ceremonies of presentation and introduction which took place before I found myself standing with a group of young ladies of my own rank, in one of the many apartments of the suite which communicated with the presence-chamber, and where I was associated on a footing of equality and apparent intimacy with some of the fairest and most noble of the principality.

“It is not in human nature to stand in a group of

strangers, and to see for the first time a number of faces, without feeling a predilection for some and a distaste for others. There are persons, who, having had much experience of life, and possessing, moreover, a natural insight into character, are enabled at once to form a shrewd and almost an accurate idea of the state of mind and habits of all who come under their inspection. But it is seldom that young persons form a right judgment of others on a first appearance: while there are many, (and at that time I was one of these unfortunate individuals,) who really have not a correct idea of what is valuable in any character, and who possess neither taste nor principle sufficient to admire that which is excellent where it really exists. It cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder, if, amidst the splendid groups which surrounded me, I, who was, as I have before said, totally unsettled with regard to principle, should select from amid the specious crowd a companion who was perhaps the most unfit of the whole party to enjoy my confidence. This young lady was the daughter of a man of very high rank in Baden, and one who had often been employed as an ambassador in foreign courts. He was lately returned from France, where his daughter had been educated; and it was probably that easy and unblushing air, together with that caressing style of manners so usual among those with whom she had associated from infancy, which completed the fascination her countenance had begun. Her title was the Countess of Rheinswald; and she had an only brother, whom she introduced to me before our friendship had subsisted the short space of an hour.

“ I had been introduced to this young lady in common with many others, shortly after my admission into the palace, and had endeavoured to improve my acquaintance by putting one or two questions to her on indifferent subjects.

“ ‘ You are a stranger to us all, then,’ she said, in answer to my last question; ‘ and yet we all know you well, at least by report; and I can assure you that the rumour of your arrival excited no small sensation in the noble society here present.’

“ ‘ My arrival?’ I replied; ‘ how can it be possible that the expectation of seeing a person of so little im-

portance as myself should have affected a single individual in this company?’

“ ‘It affected all and every one,’ she answered, ‘at least among our younger people; for some desired, and others feared to see you: though I doubt not but that the hopes and fears of all have fallen infinitely short of the reality.’

“ ‘You use enigmas,’ I replied.

“ ‘Perhaps I may,’ she said; ‘yet not of so dark a nature, but that you might readily understand them, did you only know your own advantages.’

“ My wit was not so blunt, but that I then began to comprehend her meaning; and was no doubt better pleased with the compliments she paid me than if they had been expressed in less ambiguous terms.

“ Her next manœuvre was to take me apart to a sofa at one end of the room, from whence we could see much of what was passing in the next apartment, where the duke himself was engaged with such of his visitors as were most distinguished either for their age, their weight in public affairs, or the rank they held in the principality.

“ ‘Come,’ said she, ‘sit by me; and as you know few persons here, I will be your nomenclator.’

“ I accepted her invitation, and, seated by her, was much amused, for the space of half an hour, with the lively pictures she drew of every individual then within her view. In every description she conveyed something of satire, but it was with a delicate and courtly touch; and every little piece of raillery seemed to escape her as it were without her own knowledge. Some, indeed, of the figures which swam before us, (for it must be recollected that all this passed in the presence of a crowned head, though not on an occasion of ceremony,) were laughable enough, and might have excited mirthful ideas in wiser heads than ours; for the countess was apparently little older than myself.

“ The style of dress at that period was extremely ridiculous; the heads of the ladies being branched forth with an exuberance of powdered curls, feathers, and flowers, while the lower parts of their costume not a little resembled the decorations of a maypole. Mingled with these figures, which were by far the most numerous,

were some who retained the fashions of former days—certain old dowagers, and venerable heads of ancient families, who counted any deviation from the long waist, the stomachers, the mantuas, the doubled and trebled ruffles, the toupets, and lappets, of ancient days, as great an offence against propriety, and as decided a proof of the degeneracy of the age, as could be evidenced by fallen man.

“It must not, however, be supposed that we yielded to any visible expressions of merriment on this occasion. Had I been so disposed, I should have been warned to use a contrary behaviour by the guarded manner of my companion, who had been too much used to scenes of this kind to discover any departure from the most correct manners.

“While this conversation was passing, and while every moment increased my confidence in my new associate, a young gentleman entered the room, whom, from the strong resemblance, I instantly discovered to be the brother of my new friend, though he was undoubtedly much handsomer, and possessed a certain expression of countenance, which, when once seen, could not easily be forgotten; nevertheless, as I was then no deep physiognomist, I could not exactly ascertain what this expression signified. The young man was, however, the accomplished gentleman in his manner and deportment: and he had not been many minutes in the room, before my friend pointed him out to me, hoping, as she added, to have a speedy opportunity of introducing him to me, informing me, at the same time, that he had been educated in France, and had served in the army. Indeed, this last piece of information was unnecessary, since he actually wore a superb uniform, while his step and air were decidedly military.

“The young man had taken his station at the upper end of the room, among a group of young ladies, with whom he seemed to be perfectly familiar; but, on observing his sister, he advanced towards us: when having gone through the form of a regular introduction, he took a seat by me, and attached himself to me for the rest of the evening. While we remained in this situation, I recollect little that he said, which, on reflection, could either greatly please or displease. He spoke like a

thousand others; and I remarked nothing in him but the peculiar change which took place in his countenance when he smiled; his natural expression being remarkably grave, and his handsome, though marked features, and dark eyes, with the fine contour of his head and well arranged hair, being precisely such as might have been expected beneath the visor or helmet of an Orlando or a Tancred. It may be asked what remarkable change this was? But I can by no means describe it, otherwise than by saying it was striking, and such as fixed the attention of the beholder, and induced the unguarded young creature who had seen it once to look for it again.

“Somewhat more than an hour had passed in the manner above described, when the commencement of the amusements proposed for the evening were announced. I had been previously informed, that a tragedy was to be presented in the rural theatre, which is still to be seen in the gardens of Swetzinghen. The hour being duly announced, the noble company began immediately to put themselves in motion; and as it was not supposed that there could be any danger in mixing with any part of such a society as this, my mother, being by this time deeply engaged with some old marchioness or princess of her former acquaintance, and my father not less occupied in immediate conversation with the duke himself, I was permitted to take the chance of the company, and to follow in the royal suite.

“How the elder and more ceremonious persons were conveyed to the place of amusement, which was in no very distant part of the extensive gardens of Swetzinghen, I cannot say; but I recollect that I myself was persuaded by the young Countess of Rheinswald and her brother, to linger somewhat behind the rest of the party, in order that we might better enjoy the beautiful gardens as seen by moonlight. It was, as I before remarked, a fine evening, in the early part of autumn, the air being perfectly dry, and scarcely a cloud visible in the heavens. It had been very hot in the crowded assembly within the palace: I therefore experienced a considerable degree of pleasure, when I stepped forth into the cool air embalmed as it was with the breath of flowers, for the parterres on each side of the grand walk which proceeded

directly from the front of the palace to the more remote parts of the garden, were chiefly composed of beds of roses. Although seen only by moonlight, the first view of the gardens of Swetzinghen was very imposing, notwithstanding their being arranged in the old stiff fashion which we know in England only by report. To our right and left were majestic groves, forming a long but very wide avenue. Directly before us were three tanks, at regular distances from each other, and separated by green lawns. Beyond the most remote of these artificial pieces of water, and at the utmost extent of the two lines of trees which formed the avenue, appeared a range of hills not to be distinguished at that hour from clouds resting on the horizon, unless by their undeviating forms and unchanging outlines. The borders of the tanks, the groves, and the parterres, were intersected by many broad gravel walks or ranges of trellis work, and scarcely an angle was seen in this many-angled garden which had not its statue to boast; insomuch, that those silent, cold, and motionless figures seemed as it were to people the whole scene: for while I stood looking on them, all the living beings with whom but now I had been surrounded had passed out of sight under the grove to the right, with the exception of the centinels who were walking before the front of the palace, and the young Count and Countess of Rheinswald.

“It seems that my companions were anxious, for some reasons of their own, which afterwards appeared, to detain me as long as possible in their company; for the young lady holding me back as I was turning after the rest of the party, begged me to stand still awhile to contemplate the beautiful scene. ‘You have the mountains of the Vosgues directly before you,’ she said; ‘and were it day, instead of night, you might see the Hartzwald beneath the arched way which runs under the palace, in a direct line with the opposite hills.’

“I stood still, and we remained motionless for a time, and in deep silence; the murmur of voices having died away in the distance, and no sound disturbing the silence of the night but the rushing waters of the fountains which were playing in the centre of the nearest tanks, and throwing up their crystal waves to the height of many feet, forming sparkling arches in the moonbeams.

“There is something peculiarly refreshing in the rush of waters, whether natural or artificial, in a hot climate; and upon my expressing some feeling of the kind, my young companions led me towards the first fountain, and we stood awhile on its banks.

“While remaining in this situation, the young count endeavoured to draw me into discourse by certain questions and remarks evidently intended to discern the depth of the natural talents and acquirements of the person he had to deal with. I wanted neither information on many subjects, nor quickness of wit, deplorably ignorant as I was of myself, my religion, and human nature in general; and I have no doubt that the count soon perceived that I was not a young person who had been brought up after the ordinary mode of the country in which we were; for he presently, though with great ease, and apparently without design, passed from more common to more refined topics, making several allusions to literary subjects, which proved that he had read largely, if not deeply.

“A distant sound of music at length reached our ears; on which we resumed our walk, in the direction whence it proceeded, amusing ourselves, as we passed, with a conversation of which I remember little, till, having made many circumvolutions in the perplexed labyrinths, of the extensive garden, and being sensible only of my approach to the place of amusement by the increasing sound of the music, we at length arrived at a part of the garden where, on a dripping rock, in a striking situation, from the neighbourhood of many clustered and deep shadowing trees, we beheld the god or demon Pan, larger than life, in white marble, and seated on the rock; his figure being the more prominent and striking from the shade in which every object around him was involved.

“Although I had always been familiar with these silent breathless figures, to which our good neighbours on the Continent are so greatly attached, and had certainly, during my walk in his serene highness’s garden, seen as large an assemblage of them as I could possibly have expected in any other place, unless on paying a visit to the Pantheon at Rome; yet I was certainly somewhat startled to see the god of shepherds, the cele-

brated son of Dryope, thus appropriately placed and accurately represented, that is, according to the ideas I had always conceived of him; and I probably somewhat started back when first the large white figure flashed upon my eye. On which, my companions laughed; and the young count remarked, that certainly the ancient Grecians had the advantage over all other men, whether Hindoos, Chinese, Jews, or Christians, in the elegance and appropriateness of their mythological conceits. 'There are some things vastly entertaining,' he added, 'in some of the conceits of these Grecians, some things exceedingly ingenious and amusing.'

" 'And others,' I added, not aware of the ground I was treading upon, 'exceedingly elegant and beautiful.'

" 'Undoubtedly so,' he replied, in a graver manner; 'the mythology of the ancients is as much superior to our barbarous monkish conceptions of it, as the Iliad of Homer surpasses the Contes de Feés de Monsieur Perrault. And,' added he, 'the characters, formed on the Grecian polytheistical religion, and the works inspired by the belief of it, are to this day the glory and wonder of the world, and will continue to be so as long as the earth endures.'

" He then entered, as we walked along, into what I have since found to be quite a commonplace panegyric on the classical writers, and the Grecian and the Roman characters, particularly the latter; and finished the whole, as we approached the rural theatre, by hazarding a sentiment so decidedly contemptuous of the Christian religion, that I might have known what he was, and have learned thenceforward to shun him with unfeigned abhorrence, had he not chosen a moment for this declaration in which the new scene which opened upon me, by dividing my attention, prevented it from concentrating in one point.

" The rural theatre in the gardens of his royal highness at Swetzinghen is nearly encircled by trees, excepting in the back of that part which is laid out for the stage, where is a beautiful temple of Apollo built of polished stone, in the open portico of which is the figure of the demi-god himself, larger than life, and composed of white marble. Under the front of the temple, which is considerably elevated, are two naiads holding vases

through which water flows perpetually into a marble bason placed between them. In the centre of this bason I had afterwards time to observe one of the most beautiful devices which I could have conceived to have been ever produced by the art of man. This was a water-lamp, the water being thrown up so curiously, and so arranged by art, as to form the same protection to the lamp as that commonly supplied by a crystal vase. How it was contrived I do not pretend to say; but such was the appearance it made to me. The whole scene was richly illuminated with lamps suspended from the trees, and upon the light lattice work with which the whole theatre was surrounded; and the audience, placed in a semicircular form, upon seats raised one above another, and composed of all that was gay, splendid, and magnificent, which the realm could afford, formed together a spectacle of no small interest to a young creature who had spent her few last years in retirement. A seat not very distant from my mother had been left for me and the young countess; behind which the count contrived to place himself, but so near to me, that he had only occasion to stoop forward a little to converse with me.

“As we entered the theatre, a most exquisite band of music were performing a piece which I thought delightful. Perhaps the scenery and circumstances in which I heard this music added to its charms; but we were in a country celebrated for its superior taste for harmony. The music, however, was not the less pleasing from the orchestra not being visible.

“All remained silent till the music had ceased; when a short pause ensuing, the young count addressed me by asking me if I did not think the whole arrangement of the theatre truly classical? ‘And I am happy to say,’ he added, ‘that I trust the representation which we are about to witness will harmonize so well with the scenery, that the illusion will be heightened rather than diminished thereby. We are to have nothing barbarous, nothing modern, but the language.’ He then broke forth into a warm panegyric upon the taste of the ancients; such a one as we may hear every day, and read every hour, from the mouths and pens of many good Christians, who continue to repeat the cry of, ‘Great is Diana of the Ephesians,’

because their fathers and grandfathers did so before them; without considering that they are thereby re-echoing the watchword of infidelity, and strengthening the hands of the arch enemy of mankind himself.

“ I do not precisely recollect the words of this panegyric; but its tendency was to exalt the heathen character, the heathen genius, the heathen taste, and even the heathen morals, above those of the Christian world. He represented their mythology as having something in it of an inspiring and animating nature; and, looking up to the temple of Apollo, whose polished columns were richly illuminated by the lights beneath, the figure of the god himself being made more prominent by the disposal of the lights, he added, with a kind of affected fire, ‘ And, in truth, if I must needs pay my adoration to blocks of wood and marble, I know not whether I should not be quite as well disposed to bestow them at yonder shrine, as to kneel before St. Antoine de la Barbé Salé, or le Bon St. Nicolas.’

“ ‘ Hush!’ said his sister at this bold speech: ‘ you are not required to make any choice among these different divinities.’

“ In reply to this remark of his sister’s, the count returned an answer by which, instead of retracting what he had before said, he ventured to implicate names infinitely more honourable and more dear to the real Christian than those before mentioned, yet with an ease and lightness of manner which might almost have led to the supposition that he spoke more from thoughtlessness than design.

“ Had my education been wisely directed to the study of eternal truths, instead of those follies to which my thoughts were exclusively devoted, I should undoubtedly have shewn my displeasure at the first intimation of that contempt of religion which the Count of Rheinswald evidently entertained, and have sought at once to cut off all intercourse with a character from which nothing but profligacy and violence could be expected; I should have expressed my dissatisfaction in some short and emphatic manner, and have allowed him no more of my attention. But while I was hesitating what reply to make, or whether I should let his blasphemous remark pass as if I had not heard it, since it was not addressed

particularly to me—the representation commenced, and my attention was wholly drawn towards the stage.

“The piece was a modern one, but composed after the manner of the ancients; and the scenes represented were such as might have been expected to have taken place in the vicinity of the temple of Apollo. The actors were good, or perhaps I was just in the disposition to think them so; and nothing was wanting, at least to my imagination, of appropriate robe or buskin, of choral song or solemn music, to render the illusion complete.

“During the interval which separated the acts, the Count of Rheinswald took occasion to express his pleasure, or to give his opinion; his remarks always running in favour of the ancients, and towards the depreciation of the moderns: from which he meant me to infer, as it afterwards appeared, that all taste and genius were lost on earth under the depressing influence of superstition, under which epithet he evidently meant to include the whole system of Christianity. ‘Consider,’ said he, with some pomposity, which I at that time thought exceedingly fine, ‘the poor and low trash which we find in our modern comedies, and the tinselled ornaments of our stage. What are our lower orders to learn from the products of the present degenerate age, in which genius is cramped by priestcraft, and the human mind depressed by the horrors of superstition? But it was not so with the ancients: the unfettered mind of man was then left at liberty to soar to the highest summit of human perfection. Where do we now behold those heroic characters exhibited in the Agamemnon and the Eumenides of Æschylus? or the Antigone and the Electra of Sophocles? Where shall we find, among our modern authors, or where, indeed, among any authors except those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, that exquisite sense of the beautiful, those tender touches of the pathetic, that high estimation of human virtue, that harmony and perfection of versification, or that pure taste for the graceful and the sublime, which characterize their admirable performances?’

“Such were the remarks with which my new acquaintance filled up every interval of the representation; sometimes apologizing for entertaining me, as a female,

with such subjects; and then, as the memorable Sir Philip Sydney would have expressed himself on a like occasion, chastising his own words, and apologizing for his apologies in not having continually borne in mind that I was no ordinary female, but one who united an understanding and an education which few men could boast, with all the natural charms of the softer sex.

“It would have been well for me on this occasion if some good friend could have whispered in my ear, that there might be other reasons for a young man wishing to please a lady besides her beauty or accomplishments, and reasons not altogether so flattering to her personal feelings. However, as no judicious friend was near me to suggest this idea, and as my own vanity was not likely to do so, the insinuating address of the count was left to produce all the effects of which it was capable. And although, as soon as the amusement of this classical evening was concluded, my parents took me between them, and brought me back to our apartments in the town, yet I thought of little else till I went to bed but the new acquaintances I had made; and if I dreamed that our villa in the Schwartzwald was converted into the court of the Thunderer on the summit of Olympus, there would be no great occasion for wonder, considering the fantastical nature of thought during those hours in which the heavier parts of our composition are enjoying their necessary repose.

“As I have here given a very circumstantial account of my first evening at Swetzinghen, I shall not trouble you, my friend, with any very particular detail of the few ensuing days which we passed at this place; all of which were devoted to such amusements as are usual in the vicinity of a princely establishment, and especially on occasions of festivity. Suffice it to say, that, whether walking, riding, dancing, singing, or what not, I was continually attended by the count, and that with so much assiduity, that my father, though by no means of a suspicious temper, yet having heard from report the infidel principles of the young man, began at length to take alarm: and as his own affairs at court were not yet terminated, he conceived the sudden resolution of sending me home with my mother.

“As my father did not at that time acquaint me with

the real cause of this unexpected step, stating only that my mother was suffering much from the fatigue of too public a life, I could not possibly plead any motive for desiring to prolong my stay. I even fancied that my father had not observed the attentions of the count. I therefore obeyed in silence, but departed in an ill-humour, that evidently gained strength during the whole of our journey, which was made with considerable expedition.

“It may be asked, Had I become attached to the count? And I think I may reply that I had not: but he had rendered himself necessary to me by his unwearyed attentions; he had soothed my vanity with his honeyed words; and I found a vacancy in my heart, when separated from him, which nothing but religion could have properly filled up: but, alas! I had no religion.

“I have no doubt that I behaved very ill during the whole of our progress: and immediately on our arrival at home, I hastened from the presence of my mother, in order to indulge my wayward sorrow in the solitude of my chamber. It was evening, and the last rays of the declining sun scarcely gilded the highest summits of the mountains, leaving their lower parts in a dusky shade. My imagination had wandered back to the gay scenes we had left, and my tears were flowing fast at the recollection of pleasures which I thought might never recur, when my mother entered my room in evident agitation, holding an open letter in her hand. I was alarmed; and on entreating to be told the contents of the letter, she informed me that it was from England, and contained an account of the sudden death of my sister, with the additional information that Mr. Gisborne, with the orphan, would probably be with us in a few weeks.

“There are perhaps few feelings which can be conceived more painful to a mind of any sensibility, than to be suddenly and violently awakened from the indulgence of imaginary and selfish sorrows by the occurrence of real afflictions. To this moment I retain a lively recollection of the agony and horror with which I received this intelligence. It seemed that death was brought home to me in the person of my sister, who was only eleven years older than myself. And the effect of this

stroke was heightened by my mother's sad exclamations — 'Oh! my poor husband! your poor father! what will he feel when he hears this news, for he loved his daughter, and often spoke not only of seeing her again, but of bringing her and her child home to his house, when her affairs should be properly arranged after the death of the old lady? How will he blame himself for delaying this so long! How will his tender heart be cut! Oh, Ellen! Ellen! how shall we break the news of this melancholy catastrophe to your dear father?'

“Wanting comfort myself, and being, therefore, in no condition to console my mother, I remained weeping, till she quitted the room, leaving me to my own sad reflections.

“While I had been conversing on this melancholy subject, the shades of evening were become deeper, leaving the outlines of the mountains scarcely visible on the horizon, and presenting a just emblem of the darkness which reigned throughout my benighted soul. I now found indeed the fallacy of all those false lights which had been placed before my mind. Whence was any consolation to be derived on the near contemplation of death? for death, as I before said, seemed to have drawn nigh to me in the person of my sister. How, I say, was any consolation to be derived, when the mind was drawn to the consideration of death, of eternity, of everlasting joy or sorrow, from all those studies which hitherto had wholly and solely occupied my attention? or from those images and sentiments which had hitherto mingled themselves with all my thoughts and actions? Whither were fled all those inspiring passages of ancient poetry which I used to hold up as the standard of real excellence? They seemed now to present to my mind only a dark and confused mass of ideas, not a little resembling the pompous images which sometimes present themselves to the mental eye of him who sleeps under the influence of fever. And not only did the more fanciful passages of the heathen writers assume at this time a perplexing appearance: but when I recalled the heroic and haughty virtues of their most excellent characters, their love of vengeance, their unbending pride, their insolence of speech and cruelty of action, my thoughts became even still more confused; insomuch that I could

not help enquiring of myself, ‘Are these the qualities which are suitable to a child of the dust? to a creature whose breath is in his nostrils? who is liable every moment to dissolution from a thousand accidents? and who after death must pass into an unknown state of endless happiness or misery?—a state, O! who can tell how awful! how full of terrors to him who has no acquaintance with the true God!’

“In such reflections as these, mingled with sad recollections of the pleasures of which I had so lately tasted, together with some painfully tender thoughts of my departed sister and her orphan son, I wasted several weary hours, till at length, worn with fatigue, I fell into a profound sleep; from which I awoke again only to waste the next day in wretched feelings and perplexing thoughts.

“In this manner several days passed, and passed like a dream of which I have little remembrance—when, at the period in which it was expected that we might look for my father’s return, a courier arrived with all speed from Baden, whither my father had followed the court, to inform us that he had been engaged in a duel with the Count of Rheinswald, who had insulted him at a public table; and that he had received a wound which, although believed to be but slight, would probably confine him for some weeks to his bed.

“This second disastrous letter affected my poor mother so violently, as to render her incapable of using any means to soften to me this dreadful information; though there was reason enough to suppose that it would distress me beyond measure, as one whose folly had occasioned so terrible a calamity. I had undergone for some days past severe agitation of mind, and so overwhelming was the shock I received on the arrival of this last afflicting information, that I was seized with fever, became delirious, and remained for some time in such a condition as to know nothing of what passed around me, though my internal horrors were such as I cannot forget even to this day.

“Since that period, and especially on the recollection of what I then suffered, I have often thought that the parent or tutor who labours to awaken the intellect of his pupil, and to cultivate his talents and imagina-

tion, without giving them a proper direction, is doing the individual as great an injury as he could possibly devise. Such parents are engaged in rousing a sleeping lion, who may probably spend his fury without restraint on the surrounding world. It may confidently be enquired of every experienced teacher, whether, setting religion apart, he does not find his most intelligent pupils always the most difficult to be governed? The awakened intellect of unregenerate man becomes a restless principle, ever propelling its possessor to action; and a right feeling being wanting, the individual becomes the torment of himself, if not the pest of society. It is well known that the intellectual powers of the greater part of mankind remain from the cradle to the grave in a state of comparative inaction; and I can conceive nothing more dreadful than a mighty population alive in every faculty of the mind, acute, lively, instructed, and yet without grace. It is impossible to appreciate the evil which might proceed from such a state of society: yet I believe this to be the state in which many young men are now to be turned out of our schools and colleges; and if our religious labours do not keep pace with the march of intellect in our people, I fear that many such characters may be produced from our national schools and other inferior places of education. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.

“But to leave these reflections, which might carry me too far; I shall content myself with saying, that, during the illness of which I speak, my mental sufferings became so great, and my poor mother was so greatly alarmed on my account, that, instead of going in all speed to my father, as she had at first intended, she lingered by my bed till my father, whose wound being in the arm was not found to be so dangerous as was at first supposed, arrived at home to receive the melancholy tidings of the death of one child, and to find another extended on the bed of sickness.

“My father had been at home some days before I had so far recovered my recollection, as to recognize that dear parent, whose unhappy adventure had been the cause of my suffering. But never shall I forget that sweet moment, when, the crisis of my fever being past, I opened my eyes, after a deep sleep, and saw both my

parents watching anxiously by my pillow, my father holding my hand, which I had unconsciously placed in his; his fine countenance expressive of the strongest feelings of parental tenderness, and his noble person, rather rendered more interesting than otherwise by a suit of deep mourning and the silk scarf in which his wounded arm was suspended. 'O my father!' I exclaimed, trying to lift myself up to him, but sinking again from weakness on my pillow—when I instantly felt the relief of a flood of tears, without which it was thought that I might have relapsed into my former confusion of intellect.

“ ‘My child! my Ellen!’ repeated this tender father: ‘then I am not at once to be bereaved of both my daughters; our Ellen is restored to our prayers.’”

“I cannot describe the scene which followed; it was such as no words can do justice to: and I well recollect, that, from this moment, through the gradual progress of my recovery, I was constantly attended by one or other of these beloved parents, who administered to all my wants, and continually supplied me with such amusements as I could best enjoy.

“I have said that my father was no infidel, that he had a respect for religion, and that he always looked to and spoke of some uncertain time when he intended to devote his mind to sacred subjects; steadily affirming that the knowledge of divine things should be the end and aim of all literary research, but still deferring that noblest of all studies to some indefinite time, which in the common course of things could never have come. On occasion, however, of my restoration and my sister's death, which was described in the letter as having been full of holy hope and divine confidence, the result, under the divine blessing, of a religious life, he expressed himself more than once in a very pious and touching manner, spoke of the necessity of being always prepared for death, talked of the uncertainty of earthly things, and the comfort of constantly looking to a better world. But as he became familiar with the idea of the death of his firstborn, and as he saw the rose of health blossoming afresh upon my cheek, his serious impressions seemed to wear away; so that in the short space of three months since our visit to Swetzinghen, every thing had

returned to its usual course in the castle of Warenheim: and as the house was filled with visitors about the time of the Christmas festivities, my father's health as well as my own being entirely restored, a stranger would not have supposed, excepting from our sable habits, that our house had been so recently a house of mourning.

“But before I entirely dismiss the subject of our visit to Swetzinghen, I must account for the duel which had taken place between my father and the Count of Rheinswald. It seems that this young man had taken offence at my father's sending me from Swetzinghen at so short a notice, and before he could have had time to be apprized of my departure; and that having no doubt of my father's motives for so doing, he had taken occasion to remonstrate with him on the subject, and to solicit my hand by a decided declaration of regard. My father treated him with politeness, for he was incapable of rudeness, but declined the proposed connexion: soon after which the count took occasion to insult my father at a public table; when anger arose to such a height between them, that it was thought necessary by the company present, for the honour of my father, that the matter should be determined by a duel.

“My father, who was naturally a remarkably gentle character, was, however, capable of high irritation; and having no strong religious principles to restrain him, he allowed himself to be persuaded, from a sense of false honour, not only to endanger the life of a fellow-creature, but also to hazard his own. And he had reason, as he often afterwards declared, for the utmost gratitude to God, that a more sorrowful termination was not permitted to this affair than a slight wound in his own arm, without any injury whatever done to his adversary.

“Were it to my present purpose, I might here say much, very much, on this dreadful practice of duelling, so frequent on the Continent. But I refrain, in consideration that my history has already run to a considerable length, and that I believe there are now few persons in England who have not just and correct opinions on this subject.

“The winter passed away at Warenheim without being marked by any event worthy of notice; and

when the spring arrived, it brought with it the hope of little Alfred's speedy arrival, together with his tutor the excellent Mr. Gisborne. No sooner were we informed that they were actually on the Continent, than my father proceeded to Cologne in order to meet them, as Mr. Gisborne had chosen the route through the Low Countries in order that he might visit an old friend who at that time resided at Bonn.

“When my father reached Cologne, he found that Mr. Gisborne's friend expressed so strong a desire to detain the old gentleman in his house for a few weeks, that he judged it best to yield to his solicitations; and accordingly, leaving one of his own servants to take care of the venerable traveller, and bring him forward in his own time, he hastened back to his family, accompanied by his little grandson.

“It may well be supposed that I was a little anxious to see this child, who was the only representative of a sister I had never known; and having been told that he was a pretty boy, I had already attributed to him all the external perfections with which the poets have adorned Hyacinthus, or Narcissus, or the youthful Gany-mede; so that during my father's absence I was exceedingly impatient, and felt the wings of time to move with a very heavy pace. At length, a courier having announced the speedy approach of my father's carriage, I had scarcely time to run into the portico, before the little traveller, preceding his companion, sprang from the carriage, and was folded in my arms.

“‘And whom do you resemble? and what are you like?’ I said, as I drew back, and held him at a distance, while my keen and eager gaze brought blushes into his cheeks, and he struggled, though gently, to get from me. ‘Alfred,’ I said, ‘you are not like what I expected, though you have golden hair and sparkling eyes; but I imagined you to be very different from what I now behold.’

“‘And what might you have expected, my Ellen?’ said my father, coming up to us at the moment. ‘See you not how you perplex this little stranger? he has a tender spirit, and every thing in this country is new to him. Come, come, my boy,’ he added, taking his hand, ‘you want some refreshment, no doubt:’ and, so say-

ing, he led him before me into a saloon, where supper was prepared.

“It was impossible for me, as I sat at supper, to keep my eyes off the child; though my father hinted to me more than once, in German, that my close examination of him seemed to perplex him, for he coloured perpetually, the blood continually mounting in his delicate cheek, and the tears sometimes starting in his dark blue eyes. Still, though he was thus disconcerted, and though he verified not a single idea which I had formed of him, nor any description I had ever heard of him, yet there was a certain something about him, a dovelike softness in some expressions of his sparkling eye, a grace, a courtesy, a humility, and a childlike innocence, so remarkable in all he said, and all he did, that he appeared to me like the creature of another and a sinless world; so that I could not help saying to my father, in German, ‘This boy is charming, he is all that is lovely. But what is it which makes him to differ so entirely from every other child I ever saw?’

“My father looked at him with eyes beaming with love, and confessed the truth of my remark; but said, that, during the few days they had passed together, he had not been able to induce him to converse much, as he had appeared somewhat bewildered at the variety of new things which presented themselves to his observation, as well as dejected by his separation from his tutor.

“I knew that Mr. Gisborne had been left at Bonn, and I took occasion to ask my father what he was.

“‘We know him to be a good man,’ he said, ‘and I have found him to be a polite and even an elegant man in his manners; a neat old gentleman,’ added my father, smiling, ‘who would die rather than commit a breach of politeness. But I have conversed very little with him, and can give no account of his intellectual acquirements; yet I should hardly think they are very remarkable.’

“‘But the child looks intelligent,’ I said.

“‘At any rate,’ replied my father, parting the golden ringlets on the brow of the child, while the lovely boy raised his gentle eyes to his grandfather, as if to enquire what we were saying of him, ‘this is no ordinary, no common, no vulgar countenance; and yet it is not

the mere beauty of flesh and blood, of red and white, of shape and feature, that charms me; neither is it altogether an intellectual glory which beams from those eyes; for though there is sufficient fire, yet it is a fire so quenched by love, so shrouded by modest and tender feelings, that I hardly know what to say or what to think of it: but this I know, that Raphael himself could not have desired a fitter subject from whence to draw the features and expression of an infant Jesus.'

"Thus my father and I reasoned about the expression of this child's countenance, being incapable at that time, and for a long while afterwards, of appreciating his real character, which was that, I have every reason to think, of one truly converted to God, and bearing in heart and character the impression of his new birth; for, as old John Bunyan beautifully remarks in his *Pilgrim's Progress*—'The Lord setteth a seal upon the foreheads of those whom he hath washed in his blood, which maketh them look exceeding fair.'

"During the first few days after little Alfred's arrival, he seldom spoke, and seemed rather uneasy when particularly addressed. In the mean time, I often saw the tears tremble in his eyes, notwithstanding his efforts to suppress them. But, as the sorrows of childhood speedily pass away, so when the little boy became more accustomed to those about him, the pensiveness of his manner gradually disappeared, and he became more cheerful.

"At the end of a week, my father suggested, as it was not certain how soon Mr. Gisborne might arrive, or how long his absence might be protracted, that it would be well to supply the child with some employment. But before any thing of this sort could properly be done, it was necessary to ascertain what the child had already learned, and how far his mind had been cultivated: I accordingly undertook to investigate these matters without going through the awful process of a regular examination. It was now the time of year when nature, reviving from the stern influence of winter, begins to adorn the fields and groves with every variety of budding beauty, and when every breeze is filled with the odours of the new-born flowers. I invited my little nephew to walk out with me, and, by way of encouragement, pro-

mised to take him to a narrow valley not far distant from Warenheim, which it was said had been inhabited in former times by a water nymph, who used to entice unwary travellers into her place of residence, and there destroy them.

“ ‘How,’ said the little boy, as he stepped out with me upon the lawn in order to commence our walk, ‘how did this water nymph persuade people to come to her?’

“ ‘Through the sweetness of her voice,’ I replied.

“ ‘Ah, then,’ replied he, with quickness, ‘I know well of what substance she was made, and I doubt not but her voice is as sweet now as ever it was, unless some of the rocks or hills which surrounded her habitation are removed.’

“ ‘I was surprised at the acuteness of his reply, and said, ‘I mistake, my little boy, if you have not studied the history of the unfortunate daughter of Tellus and Air: you have undoubtedly read the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid?’

“ ‘He made me repeat the question again; and then answered, ‘I have never heard of Ovid.’

“ ‘Then how,’ I asked, ‘came you to fancy the water nymph was only an echo?’

“ ‘Because,’ he answered, ‘I know that there are no such things as water nymphs; but I have heard echoes many times in solitary places.’

“ ‘But how do you know,’ I said, ‘that there are no such things as water nymphs? Perhaps you do not believe in fairies?’

“ ‘He looked up to me with a wonderfully sweet and intelligent smile, and said, ‘O, aunt Ellen, I know very well what things we ought to believe, and what things are only invented for entertainment.’

“ ‘While I was preparing to answer him, we were come to the brow of the hill on which our habitation was situated, and were approaching a temple erected in that place to the goddess of hunting, whose statue, as large as life, was set up within the temple, with her bow and quiver, and her feet covered with buskins. The ascent to this temple was by several marble steps, and I asked my little companion if he would sit down and take a view of the mountains which were seen from that spot to the greatest advantage: for a wilder or more magni-

ficient scene than that which presented itself where we had taken our station, is perhaps not to be found throughout the Continent, unless it may be among the snowy regions of the mountains of Switzerland. Directly before us was a deep valley, through which poured a rapid mountain stream, dashing and foaming, and, as it were, fretting itself, as it made its way through numerous impediments of huge stones and rocks, which seemed to have fallen from the heights above. On the other side of the valley were hills tumbled upon hills in various forms of rude magnificence; some bare and rugged; some clothed with verdure, and affording many a fragrant sheep-walk and breezy down; while others were black with forests of pine, the growth of ages, dark, intertangled, and impenetrable, excepting to the wild beasts of the forest, or the most savage and lawless of the human race. Here and there a few thatched dwellings were scattered in groups, or single, and at considerable intervals, among the hills or within the valleys; and, from time to time, the tolling of a bell, or the striking of a clock, from the roof of some house, reminded us that there was something like civilization even among these desolated regions.

“I know not what passed in the mind of the child while he sat contemplating the view above described; but on hearing a bell, he turned to me, and said, ‘Are these people Christians?’

“‘What people?’ I asked.

“‘The people who live in this country,’ he added, ‘are they Christians?’

“‘Certainly,’ I answered. ‘What made you ask the question?’

“He rather hesitated, and slightly turned his eye towards the figure in the temple.

“I observed this motion of his eye, and said, ‘You don’t suppose, I imagine, that any one here worships these images? They are only put in these places for ornament.’

“‘O!’ said the little boy, seemingly satisfied with the explanation; but again returning to the charge—‘is it not wicked, aunt Ellen, to make images?’

“‘Wicked!’ I answered, ‘why should it be wicked?’

“‘Because of the second commandment,’ he answer-

ed. 'You know that the second commandment says—
"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor
the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in
the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth."'

"'And is this the whole of the second commandment?' I asked.

"'No,' said the little boy, 'there is more—"Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me and keep my commandments."'

"Strange to say, I found myself quite embarrassed with this child's questions, and began to feel myself a little uneasy in my situation. I therefore made no further reply to his enquiries respecting images, but referred him to his tutor, and, in pursuit of the object for which I had sought this tête-à-tête, I enquired of him what his studies had been before he left England?

"At the name of England his colour heightened, and he hesitated a moment; but at length he informed me that he had been taught to read the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, though he still knew only little of either of them. I then questioned him respecting the Greek; and was surprised to find that his knowledge of the language was by no means despicable, considering his tender age.

"I then proceeded to question him on the subject of history, and found that he was far from being ignorant on that point; though his knowledge was of a kind which in some degree confounded me, and left the game wholly in his own hands: notwithstanding which I found no great difficulty in concealing his triumph from him, so great was the amiable simplicity of his nature. I had commenced my enquiries by asking if he had ever learned history; and upon his replying in the affirmative, I enquired if he could give me the outline of any one history which he had studied. He immediately and without hesitation obeyed; and taking up the history of Assyria, he traced the whole story of that people from their fore-runner, Ashur, son of Shem, down to the time of our Saviour.

“ I was certainly amazed, and almost afraid to question him further, lest I should betray my own ignorance; however I ventured to put a few other questions to him, and was astonished to find him almost equally clear on many other branches of ancient history, insomuch that he was enabled to trace almost every leading family of mankind up to the sons and grandsons of Noah, shewing a perfect acquaintance with the Scripture name of almost every nation which had existed before the Christian era, and how they were connected with each other in their great progenitors. Much of this he explained to me, not with the air of one who knows more than the person to whom he is speaking, but as believing me able to correct him if he made a mistake, and, indeed, as if half afraid of my censures in case of any error.

“ Much as I was amazed and interested by his communications, and even puzzled to conceive by what luminous arrangement so young a creature could have been brought to receive, retain, and retail so much information, I was not sorry to quit this subject of history, where I might have been said to walk upon thorns, every moment dreading some home push which might compel me to betray my ignorance; and feeling at the same time that so constant a reference to Scripture, and this mode of treating the high and mighty nations of antiquity (the haughty Assyrians, the self-sufficient Grecians, and the Roman conquerors of the world) merely as so many families of wayward children, all under the immediate control and disposal of the Father of all men, produced an almost instantaneous and powerful effect in lowering my notions of human glory; I at length became so thoroughly disconcerted, as really for a moment to feel half offended at the innocent cause of my perplexity. Neither is it improbable, that I might have commenced some discussion with him upon this new mode of learning history, had I not been admonished of the folly of entering into the lists of disputation with such a champion, by his suddenly drawing his hand from mine, for the purpose of throwing himself head over heels down a little descent, which the delicate softness of the verdure and the very gradual slope of the hill pointed out as a very safe and proper theatre for such an exploit.

“The motion was so quick, that it seemed but a moment from the time of his withdrawing his hand out of mine before he appeared at the bottom of the slope, standing erect, and measuring with his eye the space of ground over which he had made his somerset, his whole face glowing with health and delight. Gay, however, as he appeared to be in the enjoyment of these feelings, he allowed me to take his hand when I came close to him, and made no objection to walk quietly by my side, answering such questions as I further chose to put to him. But it is probable, that I had not quite recovered my good humour when I renewed our discourse, for I perceived the little boy look very earnestly at me when I spoke.

“‘I wonder,’ I said, ‘I am amazed, that your tutor does not teach you Latin, Alfred? It is the finest language that was ever written or spoken, and boasts some of the finest authors in the world.’

“‘But, the Bible, aunt Ellen,’ replied the child, ‘no part of the Bible was first written in Latin.’

“A certain something, which I cannot now define, prevented me from uttering what was actually on my tongue—‘*The Bible! the Bible!* what nothing but *the Bible?*’—and while I hesitated what reply to make, I looked at the child, who seemed quite to have forgotten the subject of our discourse, his eye being fixed on a golden eagle, which had perched on the pinnacle of a rocky point projecting from the nearest hill on the opposite side of the dingle. For a moment, the eagle kept his position; then suddenly rising and spreading his wings, he flew from us, directly in the face of the sun, taking his course over a mighty forest which formed one uninterrupted sweep towards the south.

“It was impossible to recover the attention of Alfred while the eagle was in view; but when he had almost disappeared, and his vast expanded wings shewed no larger than a mote in the sunbeam, I again addressed my little companion, and said, ‘So, your tutor does not approve of your learning Latin, Alfred?’

“‘I did not say so, aunt Ellen,’ he answered, ‘you must have mistaken me; for I have learned the Latin grammar for some time, and when I am better acquainted with the Bible, I am to study Latin: but it will be a

long time before I have gone through all the Bible in the ancient languages.'

“ ‘The Bible again, Alfred!’ I answered, ‘I hope you will thoroughly understand the Bible by the time your education is finished!’

“The child did not comprehend the irony of my retort, but answered me in simplicity, ‘I hope I shall; but there is so much in the Bible, that it might be read for ever, Mr. Gisborne says, without a person’s knowing every thing contained in it.’

“We were now descending into the depths of the dingle, where the mountain torrent before spoken of came pouring down from the higher grounds, which, after many windings occasioned by the irregularity of the ground, was lost to the eye beneath the shade of a thick wood of pine. On the side of the dingle from whence we came, the ground acknowledged its submission to the hand of man, by its fair and smooth appearance, its shaven lawns, and clustered exotics; while all on the other side was bold, abrupt, and rugged, the rocks and hills seeming to have been tumbled together, as if they had been hurled at each other during the fabled contests of the Titans. It was necessary for us to cross the stream, in order to reach the valley of the water nymph; and for this purpose we proceeded a little lower down the valley, to where a wooden bridge was thrown over the brook. The scenery from this bridge was so remarkably beautiful, that, though I had passed the place a thousand times, yet I always stopped in this place to contemplate the objects which there presented themselves above and below, the wild region above receiving an additional charm to my classical eye from the circumstance of a few columns of the Temple of Diana, together with a part of the ornamented cornice of the portico, being visible above the rough and shadowy objects with which it appeared to be surrounded; though it stood, in fact, on that side of the dingle which had been so pruned and smoothed by the hand of man as to partake entirely of a milder character.

“Immediately beneath the apparent site of this shrine of the hunter goddess, the brook burst suddenly forth from the deep shade of overhanging rocks and under-wood, and falling many feet with considerable noise,

pursued its way towards the bridge, underneath which it passed with a troubled and agitated motion, not having yet lost the impulse of its rapid descent. Beneath the bridge, such a region of rich and wild beauty presented itself as I dare not presume to describe, but which was not the less admirable from the contrast between its rough and various wonders, with the sullen, smooth, and majestic figures of certain heights of the Schwartzwald seen beyond, some of which seemed to penetrate the clouds, being rarely divested of the hoary mantle which winter seldom fails to throw over them.

“I had always been accustomed to view this scene with poetic eyes, and to associate every part of it with some classic image. My style of reading led me to this mode of embellishing natural objects with elegant conceits drawn from the books I had studied, or such at least as I thought elegant; and I prided myself not a little on this effect of what I considered as a very superior education: and I well remember, that as I stood on the bridge at this time, leaning against the parapet, I felt a strong desire to animate my little nephew with somewhat of my own classical feelings. For, notwithstanding the evident quickness and spirit of the child, and though I had lately suffered such a defeat in my conversation with this youthful student, yet I could not divest myself of the idea that his mind was in a coarse and inelegant state; for how could it be otherwise, seeing he had never read one single work of the many authors, whom I conceived to be the grand depositaries of all literary elegance and beauty? I had however experienced that some caution was necessary in dealing with my little companion, since there were points in which he was as much my superior, as I counted myself to be his superior in others. I therefore commenced my attack by asking him if he knew what poetry was; going on, no doubt with some pomposity, to state that poetry did not consist in mere versification, but in beautiful ideas, elegant symbols, fine imagery, &c. &c.: whence I proceeded to say, that I rejoiced to hear that he had learned Greek, and was soon to learn Latin, because there were certain authors in those languages who had produced works of genius which surpassed any thing that had ever fallen from other pens. I then ex-

patiated largely on the taste of the Greeks and Romans, pointing out how those nations had excelled in statuary and in architecture, and with what exquisite tales and fables they had adorned their mythology.

“The boy, who had never been used to hear any thing but truth, and whose lessons, as I before remarked, had been for the most part drawn from the word of truth itself, looked at me with that innocent amazement which we sometimes see in amiable and unaffected children; but I could not discover exactly what he thought of my eloquent oration. At length he replied, ‘I don’t quite understand you, aunt Ellen: are you talking about the fable-book? I had a Pilpay’s Fable-Book at home; and Mr. Gisborne said I might read it when I had done my lessons. I had also a fairy-tale book, about Blue Beard, and the Master Cat; but he said these were only books intended for the amusement of little children, and that grown-up people did not take much pleasure in them.’

“‘Pilpay’s Fables, and the Fairy Tales!’ I repeated in high classic indignation; ‘I was not talking of such nonsense as those books contain: I was speaking of the beautiful imagery and descriptions which are to be found in the poetical works of ancient Greece and Rome, and expressing my sorrow that you should be withheld from the study of them; because these are compositions by which the taste of young people is to be corrected, and by which their minds are to be raised from ordinary things to the contemplation of all that is beautiful both in art and nature.’

“The child still looked hard at me, as well he might; for, right or wrong, I was certainly got far above the reach of the intellects of one of his age: of which being presently aware, I changed my tone, and said, ‘If good Mr. Gisborne would but let you read the ancient Grecian and Roman poets, you would find such sweet and beautiful things in them, as would delight you far more than Pilpay’s Fables or the Fairy Tales. They contain such glorious descriptions of ancient kings, heroes, and demi-gods, as well as of the noble actions which they performed, that you would long to resemble them, and wish to think and act as they did: such studies, my dear boy, would exalt your mind, and teach you to be-

have no longer like a child but like a man. I then repeated, in the English translation, some of the finest descriptions of the heroes of Homer, summing all up with the following stanzas:—

“ Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oileus’ valiant son;
Skill’d to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.

“ The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers;
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
Proud of his host, unrivall’d in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.

“ Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnosus, Lyctus, and Gortyna’s bands,
These march’d, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of war.

“ From Practius’ stream, Percotè’s pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos’ neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba’s walls and Sellè’s coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o’er the plains.’

Pope’s Homer’s Iliad.

“ He listened with considerable attention, and then replied, ‘But Mr. Gisborne once said to dear mamma, before poor mamma went to heaven;’ and then he sighed, and a brilliant flush rose in his cheeks, not unlike a rosy cloud passing over a fine landscape, ‘that a certain chapter in the Hebrews contained a more noble list of great and glorious men than ever could be found in all the fine heathen writers together.’

“ ‘What chapter?’ said I, startled at such a reply from my little auditor.

“ ‘O!’ said the little boy, ‘that pretty chapter in the Hebrews.’

“ I might have said, ‘What do I know of the Hebrews?’ but that would have been confessing my ignorance; I therefore contented myself with remarking, ‘If the chapter is so admirable, I suppose you can repeat it?’

“ ‘I think I can remember part of it,’ said the little boy, ‘for mamma made me learn it at the time.’

“ ‘Part of it then,’ I said, ‘let me hear part of it, if

it is so very fine.' You may be sure this was said in no good humour; for though I did not doubt the goodness of my own cause, yet I felt that my little adversary had more to say for himself than I had at first expected.

“ ‘*And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.*’
—(Hebrews xi. 32—40.)

“ It was impossible for me, after having heard this quotation from the Hebrews, this exquisitely simple and beautiful enumeration of the sufferings and triumphs of the holy men of old, not to feel that I had never read any thing in the classical writings of antiquity equally touching. Nevertheless, I was in no humour to give up the contest, because I had been baffled in a single instance: I therefore replied, that I thought the quotation very pleasing, but little to our present purpose; and the sun at that moment just darting his rays upon us from behind a cloud, I took occasion from thence to bring forward, in the translation of Dryden, that fine description of the sun, and his progress through the heavens, which is found in the first Georgic, again expressing my regret that my little companion, by his ignorance of Latin, should be rendered incapable of reading such choice passages in the original.

“ ‘Through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
 The year, and earth in several climes divides;
 Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing sun;
 Far on the right and left, the extremes of heaven,
 To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given;
 Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign’d
 Two habitable seats for human kind,
 And, ’cross their limits, cut a sloping way,
 Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
 Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
 O’er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies;
 The first sublime in heaven, the last is whirl’d
 Below the regions of the nether world.
 Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
 And, like a winding stream, the Bears divides,
 The less and greater, who by Fate’s decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the northern sea.’

“ The child looked earnestly at me while I was repeating this quotation, and then said, ‘By Apollo, aunt Ellen, do you mean the sun?’

“ ‘Yes, I said. Do you not know that Apollo was said by the ancients to have been the charioteer of the sun, and to drive the sun in his course through the heavens every day?’

“ He made me no answer for a minute, and then replied—‘O! now I understand what is meant by the signs and the girdles.’

“ ‘And do you not think, Alfred,’ I asked, ‘that these verses are very beautiful, and should you not like to read them in their original language?’

“ ‘Yes,’ he replied: ‘but if I had not learned about the zones and the signs in the zodiac, and the poles, I should not have understood them.’

“ ‘But you understand them now, Alfred?’ I asked.

“ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘some parts of them; but I can make out those verses in the Bible about the sun much better, and I like them much better.’

“ ‘Indeed,’ I said, ‘and why so?’

“ To this he made no reply, for he had stooped down to pick up some pebbles: but I was resolved to make him speak, and therefore desired him to repeat these same verses, which he thought so fine.

“ ‘In Hebrew, aunt Ellen,’ he replied, blushing at the same time in a very pretty manner, ‘I cannot repeat them.’

“ ‘ Well,’ I said, ‘ then let us have them in English. You know that I gave you my quotation in English.’

“ He then without hesitation repeated the first part of the nineteenth Psalm; which, although so well known by those to whom this letter is addressed, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving at full length in this place.

“ ‘ *The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.*’

“ While the little boy was repeating this beautiful passage, I blushed, and was utterly confounded. To be so overcome by a babe was what I could not bear: I really felt indignant, and looked at the child to see if he were conscious of his victory; but, so far from that being the case, it seemed as if he had already forgotten the subject of our discourse, for having picked up some pebbles, he was now making ducks and drakes, as the children call them, in a smooth part of the brook, unmindful at the instant, not only of the sun himself, but of all things under him, excepting of the circles in the water made by his pebbles. So young, I thought, so truly childlike, and yet possessing a mind so clear, so luminous!—how is this? This child has been educated in no ordinary way. Was I his equal at his age? Am I even his equal now, although my education has been thus laboured? Can this be the effect of studying the Holy Word, simply and continually pursued from childhood? I knew not how to answer these questions, which had thus suggested themselves to my mind and excited many uneasy thoughts. I walked on, and took the way directly leading to the valley of the water nymph, and having conducted my little companion through a shadowy and intertangled copse on the bank of the rivulet, we passed between two small hills into a narrow valley, where the tender herbage, enamelled with a thousand

flowers, and the high and rugged rocks on each side, forming natural grottoes, through whose cool recesses trickled several pellucid streams of extraordinary coldness, suggested I know not what ideas of calm repose and untroubled solitude:—

“ ‘Here,’ said I to the little boy, ‘here formerly dwelt the Ondine of whom I before spoke; and if you were to ask the country people round about, they would tell you a thousand traditions of her having attracted various persons to this spot by the charms of her voice, and then betrayed them into unknown snares and perils.’

“ ‘The little boy smiled. ‘Ah, aunt Ellen,’ he said, ‘you should not speak against fairy-tales and fables, for you love them very much: you have told me nothing else since we came out.’

“ ‘And does your tutor never tell you fairy-tales or fables?’ I replied.

“ ‘He often talks to me, when we walk, about my Hebrew: he made me begin with the Psalms, and he tries to make me understand the types and emblems contained in the Bible.’

“ ‘And pray what are these?’ I said.

“ ‘He looked at me again with some curiosity, and then smiled; but without answering my question he asked, ‘Shall I call the Ondine, and hear if she will answer me?’ and, without waiting my reply, he exclaimed, in a loud voice, ‘Lady of the woods or waters, whichever you be, you will surely answer me if you hear my voice.’

“ ‘The echo replied, at five different times, each repetition being more remote and soft than the last, ‘Hear my voice.’

“ ‘I do! I do!’ said the child, laughing heartily, and clapping his hands: and then turning to me, ‘There, aunt Ellen, there now; what do you think of that?—The lady answers me!’

“ ‘I think,’ said I, ‘that she must be no very dull lady who can answer you, Master Alfred;’ and taking a little narrow path which wound its secret course up the side of the little valley of the water nymph, I went musing on, while my nephew followed me.

“ ‘I began, during this walk, for the first time, to en-

certain some doubt as to the superiority of that education which is called classical, and to question the wisdom of presenting to the youthful mind such images as are false, however beautiful they may be, previous to its having received a knowledge of the truth. While meditating on these subjects, doubt after doubt rose in my mind, till I became completely bewildered.

“In the mean time we were continually ascending; till, having passed through the wood, we came out upon a lofty pasture ground, such as in Switzerland would be called an alp—a high and breezy lawn fragrant with thyme and other aromatic herbs—from whence, as in a panorama, all the adjacent country became visible. Here was a shepherd in a russet coat, with his staff of office in his hand, watching his flock as he sat upon the grass, while the quiet sheep were feeding around him.

“The view from these heights was so peculiarly beautiful, that this charming spot had many times previous to the present occasion been visited by me, sometimes alone, but oftener in company with my father; and I could not forget that my father had one day caused me to sit down in this place, while he read to me the famous passage, so full of pathos, in the Pastorals of Virgil, wherein the shepherd bids adieu to his flock and the pastures in which he had been accustomed to feed his fleecy care.—

“Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air!
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!”

“It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise, if these verses, which I give you in their English garb, should have recurred to me in this very spot on the occasion of my visiting it with little Alfred, and on my again beholding the very pastoral scene which had recalled them to my father's memory. But while I was considering them, and trying to recollect their order, my nephew

exclaimed, 'Aunt Ellen, I never saw a real shepherd with a crook till I left England; and I was very much pleased when I saw the first shepherd, though he was feeding his flock on darnel, by the side of the road. But this shepherd now before us looks like what I used to fancy of shepherds a great while ago.'

" 'Why, what did you know or think about shepherds a great while ago?' I asked.

" 'O,' replied the child, 'I used to think a great deal about them when we were reading the Psalms in the Hebrew Bible, and when Mr. Gisborne shewed me that chapter in Ezekiel, and the other in St. John, about the True Shepherd.'

" 'The True Shepherd!' I answered: 'and who is the True Shepherd?'

" The boy looked at me with an arch expression, and then exclaimed, 'Now, aunt Ellen, I have found you out; you are pretending not to know, that you may try me.' And he laughed so heartily, that, had we been in the valley of the echo, he would have made every grotto and every cavern to resound with his merriment.

" I was vexed and ashamed; for my ignorance was not affected, and my countenance shewed my displeasure. He observed it; and instantly repressing his mirth, he said to me in a sweet and plaintive accent, 'Don't be angry, aunt; I did not mean to displease you.'

" 'Well then,' I replied, 'repeat to me some of those passages you were speaking of, respecting the True Shepherd.'

" 'I cannot remember them in Hebrew,' he answered, in some perturbation, perhaps expecting my further displeasure; 'but I can repeat them in English.'

" 'Very well,' said I, 'let us have them in English.'

" He then repeated the following passages.—*'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy*

shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. (Psalm xxiii.) As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries. I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel.' (Ezek. xxiv. 12—14.)

“It was impossible to feel the beauty of these short specimens of Hebrew poetry, without secretly acknowledging that no heathen writer had ever produced any thing equally tender and affecting. I felt that this child had obtained a complete triumph over me: and in order to conceal my embarrassment from one who would never have penetrated the occasion of it, I arose in haste, and walked towards home.

“We had scarcely reached the lawn in the front of the house, before we discovered a carriage approaching us from a small distance, within which the eager eyes of the little Alfred soon discovered Mr. Gisborne; and no sooner had he made this discovery, than he darted from me, like an arrow from a bow, and was at the side of the carriage before the good old gentleman could make the coachman understand that he wished to get out to receive his pupil. The meeting between the old gentleman and the little boy was very interesting, though witnessed from a distance: for never did I see more entire love and confidence between age and youth than that which was manifested between these two persons. Never shall I forget the glee with which little Alfred presented his tutor to me, and the exultation with which he exclaimed, ‘This is Mr. Gisborne, aunt Ellen!’ as if there never had been, and never could be, a second Mr. Gisborne.

“The good old gentleman, however, wanted not the recommendation of his pupil; for it required not the observation of a moment to be convinced that this beloved tutor of his was not only the perfect gentleman, but an amiable and intelligent man. He was a clergyman of

the Established Church of England, a little man, and considerably advanced in years; and, though just concluding a very long journey, he was the very perfection of neatness, his hair being carefully powdered, his linen white as snow, and his shoes resplendently bright. And all this attention to the exterior was so admirably suited to his extremely polite, though somewhat formal, manner, and the perfect accuracy of his elocution, that I could scarcely, while I accosted him, retain the recollection that I was addressing a man for whom I had just before conceived a dislike, from the idea that he was narrow-minded, and an enemy to every species of classic lore.

“ I do not precisely recollect the circumstances of Mr. Gisborne’s introduction to my mother: but this I well remember, that before the close of the day, the old gentleman appeared to be much at his ease with us all, and had, together with his pupil, taken possession of a range of apartments, prepared for their use, where for several days they pursued their usual employments, and we seldom saw them till we met at dinner: for breakfast is not a meal which is commonly taken in public by families on the Continent.

“ In the mean time, although there were many points, and those of no small importance, in which my father’s opinions did not seem to coincide with those of the old gentleman, yet there were on both sides such a spirit of forbearance, and so much real politeness, that no varieties of sentiment ever led to unpleasant arguments, or to any thing like heat or want of respect.

“ Mr. Gisborne had been with us several days before I found a convenient opportunity of asking my father’s opinion of him, or of giving him a minute account of the conversation I had held with Alfred during our walk. He listened to this account with attention, and when I ceased to speak, remained for some moments silent.

“ ‘ You are thoughtful, Sir,’ I said, after a considerable pause.

“ ‘ I am, Ellen,’ he replied: ‘ I have lately had many thoughts which never occurred to me in former days. I have been, as you well know, an enthusiastic admirer of those authors which are commonly called classic, by way of eminence, as being universally approved, and

undeniably excellent. My youth, and the best part of my more mature years, have been devoted to these studies; and it never occurred to me, till within a few months past, to question the utility or propriety of being thus devoted to this description of writers. On the contrary, I have always entertained an habitual contempt of all those persons whose studies had not been more or less directed to these objects, from a strong persuasion that no person could be said to possess any thing like intellectual pre-eminence who was not skilled in those writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which I had been accustomed to consider as the standard of perfection. Such were my sentiments for many years, and such are the common sentiments, I am persuaded, not only of many men who are really well acquainted with the classic writers, but of many others who have little more to boast in these respects than mere school-boy information. But I was as little sensible of the arrogance of my feelings with regard to these matters as I was of my deficiency in many others, till your illness, my Ellen, and the death of your admirable sister, led me to make these enquiries, viz.—Whether the studies in which I had hitherto so greatly delighted were calculated to promote the advancement of real virtue in this life? or whether any hope and comfort could be derived from them in the hour of death?’

“ ‘These are serious questions, Sir,’ said I, ‘and I must acknowledge that some such enquiries as these have lately suggested themselves also to my mind.’

“ ‘I hope,’ replied my father, ‘if I have lived in error on this subject through my past life, that my eyes may be thoroughly opened, and that it may please God not to visit on you, my Ellen, the ignorance and sin of your father. If light should shine on my own soul, O may it also shine on that of my child! But this I have resolved, that I will not interfere with Mr. Gisborne’s plans respecting Alfred, till I have more maturely considered the different tendency of the two modes of education; namely—the more common one, of initiating youth in the ancient Greek and Latin authors, and, what is of more rare occurrence, *that* of commencing the education with biblical instruction;—causing the pupil first to study the Hebrew Scriptures, and afterwards the Greek

Testament, and finishing with the Latin authors (which I presume is Mr. Gisborne's plan) at the age in which the strengthened reason is enabled to discern the good and reject the evil. But,' proceeded my father, 'the more I consider these subjects, the more I am perplexed. For if I have passed an erroneous judgment on the heathen authors, almost the whole reading world must be equally wrong: since I have never seen, nor even heard of any person, who seemed to consider classical studies as improper for very young people, or who undertook to represent our devotion to these studies as an offence against God.'

“ ‘And does Mr. Gisborne assert so much as this?’ I asked.

“ ‘Certainly he does, if not by words, at least by actions,’ replied my father; ‘and I hope when a little time has increased our mutual confidence, that I shall induce him to declare his whole mind on this subject, which has for some time occupied my most serious thoughts.’

“ Here my father broke off the discourse. But it was not many days afterwards, before he renewed the subject with Mr. Gisborne himself, in my presence, requesting him, in a very serious manner, to state to him the motives which had induced him, in the case of Alfred, to depart from the usual plan of education, in order to pursue a path that had hitherto been rarely tried; a circumstance which he could regard in no other light than that of a hazardous experiment.

“ ‘Sir,’ returned Mr. Gisborne, ‘as the parent of my pupil, you have the best right to put this question to me; and, if it is your pleasure, I shall state to you the motives of my conduct at large—premising, that it was not without deep reflection that I dared to quit the beaten path, fully aware that I should be subjected thereby to the disapprobation of the world in general. But the lady your daughter, now no more, strengthened my hands on this occasion, and upheld me when I should undoubtedly have fainted; and now she receives the reward of her well-doing, and rejoices in glory unspeakable, in that she was enabled to choose the better part for that dear child whom she was so soon to leave behind her, in a corrupt world.’

“My father seemed much affected by these last words of Mr. Gisborne; and, struggling to conceal his feelings, he assured him, that it would be with no inferior interest that he should listen to all he had to say on the important subject in question.

“Mr. Gisborne bowed; and speaking with his usual deliberation, ‘I presume, Sir,’ he said, ‘that I am addressing one who admits the Bible to be the word of God, and its precepts the indisputable rules by which the fitness and unfitness of every action can alone be measured.’

“In reply to this, my father bowed, and acknowledged his entire acquiescence in these orthodox views.

“‘Such being the case,’ continued Mr. Gisborne, ‘I shall not despair, my dear Sir, of making you comprehend the motives of my conduct respecting your little son. This holy book, my good Sir, has always been my guide and counsellor; at least, I have wished especially to make it so, in the arduous task which I have undertaken of conducting the education of an immortal creature.’

“‘You could not have done better, than to take the advice of such a counsellor, my good Sir,’ replied my father, ‘provided that the sacred writings are found to afford lights sufficient for the management of this business. But were I to give my opinion, I should say, that the word of God, affecting higher matters, does not descend to such particulars as would enable any one to shape his conduct, in regard to the education of a child, precisely according to any specified rules.’

“‘Sir,’ returned Mr. Gisborne, ‘I can hardly agree with you in this particular: and I will venture to assert, that if the Scripture does not throw sufficient light on the subject of education, we have no other guide whatever on which we can reasonably depend; for he that made man, and alone knows what is in man, must undoubtedly be the only adequate judge of the proper mode of regulating this creature, the work of his own hands.’

“‘Sir,’ replied my father, ‘I cannot dispute the truth of this assertion. Without all doubt, the heart of man is known to God only, and he alone is in possession of all those secret springs and counsels by which the will of

the creature may be best directed, his intellectual powers improved, and his passions subdued. I am not so impious as to entertain a doubt on this subject; but I candidly confess that I am not aware in what part of Scripture the Almighty has vouchsafed to give such lights as may assist a teacher in the intellectual improvement of a child, although, in the articles of filial obedience and morality, it affords a very decisive rule of conduct.—Nevertheless, my good Sir,' continued my father, 'the subject is of such importance, that I am anxious to hear all you have to say upon it; and, if possible, to profit by your experience and learning.'

"Mr. Gisborne bowed, and proceeded.—'Sir,' said he, 'when I first undertook the charge of youth, I was led to consult my Bible with a reference to this work, then entirely new to me. I there was reminded of this awful truth, that man, in his natural state, is incapable of happiness, and that my pupil was in consequence not only in danger of eternal misery, but inevitably exposed to it, unless such a change should take place in the whole constitution of his mind, soul, and feelings, as no human efforts could possibly produce. Such, then, I found to be the real state of the case: the human being in whose interest I was becoming deeply engaged, was in a situation of such imminent danger, as rendered it utterly beyond my power to accomplish his rescue. The Bible, however, was at hand; and having further consulted this unerring guide, I discovered certain passages, wherein assurances of final success were held out, if I laboured in the strength of the Lord, and leaned not to my own understanding. Having proceeded so far in my discoveries, I was next led to enquire, in what does this strength consist? and where is true wisdom to be found? To this enquiry I found an immediate reply in that exquisite passage in the first Psalm—*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.* (Psalm i. 1—3.)

“ ‘By a serious consideration of this passage, I was brought to see that prosperity in my new undertaking was promised upon the condition of my making the law of God my delight. And being here again brought back to the word of God, I was further led to this result; that the blessings which I could not obtain for the little Alfred by any effort of my own, were to be sought in the word of God, which I was commanded to impress upon his mind in every possible way which I could devise, directly and indirectly, in season and out of season, according to a very explicit rule laid down in Deuteronomy:—*And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.*’ (Deut. vi. 6–9.)

“ My father in this place interrupted Mr. Gisborne, by saying, that he perfectly agreed with him in his opinions respecting Scripture, and even allowed that a critical knowledge of Scripture ought to be the ultimate object of all human learning: and then, with a degree of self-deception which might appear almost incredible to one who is not an accurate observer of human nature, he very coolly and calmly asserted, that it had been his sole view, in all my instructions, to bring me into a condition thoroughly to appreciate and understand the Scriptures in their original languages.

“ I trust that I shall not be deemed disrespectful to the memory of a beloved parent, by bringing to light those little inconsistencies, and that self-deception, to which he was unhappily liable in his unchanged state.

“ I rejoice to say that this tender father was wholly changed before his death, and expressed himself particularly anxious that I should state in writing the several circumstances and anecdotes which I have collected together in these few sheets, wishing that others might be benefited by the errors into which he himself had fallen. But to pursue my narrative.

“ After making the above assertion, which Mr. Gis-

borne did not dispute, my father proceeded to give the old gentleman an outline of my studies, to which Mr. Gisborne listened in perfect silence; but on my father's ceasing to speak, he made answer to the following effect — 'I do not question,' said he, 'that your aim, my good Sir, in the arrangement of your daughter's studies, was what you assert it to have been; neither do I doubt but that many others of the learned and excellent of the earth, have had the same ultimate purpose in view, when they led their pupils, first, through the Latin, and, secondly, through the Greek classics, namely, to put them in a condition to read and understand the Scriptures in their original tongues. Nevertheless, I have three important objections to make to this plan.'

" 'I should like to hear your statement of these objections,' said my father somewhat hastily.

" 'Certainly, Sir,' returned Mr. Gisborne in his usually calm and unruffled manner. 'In the first place, (allowing as I do that accurate biblical knowledge is the object to which the tutor wishes to bring his pupil,) I assert, that, according to the ordinary plan, the compass commonly fetched before the pupil can be conducted to the point intended is so wide, that the best part of man's life, and the whole period commonly allotted to education, is generally exhausted before the pupil can be brought through the avenues of human learning into the sacred and pure retreats of that which is divine.'

" 'Your second objection, my good Sir?' said my father, with an expression of countenance which I could not quite decipher.

" 'My second objection is this,' replied Mr. Gisborne, 'that, even supposing the tutor's intention to be of this pious kind, there is great danger that he may lose himself, and the integrity of his own purpose, amid the mazes in which he has chosen to walk, and in which he has no promise of the divine direction: so that, notwithstanding the supposed purity of his first design, he may at length be led to sit down contented with the agreeableness of human genius, and proceed no further towards the goal for which he first set out.'

" 'You have stated two objections to our old system, Sir,' said my father: 'what is your third?'

“ ‘You are not displeased with my straight forward manner?’ said Mr. Gisborne.

“ ‘By no means,’ replied my father, with a cordiality which did him honour. ‘You have not displeased me; but you have called my thoughts to subjects which never before engaged my attention. And now, my good Sir, for your third objection.’

“ ‘My third objection, Sir,’ said Mr. Gisborne, ‘is this--that, while the circuitous progress of education recommended by the old system is going forward, the ideas and moral habits of the child remain uncorrected, at least, so far as his studies may affect them. In the first place, he does not enjoy the advantage of those correctives of sin which are found only in the word of God; he has no absolute standard of truth in his own mind—nothing solid or sterling against which to weigh or compare the objects immediately surrounding him; nor yet any principles or laws by which he might be enabled to judge his own heart, so as to approve or condemn his own actions. And in the second place, he is liable to receive some impurity from every lesson which he learns, even allowing that his tutor uses every precaution to select and extract for his study the least impure or hurtful of the classic writings; which, after every possible modification—as they neither proceed from the Spirit of God, nor are influenced by the word of God, but are the products of the unsanctified imagination of unconverted man—must remain so radically polluted as not to admit of that entire purgation as might render them wholesome and salutary food for such as ought to be fed with milk, even the sincere milk of the word; and who cannot be supposed to have attained, if it is ever attainable by corrupt man, such spiritual strength of mind as to enable them to reject all that is offensive, and every thing that has a tendency to pollute, as soon as it is perceived.’

“ ‘Mr. Gisborne,’ said my father, ‘I will candidly confess, that you have made me very serious, and very uneasy, nay, almost indeed inclined to quit the field of contest, perhaps not altogether vanquished, though certainly puzzled and confounded. I will freely acknowledge, that I am half disposed to think you right; notwithstanding which, I must be allowed to say, that some objections to your system occur to me. Are you not of

opinion, that a constant application of the mind to the study of Scripture, to the exclusion of the classical writers, which I think I understand to be your plan, would lead to an extremely narrow and illiberal mode of thinking?’

“Mr. Gisborne replied, that, before my father decided, he wished to make him thoroughly acquainted with the whole of his system; ‘which,’ added he, ‘will not perhaps be found so narrow as might at first be supposed.’

“My father bowed, and Mr Gisborne proceeded. ‘Before I enter into a full statement of my plans, my good Sir,’ said the old gentleman, ‘I shall take the liberty of giving you the results of my experience. I have observed on many occasions, that a serious perusal of Scripture produces certain effects on the human mind which never result from the study of other books. The first of these effects, I consider to be that peculiar illumination of the mind, which is thus alluded to by the Psalmist, *When thy word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding to the simple.* This effect is, of course, observable only when the Scriptures are read with attention by the pupil, and held up by the tutor as an infallible rule of life. And it is remarkable, when the Scriptures are thus used, how wonderful is the effect which they produce in correcting and settling the principles; and how soon even an infant is taught thereby to bring his actions to the standard of holy writ. The motives of action presented in every book, but those of Scripture and such as are written on decidedly scriptural views, are various and confused, unavoidably exciting in the reader of such writings the most irregular and confused ideas on a point of so vast importance: whereas there is but one motive of action held forth in Scripture with approbation. Nothing in these sacred writings is put in competition with the majesty of God and the glory of his name; and nothing is represented as a real evil but sin. Hence the child who has been early nurtured in the love of his Bible, will always be found much superior in intellect (all other things being equal) than any other child of his own age who has been brought up according to the more commonly adopted systems.’

“‘I should not have conceived this,’ said my father;

‘I should have thought the contrary—but you may be right, my good Sir, and it is more for the glory of God that you should be so. It is, however, remarkable, that this should remain a question at the end of the eighteenth century. And now for your system—Where would you begin this mode of education, or rather where did you begin it with my grandson, who, by the bye, is no bad specimen of the efficacy of your extraordinary plan?’

“‘I began it, Sir,’ replied Mr. Gisborne, ‘by giving him such a knowledge of his own language as enabled him to read it with facility, and to understand the common acceptation of all words in ordinary use: and having proceeded to this point, I placed the English Bible in his hands, endeavouring, without further loss of time, to make him acquainted with its histories, its precepts, its doctrines, and the most plain part of its prophecies. Much of this information was acquired in his sixth year; and, in his seventh, I proceeded to the Hebrew language, which is thus spoken of in a preface to an Hebrew grammar, addressed to the learned Bishop Lowth:—“It may appear a new and inconceivable truth to some, though not to the author of the *Prælectiones*, that the Hebrew, for its facility, expressiveness, the rules of syntax, and figures of speech, to say nothing of its important contents, would be the first language to be learned, were it possible to explain a language not understood, otherwise than by one that is so. This makes it necessary that every learner should begin, as well in grammar as in speech, with his native tongue; but then he might very usefully go from the Hebrew to the Greek and Latin, drinking at the fountain-head, and not wholly at the less pure streams.—What hath hindered this natural and rational procedure is the universality of the Latin, and the prevailing practice of writing grammars and lexicons in this language, which hath made the Latin the *janua linguarum*. Our gold is changing apace into tinsel, and our silver into tin; insomuch, that your lordship cannot help foreseeing, with deep concern, that, should the neglect of letters, the contempt of revelation, and the slight of the essence of revelation, as well as of its form, continue to increase in the same degree in the next century as in the last and present, this nation will be but one remove from its original state

of barbarism: which to escape, there is no way so sure as by quitting the efficient cause of our degeneracy, infidelity—that root of evil, and assuming once more the simplicity of our forefathers, returning to the Word of God, that tree of wisdom and of life!”

“Mr. Gisborne having concluded this quotation, which he repeated from memory, he proceeded to remark, that he and his little pupil had reaped every benefit which could have been expected from the mode of study here recommended; and that the child had made so great a progress in this branch of learning, that in his ninth year he was induced to commence Greek with him, and had already proceeded with him through one of the Gospels, when their studies were interrupted by the late family misfortune.

“‘I am then to understand,’ said my father, ‘that your little pupil has read the Bible only?’

“‘Not so,’ replied Mr. Gisborne: ‘he is fond of reading, and I have allowed him to amuse himself with Robinson Crusoe, and other books which are calculated equally for the instruction and amusement of children. But the Bible, I may say, has supplied our only serious studies; for, in whatever form I may have given a lesson, it has been my endeavour, in some way or other, to connect it with the Scripture: and it is wonderful how I have been assisted in this endeavour, and how frequently I have found the holy volume casting light on parts of science with which, on a hasty view, it seems to have no connexion. For instance, in the contemplation of the heavens, what beautiful notices of the heavenly glories do we find in Scripture! In considering the various divisions of the earth, how are we assisted by the inspired writers in tracing up to their source the names and origins of nations! In studying chronology, where do we find fixed dates and sure resting-places but in the Bible? And, without Scripture, what is ancient history but a web, so intricate and involved, as absolutely to pass all the skill of man satisfactorily to unravel it?’

“‘If any man on earth can render the study of one book, or of one set of books, interesting to a young person at all times, I believe that you are the man, Mr. Gisborne,’ said my father: ‘nevertheless, I am not able

to conceive how you can avoid rendering this perpetual reference to Scripture tedious and disgusting to a child.'

“ ‘The Bible is a book,’ replied Mr. Gisborne, ‘which is invariably found to acquire new interest by frequent study; and it is only the careless reader who ever complains of weariness. There are times, indeed, when children will feel a disinclination not only to studies of every kind, but even to every kind of amusement. An idle child is as wholly incapable of pursuing any play with energy, as of following up any kind of study with perseverance. But these feelings must be contended with; since no character is of any value, or can ever be relied on, which is not accustomed to combat them, and regularly to follow up a duty notwithstanding occasional sensations of disgust or fatigue. I have never, however, found that the study of Scripture excites this mental weariness more than that of any other book; but I have remarked, on the contrary, that it has decidedly the contrary effect, and that a taste for divine things and holy contemplation increases with the exercise.’

“ ‘I understand,’ said my father, ‘that you make Scripture the vehicle of two languages, namely, the Hebrew and the Greek, and that you teach these languages grammatically. Does your plan then entirely exclude Latin?’

“ ‘Undoubtedly not,’ replied Mr. Gisborne: ‘but inasmuch as all the best Latin writers were unenlightened heathens, I reserve them till such times as I may hope that my pupil, being well grounded in Scripture, and armed with the knowledge of better things, may be enabled to discern and reject the evil which they contain, and to derive from them such benefit as they are calculated to afford. Much as I disapprove of placing these works in the hands of untutored infancy, there are many reasons for not wholly rejecting them. Many of these writings were composed by the most able men of their day; men who, with the exception of the inspired writers, are to be considered as authors of the most incomparable ability. They describe scenes and circumstances of extraordinary interest; with a more than magic skill they lead back their readers to ages long gone by, setting them suddenly in the streets of Troy, of Carthage, and of Rome; they bring before our eyes

the palace of Priam, the tent of Ulysses, the banquet of the Tyrian queen, the ancient ideas of beauty, glory, and fame: in addition to which, they afford us some of the finest examples of purity and simplicity of style. Now when the deep and solid basis of Christianity and scriptural knowledge is laid in the mind of a young man; when he has been made acquainted with history as referring constantly to Scripture, and has been led to consider the human race, as they are described in holy writ, as so many families under the immediate control of God; when he has been accustomed to contemplate the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them as the hire of sin in the hands of Satan; (*Matt.* iv. 8, 9.) and when he has attained such an age as may be supposed to render him capable of eschewing evil and doing good; (*1 Pet.* iii. 11.)—in such circumstances there will certainly be less danger in his studying the Latin classics, since we may then reasonably hope that he will be influenced to reject such parts of them as are obviously of a pernicious tendency. But when we put these books into the hands of our little children, is it not, my good Sir, somewhat like sending our lambs among wolves, or heaping thorns upon our fairest lilies?’

“ ‘Sir,’ said my father, ‘allowing these books to be so radically and thoroughly corrupt as you seem to think them, your reasonings are certainly correct, and I will grant that they ought not to be put into the hands of very young persons. But I must confess, that I am by no means aware of this deep and inveterate corruption in our celebrated classical writers, of which you speak.’

“ ‘Sir,’ replied Mr. Gisborne, ‘if your thoughts have never been turned to this subject, I can very easily conceive, from the force of habit, and from your having been, in common with other gentlemen of liberal education, accustomed to look on these writers as almost sacred, and of unquestionable merit, that it may never have occurred to you to consider their natural tendency, or to trace their relationship to those abominable idolatries which polluted the whole civilized earth before the coming of our Lord, which prepared the way for all those heresies which have since arisen in the Church, and which are still shedding their influence over the present age, in a manner not so apparent indeed in Eng-

land, but so evident on the Continent, that I can hardly imagine how it has been possible for such a circumstance so long to have escaped the notice of our Christian writers. Certain it is, indeed, that the time is now past for the actual worship of Jupiter and Juno, and that the mysterious rites of Ceres and Cybele are no longer observed in Europe: but as there is a certain reflected light diffused from true Christianity, which affects thousands and tens of thousands who are not decided Christians; in like manner there is a lurid and baneful glare shed from a false religion, which may confound and mislead multitudes who are not themselves confessedly its votaries. Thus the imaginations of our young people may be polluted, and their hearts corrupted, by the writings of the heathen, although they may be persuaded that the whole of their mythology, as the word itself imports, is nothing but fable, and are continually reminded that their sentiments are not correctly just. Vain is the attempt of the careful tutor to prune and weed these writings from their most gross defects. When all that can be done in this way is completed, the spirit of heathenism still breathes in every page; the thirst for blood and the desire of human praise are continually extolled and held up to imitation; while the mind of the reader becomes gradually accustomed to the ideas of polytheism, and tutored in the blasphemous use of expressions which ought only to be applied to the immortal, invisible, and only wise God.'

“ Here Mr. Gisborne paused; and looking at my father and me as if he would make some apology for his warmth, he said, ‘ I fear, my good Sir, that you will think me rigid, as I am undoubtedly singular in my opinion on these subjects, and especially in supposing that this rage for the heathen writers, and this love of classical imagery, so particularly prevalent in these countries, is not altogether without its tincture of idolatry. Nevertheless, my good Sir, entertaining these opinions, you will no longer blame me for having conducted the education of your little son in the manner which I have described.’

“ Here Mr. Gisborne paused, as if waiting my father’s reply; but he might have waited long, for my father remained silent, with every appearance of being lost in

deep meditation. At length, Mr. Gisborne ventured to express a hope that he had not given offence by so sincere and explicit an avowal of his opinion.

“ ‘Offence, my good Sir!’ said my father, rising, and giving the old gentleman his hand; ‘far be it from me to take offence at the manner in which you have pleaded a cause of such paramount interest. Your opinions are so entirely new to me, that I cannot at once receive them; but I respect your motives of conduct, and more than suspect that you are right. And if you are right, then we are all wrong, and acting under a kind of influence which we little suspect. My daughter will commit your arguments to writing; I will take occasion to meditate upon them; and will some time hence give you the result of my meditations. In the mean time, my good Sir, go on with the blessed work which you have begun. I commit the sole representative of my departed child to your care without reserve; only, do not leave my house; do not take my child from me; but rather allow his only remaining parent the benefit of your conversation. You may perhaps be enabled to effect such a revolution in my mind as you now have little reason to anticipate.’

“ So saying, my father left the room; and a few moments afterwards, I observed him as he hastened out of the house, to meditate, no doubt, in solitude, on the late conference.

“ For some months after the above discussion, it appeared that both my father and Mr. Gisborne purposely avoided any renewal of this particular subject of discourse; although my father not unfrequently, when alone with me, acknowledged that he had been considerably affected by Mr. Gisborne’s arguments, and that he even began to entertain strong suspicions that the cause of true religion had long been, and continued to be, greatly injured by the prevalence of heathen writings, heathen imagery, and heathen principles, not only on the Continent, but also in England itself, that blessed country, where the purest doctrines of the Gospel are maintained and disseminated by the highest earthly authorities.

“ I could say much of what passed between my father and myself at these times, but should probably be only

repeating many things which I have had occasion to put down in the former part of my narrative. Suffice it to say, that my father's conviction of the truth was so much stronger than mine, and my own tenaciousness in favour of former prejudices so unyielding, that I did not scruple to avow to him that I was so far from being convinced by Mr. Gisborne's statements, that, on the contrary, I felt an assurance, if his plan was to be universally adopted, we should presently witness a return of Gothic barbarians, and have another edition of the dark ages.

“ I have hitherto represented myself, at least, in a tolerable point of view; but the depravity of the human heart very rarely appears in its true colours, until something arises to stir up and awaken its naturally unhallowed propensities. A river which runs in its channel without obstruction, may rush along with violent force, though this force may neither be observed nor suspected by the person who walks quietly upon its banks; but when any obstruction is presented to its passage, it fails not to evidence such a magnitude of resistance as no artificial mound can effectually oppose. So was it with me, as long as my father's general habits and opinions coincided with my own:—while he presented no obstruction to my general ways of thinking and acting, I appeared all that was amiable and accommodating; but when, influenced by Mr. Gisborne, he once began to suggest the idea that we might perhaps have been mistaken in many of our former views, I failed not to feel in my own mind a considerable degree of displeasure, while I evidenced great violence of temper, and much obstinacy.

“ My father had always entertained some general respect for religion, and it seems that, by the divine blessing on his late afflictions, his mind had been in some degree prepared for the reception of Mr. Gisborne's opinions. But, I who had sympathized very slightly with my father in his troubles, was by no means so prepared; and looking upon religion as a gloomy, unsocial feeling, by the adoption of which I should be debarred from all elegant enjoyment, and whose influence would have a tendency to deprive me of all my pretensions to superior wisdom, I obstinately resisted every conviction,

and endeavoured to pour contempt on all that Mr. Gisborne said in its favour. And such, after a while, became the insolence of my manner, as to cause a sudden cessation of all agreeable intercourse between my father and myself; for as his anxiety to convince me very naturally increased with the growth of his own convictions, I at length became so thoroughly exasperated, as to discover the utmost dissatisfaction both with him and with every body about me.

“And now my thoughts frequently reverted to that short period of my life in which alone I had tasted what I conceived to be real pleasure, insomuch that, with other bad feelings, an emotion of resentment was excited in my heart against my father, for having cut short what I judged to have been my happiness: and these feelings were indulged so far as to produce a persuasion that, if my father had suffered for his conduct on that occasion, it was no more than he deserved.

“The selfishness of the unregenerate heart can hardly be painted with too great strength of colouring. If the saints of God have continual reason to deplore the power of selfishness, even when under the control of grace; how much greater must be the force of our selfish passions when under no control whatever, and allowing of no regulation, but either from considerations of prudence, or from that calculating spirit which, considering what it conceives to be most for its own interests, never gives up the gratification of *one* passion but in the expectation of some higher feast for *another*; or from the dread of some punishment which it considers as more than equivalent to the proposed gratification!

“With respect to myself, I was not only wholly unchanged by grace, but greatly corrupted by education; almost every idea which I had received from infancy being false, and in many instances of a polluting tendency: and it was at this period, when youth naturally begins to throw off somewhat of parental control, and to look out of itself for satisfactions, that these corrupt principles began to produce their worst effect. When I first experienced, in any strong degree, the feeling of dissatisfaction mentioned above, (which dissatisfaction, so commonly felt by young people, is nothing more than the workings of inbred corruption,) I sought to be much

alone; I avoided my parents' society; I repulsed my little nephew whenever he wished to approach me; daily feeding my imagination on the sickly conceits with which my style of reading had supplied me, and which served to heighten rather than allay the feverish restlessness of my mind.

“ Young persons who have been made acquainted with the principles of true religion, need not be told that our present state of being on earth is not a state of perfect happiness. They are convinced, not only that they must meet with trials, but also that much advantage may arise from these trials; they have not been accustomed to hear fortune, the fates, or the higher powers, accused of injustice when a great man suffers, or when a beautiful woman is made to shed tears: but they have been taught at least to acknowledge that they are guilty of impiety and ingratitude, if they do not bear the common lot of their sinful race with a decent resignation.—Very little however of this submissive spirit is recommended in heathen writers: and though I, who was the early pupil of such writers, could have submitted to any kind of trial attended with circumstances of a splendid and heroic nature, yet I could not endure the thought of spending my youth in the dull and calm routine of domestic life, which was become still less interesting to me since Mr. Gisborne had made one of our party, putting to flight by his grave and formal manner, together with the solidity and seriousness of his remarks, several of those sprightly visitors in whose society my father used to take pleasure.

“ And now, my mind being thus prepared for all manner of evil, Satan speedily provided a temptation for me precisely suited to my case. A letter was, one evening, put into my hand by a servant, who had, no doubt, been bribed for the purpose, from the young Countess of Rheinswald.

“ Though the artful servant had given me no hint respecting the propriety of concealing this letter, my own evil heart dictated to me the necessity of so doing; and accordingly, on the receipt of it, I hastened to my own room, and closed my door, in order to read it without interruption.

“ It contained, in the first place, much of that com-

mon-place trash which is so frequently found in the correspondence of young people; viz. violent expressions of regard, long extracts from poetical writers on the charms of sympathy, the eternity of friendship, the union of hearts, &c. &c.; together with lamentations for our long and continued separation, mingled with pathetic descriptions of her own miserable feelings in being parted from me, and her utter inability of sustaining life much longer without receiving some short notices respecting my welfare. 'Your image, my Ellen,' said she, 'such as it appeared to me when first I beheld you in the halls of Swetzinghen, is ever present to my imagination, blooming and charming as you then appeared, when the roses in your bosom, and the diamonds which shone in your lovely tresses, were eclipsed and put to shame by the brighter bloom of your cheeks, and the brilliance of your sparkling eye. The sweet tones of your voice still vibrate on my ravished ear, while the purity and elegance of your sentiments continue to delight my enraptured heart. O Ellen! would that I had either never seen you, or had met you never more to part!'

"Much more was added to this purpose; and had there been volumes, instead of a few pages only, in this style, all might have been well. But, like most ladies' letters, the real purport, after an immense redundance of words, was contained in a few short lines at the end—a kind of postscript, in which the countess mentioned her brother, spoke of his unhappy rencontre with my father, attributed it to the violence of his feelings, and described the ill-fated youth as nearly reduced to despair by remorse and disappointment: remorse, for having injured the man he revered most on earth; and disappointment, with regard to the greatest earthly happiness he had ever dared to promise himself.

"I read this letter again and again, feasting on its flattery, and taking deep draughts of the poison contained in the postscript. I well knew that the name of Rheinswald was held in abhorrence by both my parents; while therefore I determined not to shew them the letter, I resolved to answer it clandestinely—a determination which I soon put in execution, confiding my answer to the care of the artful servant above mentioned.

"My epistle to the countess contained nothing very

remarkable, except a return of the same sort of fine and tender sentiments and high-flown compliments as those with which my young acquaintance had honoured me. However, I also added my little postscript, which, although very short, was probably the only part of my letter to which much attention would be paid. It contained an expression of concern for the illness of the count, worded indeed with some coldness, yet somewhat sweetened by a fine panegyric on the heroic duty of forgiving of injuries, the application of which I left to the young lady herself, or her brother, as either of them should be pleased to make it.

“A second letter from the countess arrived as speedily as possible after the reception of mine. It came flying, as the young lady expressed it, on the wings of love and gratitude. It announced an amendment in the health of the count, spoke of balms, precious ointments, sweet sympathies, recovery from death unto life, &c. &c.; very earnestly requesting me to finish the work of consolation which I had commenced, by another letter.

“In this manner was our correspondence continued for some time; till, at length, the countess announced her intention of leaving Baden for Switzerland. And as she must needs pass near the gates of Warenheim, she requested me to give her the meeting, were it only for a few moments, on an appointed night, in a small grove, of which she pretended to have retained a faint recollection from a former visit in the neighbourhood.

“I will own that I was startled at this request: but I had too little principle or discretion to deny it. Indeed I was rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of an adventure: so, without decidedly enquiring what I proposed to myself, or what the countess proposed, by this meeting, I consented to it; encouraging myself with the idea, that no harm could possibly arise from an interview with a young person of my own sex, even though that interview was one which I knew my parents would not approve.

“But I was at that time to all intents and purposes an infidel; my morality, if I had any, was partly derived from heathen writers, and partly from some confused sense of the fitness and decorum of things; while I had no kind of principle within powerful enough to

contend with the strength of my natural evil inclinations. In short, I agreed to this meeting; and the day and hour being fixed, I prepared to rush into the snare thus craftily laid for me: for it must be remembered that, entitled as I was to an immense property, I was a prize worthy the pursuit of a family who had but slender means of supporting a high hereditary rank.

“It was about one year from the time of our visiting the court of Swetzinghen, that I one evening stole from the presence of my parents; and being accompanied by the servant who had been the confidant of my secret correspondence, I made my way through the most obscure paths of the pleasure-ground to the little grove, where I expected to meet my faithless friend.

“This was the first daring act of disobedience of which I had ever been guilty; and it was not without some degree of trembling that I made my way through the shrubs and covered walks, then dropping with the damps of night. We had chosen a moonlight evening for our purpose, and the moon was just rising above the misty heights of the Schwartzwald as I struck into the little coppice where I expected to see the countess.

“I had passed the gates of our own domain, and pursued a private road which led into the highway for some hundred yards, when I discovered a carriage and some persons waiting at a distance. The figures of several men standing with the carriage filled me with alarm; though this was no more than I had reason to expect: since I could not for a moment suppose that the countess would travel alone. However, being come under the shade of the coppice, the voice of the countess arrested me at the very moment when I was about to turn back; and the next instant I felt myself closely embraced by my perfidious friend.—‘And do I at length clasp my Ellen in my arms! O! happy hour! O! exquisite moment! O! infinite delight!’ were the words, or something like the words, with which she saluted me, as she drew me further beneath the shade of the trees.

“‘I can only speak to you, I can only bid you one long adieu,’ I said, ‘and then I must return:’ for my indiscretion now began to stare me in my face, and I looked apprehensively towards the figures of the men, clearly discernible by the moonlight.

“I know not what she answered; but the words of flattery, which fell like honey from her lips, tempted me still to stand and listen.

“‘A little while, my Ellen,’ she said; ‘give me your company but for a few short moments, and let me tell you but a little of what I have suffered in your absence. Permit me to convey the consoling tidings to my brother that you forgive him. I dare not ask you to see him; I dare not ask you to pronounce his pardon with your own lips.’

“More she said, much more, to the same purpose, still holding my hand, and endeavouring to conceal her too evident agitation by the affectation of excessive pleasure.

“While I still endeavoured to withdraw myself from her caresses, and expostulated against any attempt which she might make to bring her brother to speak to me, I suddenly heard approaching steps. I saw a figure pass in a direction opposite to the carriage; and an instant afterwards, a confusion ensued among the persons without the grove. The sound of voices immediately followed, as in loud and angry expostulation. The countess seemed terrified; and, feeling myself freed from her embraces, I darted from the grove, and ran back to the gate of the park. I heard the countess call me; but her voice was presently lost in the louder voices of men: and looking back a moment, I observed that some violent contest was taking place among the persons about the carriage. I waited not to ascertain the cause of this; but still running towards home, I had scarcely passed a little gate which opened into the park, when the report of a pistol reached my ear. Terror now added new wings to my flight, and I arrived, almost breathless, in the portico of the chateau, where I rested a few seconds to recover myself; and the doors of the saloon standing open, I saw my mother sitting calmly at her needlework, Mr. Gisborne and Alfred being placed opposite to her, engaged with their books.

“The sweet tranquillity of this scene, compared with the apprehended horrors and real danger of that which I had left, struck me very forcibly; and at this moment, for the first time in my experience, a verse of Scripture came with power to my remembrance. The passage

was this—*Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* (Prov. iii. 17.) It was, however, several minutes before I felt myself sufficiently calm to appear before my mother; and when I at length resolved on so doing, I took a turn round the house, entered at a side-door, and came into the saloon as if I had come from my own apartment.

“I had lately affected to be much alone, and my mother was one of those gentle and quiet characters whom it is never very difficult to deceive. No question therefore was made respecting my absence, and I had sat perhaps an hour in the saloon with a book in my hand, (for I was too much agitated to read,) before my mother, calmly raising her eyes from her work, and looking at a time-piece which stood on a pedestal in the room, asked me if I knew any thing of my father.

“Never shall I forget the effect which this question had upon me, or the train of horrible ideas which it suggested to my mind. The figure which I had seen passing the grove in the direction from the chateau, the altercation which had ensued near the carriage, and the report of a pistol which I had heard, altogether, combined with my own indiscreet conduct, and the apprehended absence of my father from the chateau at this late hour, filled me with such terrors as I had never before experienced, and such as I hope never again to encounter. ‘My father!’ I repeated, on my mother putting the question; ‘my father! Oh! I have murdered my father!’ and casting my book from me, I was about to rush out into the park, when Mr. Gisborne seized my hand, arrested my progress, and, with some difficulty, drew from me such hints as directed him where to look for his patron, before I sunk senseless on the floor.

“In the mean time, such consternation was excited, that no one had leisure to consider my case but little Alfred, who, though unable to raise me from the ground, rendered me all the assistance which his tenderest feelings could suggest: and when I recovered my senses, I found my head raised upon his lap, while he was bathing my temples with cold water. But, with the exception of Alfred, no person was in the room, and, from the deep silence, the house itself seemed to be abandoned.

‘Oh, Alfred! Alfred!’ I said, as I raised myself so as to sit upright on the floor, and looked wildly round me, ‘what has happened? Where is my father? my mother? are all gone?’ and I burst into tears.

“The child rose, and stood by me. ‘Don’t weep, aunt Ellen,’ he said; ‘they will come back; God will take care of our dear father.’ But the child trembled, and shed tears as he spoke.

“‘Oh, Alfred! Alfred!’ I said, ‘I now wish I had the confidence in God which you have; but——’ and I was silent, and looked round with a kind of terror on the various paintings and statues, all of a heathen character, with which the room was surrounded; the long shadows of these last shedding a kind of gloomy horror over the apartment: for the large room was but feebly illuminated by lamps fixed in girandoles, supported by the statues themselves, all the lights having been removed from the table round which we had been sitting.

“The child again pressed on me the duty of confidence in God, and I have no doubt that I uttered many shocking avowals of my entire unacquaintedness with these things, in reply to his entreaties; for I hardly knew what I said, so great was the terror and agitation of my mind. At length, however, recollecting myself, I arose, and was advancing into the portico, when the sound of approaching footsteps and of many voices from without, reached my ear. The voices were not those of pleasure, and the steps were heavy, as of persons carrying some weight. For another moment I seemed incapable of reflection, and had hardly time to sustain myself against one of the pillars which supported the roof of the hall, when several persons entered the hall, bearing the body of my father, apparently in a lifeless state. My mother, Mr. Gisborne, and the rest of the family, followed the dreadful procession, while the groans of the former alone disturbed the general silence.

“Still clasping the pillar to prevent me from falling, my eyes were fixed on the figure of my father, which now lay stretched upon a sofa, while Mr. Gisborne, who alone seemed to retain his presence of mind in this awful scene, laid open the upper part of my father’s dress in order to assist his breathing, which, it seems, was hardly perceptible. It was a question, I perceived, with all

present, whether my beloved father was not actually dead; but it was a question I dared not ask. Mr. Gisborne, however, lost no time in ministering the only relief which could be afforded. He ordered my father's arm to be bared with astonishing composure, produced a lancet from a small case of instruments, and making an incision in a vein, the blood began to flow, and presently, in consequence of the friction which was applied, it began to flow freely: on which Mr. Gisborne exclaimed, with a warmth of feeling for which I ever afterwards loved and honoured him, 'He lives! he lives!' my mother at the same time yielding to such an agony of mingled emotions as I never before witnessed.

"I now ventured to come forward, and stand at the foot of the couch, to witness the gradual recovery of my beloved parent. I saw him open his eyes, and look round; and the first words which he uttered were—'Where is my daughter? where is my Ellen?'

"I approached—and never shall I forget the change which passed on his countenance when I presented myself: it was a mixture of satisfaction at my presence, and bitter reproach. 'Miserable daughter!' he said; and the words struck to my heart; 'and more miserable father! But I have deserved this, Mr. Gisborne: I deserved this, when I forsook the fountain of living waters, and hewed out broken cisterns of my own from whence to endeavour to satisfy the spiritual thirst of my child.'

"Every eye was turned on me as he spoke, and every countenance seemed to ask, 'What can all this mean?'

"'Unhappy father!' repeated my parent. 'But I have deserved all; yes, all that I have encountered; yea, and more also. When I forsook the living God, when I threw reproach on the divine instructions of my heavenly Father, could I have expected otherwise than that my child should bring reproach and sorrow upon me?'

"'Compose yourself, my dear Sir,' said Mr. Gisborne.

"'Oh, Mr. Gisborne!' said my father, 'did you but know all!'

"'We will speak of this hereafter,' said Mr. Gisborne: 'your health is now the first concern; I beseech you to be calm. If your daughter has in anywise done

wrong, she now, I am convinced, sees her error:’ and so saying, he brought me forward to the head of the couch, where falling on my knees, I implored my parent’s forgiveness with such an agony of tears, as my father, who was naturally the tenderest of men, was unable to endure. Never, never will that moment be erased from my memory, when he graciously extended his arms to me, and I sunk, almost fainting, on his bosom.

“But although Mr. Gisborne had thought it best to yield, in the first instance, to this explosion of feelings on both sides, the occasion of which was still an enigma to all, it was now absolutely necessary for him to put an end to this scene; and a medical man, who resided not very far off, being by this time arrived, my father was removed to his own chamber, where he was immediately put to bed, and such further remedies applied as his situation required. In the mean while I was left to give such an account to my mother of what had passed as I was enabled to do; and which I did without prevarication, though I could give no satisfactory explanation of the motives which had induced my father to follow me, or of the circumstances which had reduced him to the situation in which he had been brought back to his family. However, it was not long before my dear parent found himself enabled to fill up all that was wanting in my dreadful narrative.

“It seems, that he was walking in the portico, at the very time that I left the house; and having seen me cross an alley of the garden at a small distance, he had been induced to follow me, being greatly surprised that I should have chosen such an hour for a walk. Having, however, pursued my steps for some time, he caught sight of me again at a distance; and still following me, he came to a little eminence, from whence he perceived a carriage by the light of the moon. Alarmed at this combination of extraordinary appearances, he still went on; when passing the small gate of the pleasure-ground, and the entrance of the grove in which I then actually was, he advanced to the carriage, and there encountered the Count of Rheinswald, from whom he demanded his daughter, not doubting but that I was in the carriage. Violent words ensued on the part of the count. My fa-

ther became enraged, and struck the young man. Whereupon, the latter discharged a pistol at my father's head, the ball of which passed through his hat, without doing him any injury: but it is supposed that by some other act of violence he was brought to the ground in a state of insensibility. What further happened my father was unable to say; but no doubt the treacherous party thought it wisest to make the best of their way from the scene where they supposed that murder had been committed.

“ Thus had I, by my incorrigible obstinacy and self-will, a second time brought the life of my beloved parent into the most dreadful peril, and furnished such evidence of the fruits of an ill-directed education as might seem sufficient to carry conviction to every heart. For, vile as the nature of man is, and depraved as his inclinations assuredly are, it cannot for a moment be conceived possible, that, if I had been brought up in a right sense of religion, and with a proper dread of infidelity and heathenism, I should have allowed myself to be thus misled by persons who avowed their depraved sentiments without disguise, scarcely qualifying their infidel sentiments by the affectation of a refined taste, and the love of classical lore.

“ But mine is not a solitary, though, from its remarkable and almost romantic circumstances, perhaps it may be considered as a striking, instance of the evil effects of those loose principles which are generated by too great a familiarity with heathen literature; and I much doubt, if the histories of many other lovers of these profane writers were as faithfully recorded as mine, whether they would be found to be less stained with gross and dreadful error. And here I might repeat much of what I have already selected from the conversation which passed between Mr. Gisborne and my father on the need of such correctives of the youthful passions as are found in Scripture, had I not already extended my narrative to an unwarrantable length, and were I not convinced of my inability to add any thing further on this subject likely to strike conviction to the heart, if all I have already said has failed of its purpose. This only I must add—that, if Christians would more maturely consider the extreme abhorrence in which idolatry, with all that hath reference thereunto, is spoken of in Scripture, they would

assuredly become more circumspect in the use of those classical authors, to the study of which our children are now almost universally constrained, to the almost entire exclusion of the word of God, and of that instruction which leadeth unto life.

“ I close my memoirs in this place, and cannot do so without expressing my most grateful thanks to Almighty God for the strong convictions of sin with which he was pleased to visit me immediately after my commission of that dreadful act, by which I had nearly sacrificed the life of the most tender parent.

“ This endeared father soon recovered from the shock he had received; and being thoroughly reconciled to me, he devoted the rest of his life to receiving and giving that blessed instruction which in his earlier days he had considered but as a secondary thing. He was assisted, after some time, to exclude from his imagination all the rubbish of the heathen writers, and so richly to store his mind with divine knowledge, as to render it no longer doubtful, that the Father of lights had liberally bestowed upon him that true wisdom, of which he Himself is both the author and the end. And now it was, that the Christian graces added such an ornament to his outward appearance, and so highly embellished his manners, which were at all times of the noblest order, that it was remarked of him by all who knew him in the later part of his life, that he exhibited the finest specimen of the gentleman which could possibly be conceived, every courtly habit being united in his person with the pure courtesy and humility of the Christian; his human learning being rendered entirely subservient to his spiritual intelligence, and never brought forward but to throw light on those passages of holy writ which otherwise would have remained in obscurity.

“ After the grievous offence of which I had been guilty, I was received again, on due submission, to the affection of this dear parent; and I have reason to think, that the shame to which I was subjected on this occasion was rendered useful to me, as the means of lowering my high thoughts, and convincing me that superior intellectual endowments of a certain kind are very compatible with extreme want of prudence in common matters, and that they even tend to destruction when they

exalt the creature at the expence (if the term may be allowed) of the Creator.

“The troubles which broke out in France soon after the events above spoken of, induced my father to come to England when I was in my twentieth year; my mother, Mr. Gisborne, and Alfred, accompanying us of course. In this highly favoured island my parents resided some time; and here I left them, to become the wife of one of the best of men; a man not less distinguished by his elegant manners and intellectual endowments than by his superior piety.

“In England we were rendered peculiarly happy by falling into such society as confirmed all those desires which, under the blessing of God, had been first excited in our minds by the conversation of Mr. Gisborne. My beloved mother died before the termination of the war upon the Continent. And as we were enabled, after the peace, to dispose of our possessions in Baden on advantageous terms, we no longer consider ourselves as allied to foreigners, excepting by those ties of affection which ought ever to unite those who partake of one common nature; but considering England as our home, we desire to live and die in this country, and to devote the remainder of our lives to the dissemination of that truth which has formed the happiness of our lives for some years past, and gives us the assurance of still greater happiness in the life to come.

“Mr. Gisborne still lives, and still pursues his calm and uninterrupted course, though bent down with years, and sometimes reminded, by his increasing infirmities, that ere long he may look for a removal to a happier home. My father, who is younger than Mr. Gisborne by many years, clings to him with the most tender regard and unmingled esteem; and Alfred, who is now as fine a youth as England can boast, (and if England, surely all the world beside,) is the fairest and most faithful prop of the declining years of that excellent man, who first introduced him to the way of holiness.

“And now, my dear Madam, I close this long epistle, or rather this little volume, hoping that what I have said may confirm you in the opinions which you have professed, and induce you, as much as in you lies, to substitute the word of God in the school-room of your

sons in the place of those heathen authors, the study of which I scarcely think can be admitted, in the way it is, without the breach, if not of the letter, at least of the spirit, of that commandment which saith—‘Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.’”

The lady of the manor having concluded the history of Ellen Temple, and finding that the evening was further advanced than she had expected, dismissed her young people, after having engaged with them a short time in prayer.

A Supplication that we may be enabled rightly to comprehend, and duly to attend to, the Spirit of the Second Commandment.

“BLESSED and glorious Lord Jehovah Almighty, the Omnipotent God, thou only adequate object of love and adoration, thou who alone hast any title to our reverence, submission, confidence, and obedience; impress our minds, we humbly entreat thee, with such a sense of thine excellence and glory, that we may never suffer any creature to be thy rival in our affections. Set us free, we earnestly supplicate thee, from that spirit of idolatry which insinuates itself into the heart of every unregenerate man. Grant us power to set our foot upon the neck of every idol, and enable us henceforward to worship Thee alone. Thou hast represented thyself in thy blessed word as a jealous God; thou hast spoken of the idols of the heathen as abominable and detestable things, threatening destruction to all those who shall yield them reverence or respect; thou hast set forth the state of the heathen as utterly corrupt, and hast forbidden all intimate intercourse with such. O Almighty Father, preserve thy redeemed ones from all the evil

effects which yet may threaten them from the heathenism of former ages. Grant that we may be wholly kept from all the influence which Satan may still endeavour to exercise over our minds through the medium of infidel writings, and the prevalence of ancient infidel customs. May we no longer be induced, by the idolatrous productions of former ages, to call evil good and good evil, to seek earthly honours and human praise, to delight in violence and bloodshed, and to forsake those rules of life which are laid down in thy holy word.

“Preserve us also, O blessed Father, from all human idols. Grant that it may ever be present to our minds, that thou art the source of all created excellence, that at thy word it is brought into existence, and that at thy word it perishes. There is nothing desirable on earth but what is made by thee, nothing glorious in heaven but what is the produce of thy power. The finest efforts of human genius are only admirable when devoted to thy service; and when otherwise employed, the wisdom of man is turned into folly. Pardon, O blessed Lord, our former blindness to thy excellencies; forgive us for having overlooked the glories of thy word, and forsaken the living fountains of water to hew unto ourselves broken cisterns, and for perversely shutting our eyes against the light of heaven, in order to walk by those sparks which the unhallowed imaginations of the besotted heathen were employed in kindling, during the darkest ages of a benighted world.

“Increase the light of truth unto the glory of a perfect day. Dispel the mists of heathenism throughout the world. Reveal the truths of thy blessed word, and the glories of thy adorable name, to all the surrounding nations. And in the mean time, assist us, who have already renounced the profession of heathenism, effectually and for ever to renounce its fascinating influence, that henceforth we may acknowledge no other Lord but Him whose name is incommunicable, even the Lord Jehovah, the glorious and only true God and Father of all created things; to whom be all honour and praise, now and for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XV.

Third Commandment.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

THE discourse this evening at the manor-house was commenced by the lady of the manor, who, having repeated the third commandment, addressed her young people with this question: "Having heard this commandment, my dear young friends, shall we confess that we are guilty here also? or shall we presume to say that we are innocent?"

"A few weeks ago," replied Miss Emmeline, "I think I should have ventured to answer, that of this offence, at least, I am free; and I should have made this assertion upon the childish supposition that this commandment applies only to common swearers, and such profane persons as use the name of God in ordinary conversation. I cannot however now entertain a doubt, but that, when the spiritual nature of this commandment is explained, I shall find myself to have been as grievous an offender here as in all those other points of the divine law which have come under our consideration."

"I rejoice to find, my dear Miss Emmeline," replied the lady of the manor, "that your mind is opening upon these subjects. The wise man says—*The ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise. He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding. The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.*" (Prov. xv. 31—33.)

The lady of the manor then, addressing herself to the company in general, said, "The commandment which

is to supply the subject of our consideration this day, appears to have lost much of its influence on well-meaning persons by having been constantly applied to common swearers, and men of a profane conversation. Such, indeed, are the persons whose transgressions of this commandment are open to every eye: but there are others, (and the reflection is an awful one,) who, in the all-seeing eye of Almighty God, are more continually, and perhaps in many cases with equal deliberation, committing this offence, than the profanest persons we meet with in the street.

“The characters to which I allude, are such as affect religious feelings which they have never experienced, and assume a high tone in religious societies, while their hearts are far from God, and wholly devoted to the world. It is to be feared, that the most sincere Christians are too often convicted by their own hearts of hypocrisy and formality in their sacred duties: and though we are not capable of forming any judgment of the degree of hypocrisy which may exist in our own hearts, (much less in that of any individual among our acquaintance,) yet of this we may be assured, that hypocrisy dwells more or less in every breast; and that the human creature lives not, whose affections are ever flowing in their right channel, or whose wandering thoughts, and mixed and worldly motives of action, do not very frequently lead him to offend against this solemn injunction, ‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.’

“It is certain, that we cannot call ourselves too strictly to account for the imperfection of our spiritual duties, as well as for the deadness and coldness of our religious feelings. But, since our blessed Saviour has adopted the use of parables as the medium of divine instruction, and as this mode of communicating knowledge is particularly attractive to young people, instead of entering into a further serious discussion of this subject, I shall read to you a short story, which is particularly to our present purpose.”

The lady of the manor then took a manuscript from a drawer, and read as follows.

The History of Anna.

On the western acclivity of one of those ridges of hills which in part separate England from Wales, there stands an old-fashioned farm-house, which, from some remains of ancient splendour, might be known to have been formerly the habitation of some greater man than its present occupant. To those who approach on the Welsh side, where a thymy down or sheep-walk arises abruptly above the house, its loftiest summit being crowned with a group of venerable oaks, a porch presents itself of very ancient construction, through which, by folding doors of oak, strengthened with knobs of iron, there is admittance into a very large low hall.

This hall was formerly wainscoted with some kind of wood which time had made quite black, and which was set forth with grim and faded portraits of the ancient lords and dames of the mansion. On one side of this great hall was a large parlour, to which there was an ascent by several steps. This parlour was hung with faded tapestry, and its brown, highly polished floor, exhibited the housewifery of her who, at the time of which I am speaking, presided within the venerable walls. The heavy chairs and settees, covered with old-fashioned needlework, were in perfect keeping with every visible part of the mansion, while they afforded curious specimens of the laborious notability of the ladies of the seventeenth century. On the opposite side of the hall was a large kitchen, smelling of wood smoke, and well stored with flitches of bacon and other appearances of plenty; while, in one corner of this kitchen, a little parlour, which had been redeemed from some old pantry or store-room, afforded a refuge to the farmer and his wife, at so convenient a distance from the servants' apartment, that the good people found it no difficult matter to issue their domestic decrees, and to chide and commend, without stirring from their usual elbow-chairs on each side the fire.

About thirty years ago, this antique mansion, with the lands appertaining to it, was rented by an elderly man, of respectable family, and of a character more upright than is commonly met with among persons unacquainted with true religion. He had married, rather late in life,

a woman in most respects very suitable to him, but wholly deficient, among other desirable qualities, in that sprightliness which makes home agreeable to a man when returning to his house after a hard day's work. The farmer, however, was not of a temper to fret himself very deeply because his wife wanted wit, so long as she kept her dairy clean, and saw that his supper was well cooked, and neatly set on the table: and though the society of a more cheerful companion might have been desirable, yet, considering that he might have done much worse in marriage, he was contented to take things as they came, and make the best of them.

Farmer Williams had been married several years before he had any prospect of becoming a father, and he was, therefore, the more delighted when he found himself in possession of a little daughter, to whom he gave the name of Anna.

This little girl, who had arrived so unexpectedly, would have, no doubt, been the darling of her parents, had she promised, in infancy, to have possessed no attractions superior to those of the notable dame her mother. But it was so ordered, that Anna should be such a child as every parent must have delighted in; and though it could not be denied, that there was something in her face not wholly unlike her mother's, yet it was a resemblance at once so agreeable and so pretty, that it was impossible for her parents not to look upon her with pride: since, as I before remarked, they were not subject to the influence of religion.

It might be supposed, that such a child would be the darling of any family, even had there been many children to share their parents' tenderness: but little Anna, being an only child, engrossed the whole affection of her fond parents, and, in consequence, experienced, during the first six years of her life, every species of indulgence which it was possible for her injudicious mother to shew her.

Farmer Williams and his wife were, at that period, as I before said, wholly unacquainted with the religion of Christ; it was impossible, therefore, for them to impart to their child truly Christian instructions: neither did it ever enter into the head of the fond mother to suppose that her smiling Anna could stand in need of

correction. Accordingly, whenever the farmer hinted the possibility that even a good child might be indulged too far, the displeasure of the old lady commonly rose to such a height, that the good man always quitted the scene of engagement without further trial of his strength, leaving his wife to spoil his child to the utmost of her heart's desire, he himself being by no means fully convinced of the dreadful consequences which might ensue to his daughter from such indiscretion.

If parents only consulted the happiness of their children in this world, without any view whatever to the next, they would accustom them early to a prudent restraint; because there is no imaginable state of life in which it is not necessary for an individual to submit his will to that of others. And even were it possible, that all the world should unite in humouring the caprices of one person, yet how many uncontrollable circumstances must there necessarily arise by which the desires of such a one may be frustrated, and his expectations utterly destroyed!

On finishing her sixth year, her parents, who were at that time in good circumstances, began to consider how they might procure for their little Anna what they called a good education; when her mother proposed that she should be sent to a boarding-school. After much discussion, a school was chosen for their daughter in the town of L—, which was about forty miles from the place of her birth. This school, which was kept by two ladies of the name of Barber, was selected by the mother, from having heard a certain squire's lady say, that it was a very genteel school; and it was approved by the father, because he kept two fairs in L—, and, in consequence, should have the opportunity of seeing his little daughter at school once between each vacation.

Influenced by these weighty reasons, the parents consigned their little girl to the care of the Misses Barber; and Mr. Williams conveyed her to and from school twice a year in his market-cart, which he kept neatly painted for these occasions.

Anna was kept at this school from her seventh year till she was turned fifteen, a year longer than her parents had at first intended, as the Misses Barber, when she was about to be removed, at the age of fourteen,

had requested that she might be permitted to stay one year more under the character of a parlour-boarder, in order that this last twelvemonth might be devoted to giving her the final polish, and introducing her into company. Miss Barber also, in order to persuade the kind father to submit to a year's longer separation from his child, assured him, that she should not charge a single farthing more for all the privileges Miss Anna would enjoy as parlour-boarder; confidently asserting, that this last year, if properly employed, would be more advantageous to the dear young lady than all the foregoing instructions she had received, since she might acquire such manners, during this interval, as would fit her to associate with the best company.

Mr. Williams accordingly, although a man of sense and discernment in many things, allowed himself to be persuaded by Miss Barber to leave his daughter with her another year, in order that she might be introduced into company, and acquire polished manners; never considering that a taste for company was almost the worst taste she could possibly acquire, as her future residence was to be in a solitary farm-house on the Welsh hills, and that highly polished manners, if they could have been acquired at L——, would render her unfit either for his own society or that of her mother.

But we will not stop to wonder at the farmer's imprudence on this point; because our experience in life must be small indeed, if we have not seen repeated instances of the same kind of conduct in parents much better instructed than Farmer Williams.

While Anna remained at the Misses Barber's, she saw her mother regularly twice a year; and as she was allowed every indulgence at home, and always received with open arms and heart by her tender, though falsely kind, parent, she had formed a very pleasant idea of home, accustoming herself to talk of the time when she was constantly to live at home, as a time of continued holiday and never-ending festivity. It was no wonder indeed that the youthful Anna did not foresee, that a gay boarding-school education was by no means a fit preparation for the duties of a solitary farm-house, when her parents, with all their experience of life, had not once made this reflection.

Anna had a good temper, and was quick in learning. Her person was pretty, and her parents paid well for her tuition, frequently sending to her governesses sundry presents of cheese, fruit, cakes, and fowls ready plucked and prepared for table. It was, therefore, no wonder that she was a favourite with her governesses, although her character, if minutely looked into, would have presented very few if any marks of real excellence. Like other school girls of ordinary character, Anna had attached herself to one of her companions in particular, of whom she always spoke in terms of the most exaggerated affection. This young lady, whom we shall call Miss Charlotte Parker, was the daughter of a widow lady in L——, a person of considerable figure and fortune in the town; and Miss Parker was, in consequence, made very much of by her governesses, who were, as my reader may have already discovered, persons by no means above worldly considerations. Miss Parker had one sister only, who, as well as herself, was a school-fellow of Anna's. But Miss Jane was considerably younger than her sister; and being a lively child, and much spoiled, was, at one time, the plaything, and, at another, the torment of her youthful companions. It is necessary to add, in this place, that these young ladies had each of them a large fortune, independent of their mother, into possession of which they were to enter on coming of age.

The former years of Anna's school career passed, like those of most other school girls in common boarding-schools. She idled a great deal of time, and learned very few things that were likely to be useful. The last year, however, which she spent as a parlour-boarder, unfitted her more for her duties as a farmer's daughter than all the preceding years which she had wasted under the Misses Barber's roof. Her friend, Miss Parker, had now left school; and Anna's whole time during this twelvemonth was spent in dressing, preparing for dress, and visiting, either with her friend, or in company with her governesses.

These twelve months of folly began immediately after the Christmas vacation; and as they were the last twelve months to be spent at school, it was settled that Anna should not go home during the summer holidays, in

order, as Miss Barber said, that she might enjoy every advantage which the summer months might afford from the best society of the town of L——.

It is not my present concern to enumerate the assemblies, plays, and tea-parties, to which Anna was introduced during this year. It is sufficient, that they were all duly recorded, with certain other important particulars, in a ladies' memorandum-book for the year, which Anna purchased for the occasion, and to which she often referred, in after life, with the same painful kind of feelings, as those with which a deposed monarch might be supposed to contemplate the insignia of his former exaltation.

At length, the year began to wear fast away, and as the months flew by, Anna began to make some reflections upon the solitude of her father's house, and the very great change she must experience on leaving her present situation as parlour-boarder in the Misses Barber's family, to become an inhabitant of the mountains of Wales.

As the time approached for her quitting school, her unpleasant feelings became stronger; so that she not unfrequently awoke in tears, after having dreamed of the great hall and long galleries of her father's house. She had by this time totally lost the pleasing impressions of the days of early childhood, when she was accustomed to dance with delight along those wide galleries, and to address the grim pictures in the hall as ladies and gentlemen come to visit her. She had forgotten the peaceful hours in which she used to sit hemming by her mother's side in the little parlour to which she now looked forward with so much dread, and the many happy times when she had accompanied the dairy-maid to milk the cows, and returned laden with buttercups and cowslips.

Poor Anna had lost all her taste for simple pleasures, and had acquired, on the contrary, that love of worldly amusements, dress, company, and admiration, which hastens the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures.

Anna's unpleasant feelings about home were at length become so strong, that when, at the beginning of the Christmas vacation, she saw her father's little neat

taxed-cart drive up to the door, instead of running to meet her parent with joy, it was some time before she could venture to appear at all in his presence, so excessive was her grief. It was natural indeed that she should feel at parting with her governesses and schoolfellows, and it would be harsh indeed to blame her for the indulgence of such feelings; but it was much to be lamented, that she should have received such an education as rendered her domestic duties, the retired life to which she looked forward, and the society of her parents, objects of apprehension to her. And here I cannot but observe, how necessary it is for parents to pause, and consider whether they are giving to their daughters that kind of education which is calculated to fit them either for the situations they are probably to fill in their parents' houses, or to become the wives of men of the same rank as their own brothers.

We have as yet, during the course of our narrative, said nothing of religion, or of those higher motives by which a Christian parent should be influenced to train up his son or daughter in a humble course, in order to their future exaltation, in submission to the will of our blessed Saviour, who hath said, *Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.* (Matt. xx. 26, 27.) But we have hitherto addressed ourselves to mere worldly persons, endeavouring only to point out the dissatisfaction to parents themselves which must follow from the ambitious views of fathers and mothers respecting their children, by which they not only render them unfit for the duties of home, but deprive themselves of that comfort which they might more reasonably expect to receive from humbler children.

We will pass over the very strong expressions of Anna's grief, when she took leave of her schoolfellows and governesses, and found herself seated, by her kind old father, in the taxed-cart. The travellers had already gone some miles before she was able to assume any degree of cheerfulness; and when they stopped for the night, (the farmer's horse not being able to take them through in one day,) at a little inn on the side of a common, which Mr. Williams called his half-way house, Anna was glad, while the farmer looked after his horse,

to be alone for a few minutes, in order to give way to her grief.

Farmer Williams was not at any time very clear sighted, and was withal so much delighted with the prospect of having his dear child at home, that he had no suspicion of the real cause of Anna's grief, namely, her reluctance to exchange the gaieties of L—— for the retirement of a lone farm-house: he therefore, being quite at ease, ordered a hot supper, and sat down, full of glee, to enjoy it. Anna wept herself to sleep that night, and awoke in very low spirits the next morning to continue her journey; during which however she succeeded in keeping her grief from her father. But, I am sorry to say, that neither the appearance of her native home, nor the sight of her affectionate mother, had power to raise her spirits, even for a minute, during the whole day after her arrival; and that when she went to bed at night, in a large old-fashioned apartment, which was thenceforward to be appropriated entirely to her use, she moistened her pillow with many tears.

The following day Anna found some relief in unpacking her clothes; and she was pleased to find that her father having bought her a small piano-forte at a neighbouring sale, had it placed for her use in the little parlour before mentioned.

The return of Anna, and the feast of Christmas, occasioned some little stir in Mr. Williams's house for a few days. The curate of the next village, his wife, and daughter, spent one day at the farm, and their visit was returned the next. Some Welsh friends also came from six or eight miles distance over the mountains, to spend a few days with the family: in addition to which a feast of plum-pudding and roast beef was given by the farmer to all his work-people. All these little events diverted, for a short time, the mind of Anna; but when the visitors were gone, and every thing returned into its old course, Anna again had leisure to indulge her melancholy, and lament her separation from the gay companions she had left at L——.

It would have been well for her at that time, if she had been required to execute any household work; but this not being thought necessary, she was allowed to spend her time in whatever way she pleased. It may

therefore be supposed, that, like most other persons who think themselves unhappy, she chose to do nothing, or next to nothing; for had she employed herself industriously, in any way whatever, her fancied afflictions would have disappeared.

She spent her mornings in idly practising a few tunes on her piano-forte, in altering her clothes, or in looking over her keepsakes and other trinkets which she had brought from L——, together with the important memorandums at which I formerly hinted, and with which she fed her grief when likely to abate, crying out frequently, in the bitterness of her heart, “This day twelvemonth, I was preparing to go to the play with my dear Charlotte: O, happy day! and how differently will the same night be spent by me this year—in listening to the whistling wind, and making tea for my father and mother!”

Thus passed several weeks; during which time she was daily expecting a letter from Miss Parker. At length the letter arrived, and she ran up to her room to read it at leisure, and to be at liberty to give free course to her tears.

The letter was long, and crossed backwards and forwards. It brought no very important tidings, neither did it contain any thing very pathetic; nevertheless, it had power to draw floods of tears from Anna's eyes. It concluded with an account of a play at which Miss Parker had been present, and which she declared she could not half enjoy, because of the absence of her beloved Anna. In a postscript was added this information, that “Harry Low, the smart son of the man who used to cut our hair, and who came, you remember, one day, instead of his father, to cut the ladies' hair, is turned actor, and appeared last night, for the first time, in some very fine character, I just now forget what, and was extremely admired: he has engaged himself to the manager of the theatre, and goes from L—— with the company.” The arrival of this letter occasioned a considerable increase of grief in the mind of Anna for some time, as it revived all her regrets for the loss of those pleasures which were so common among the inhabitants of L——.

After tea in an evening, instead of talking or reading to her mother, assisting her in her needlework, or trying

to amuse her father when he came home after a fatiguing day, she used to make some excuse, and slip away, either to her own room, or perhaps to stand for half-an-hour on a landing-place of the great old-fashioned oak stairs, from a window of which she could overlook the garden-wall, and see a high ground which was an object from some parts of the town of L——, and which was rendered visible at night by certain glaring lights arising from the coal and iron works carried on in that place: to this barren eminence she would talk, and pour out her sorrows, because of the fancied connexion it had with her dear L——.

Thus, for want of a proper education, were those affections, which might have formed the happiness of her parents, thrown away upon persons and objects which they could in no way affect. The injudicious training which Anna had received was doubtless in some measure the cause of this evil; but religion alone can direct the depraved feelings of man into their proper channel, and, at the time we speak of, Anna had no idea of religion.

Anna answered Miss Parker's letter, and waited anxiously for another in return. But, as this second letter seemed to linger long on the road, she began to look about her for some other object to divert the tedium of her solitary life. She recollected that in a light closet, in a room generally appropriated as the sleeping apartment of the few guests who visited the farm, there were a number of books, which once belonged to an old lady who had lodged many years in the house, and died there. As neither of her parents were readers, these books had not been disturbed for many years; and it now struck Anna that she might find some amusement among them.

This idea was no sooner admitted than acted upon. She ran to the closet, and having examined the books, she found that they consisted of a mixture of the novels of the beginning and middle of the last century, with books of devotion and divinity in general. She did not stay to enquire into the nature of these last, but eagerly looked over the novels, among which she discovered all the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, with many others, which possessed all the defects of these authors, without exhibiting their genius. From these she

selected the one that seemed best to please her fancy, and carried it down stairs.

Mrs. Williams knew so little of the nature of books, that, like many other illiterate persons, she conceived, that any individual, if employed with a book, must be in the way to improvement; she therefore never interfered with her daughter's studies. But Anna instinctively hid her book in her work-bag, she hardly knew wherefore, whenever her father came into the room; and, consequently, he had no opportunity either of approving or disapproving what she was about.

It was nearly two years before Anna had exhausted the contents of the closet; for some of these volumes were very closely printed. And, although she had sometimes found the tedium of a day relieved by the perusal of them, yet had they not failed to produce in her mind all the evil tendencies which these kind of writings are calculated to produce when indiscriminately read. She was dissatisfied before with her situation; but, from the representations of life which these books set before her, she had been led to form such ideas of the happiness to be met with in the world, that her own humble lot appeared to her more deplorable than ever. There was no fair damsel in any of these romances who was not flattered or persecuted: yet Anna was fair; and nevertheless she was allowed to live quietly and sleep in peace. She considered this and many other circumstances in her lot as a very great injustice done to her; and yet she knew not whom to charge with these injuries. Were her parents to be blamed? or must she carry her discontent to a higher tribunal? A certain kind of religious awe, however, prevented her from breaking out into open murmurs against the Ruler of all things; although her discontent and ingratitude were thereby not a whit diminished in the eyes of that God who is *a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart*. (Heb. iv. 12.)

And now, my young friends, let me pause, and enquire, whether something like that state of mind, which we all see to be so highly blameable in the subject of this memoir, has not in some measure marked your own character. If so, attend seriously to the concluding part of this story, and learn how Anna was at length delivered from her impious pride and discontent; and

may you all, my dear young people, be favoured with equal relief.

Two years or rather more had passed away since Anna's removal from the town of L——, during which time her parents, though they could not account for it, had not found that comfort and satisfaction in her society which they had promised themselves—when a change took place in the little circle of Anna's acquaintance among the hills, which produced consequences of the highest importance. The rector of the parish dying, the benefice was given to a conscientious minister, who, though possessing a small property of his own independent of church preferment, yet resolved to reside in the parsonage-house, which was as mean and solitary a dwelling of the kind as can be supposed to exist in this highly privileged island. This parish, like many others in the west of Britain, had not been blessed with a resident minister during the memory of man; so that service had only been performed every other Sunday in its little barn-like church, where dust and damp continually strove for pre-eminence, adding to the gloom inspired by mouldering monuments and a preacher who knew no Saviour.

The repairing of the exterior of the parsonage, with sundry improvements of the interior, such as papering and white-washing, painting and glazing, foreran the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Mills; and when the garden was put to rights, the parsonage-house presented quite an inviting aspect, and could hardly be recognised for the desolate habitation which had before disgraced its name.

As soon as the very severest month of the winter was over, Mr. and Mrs. Mills arrived, preceded by waggon-loads of books and neat furniture; and, by taking the week before them, they were tolerably settled in their new situation by the ensuing Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and Anna, called upon them, and were extremely delighted to find their new rector and his wife very agreeable persons. The farmer said that he hoped they should be good neighbours. And Mr. Mills took occasion to reply, that he hoped so too, and that in the true sense of the word: “for,” said he, “that person only can be called a good neighbour who looks to the spiritual welfare of all around him.”

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were not young people, and had no family, but were exceedingly attached to each other, and seemed to have but one object in view, which was the advancement of the interests of the invisible Church. Neither did Mr. Mills, as far as he was concerned, neglect the interest of the visible Church: for he did all that lay in his power to restore order to his long-neglected parish; in addition to which he pressed such persons as were able to assist him in repairing the church, and making it clean and comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills were much interested in the appearance of Anna, and tried to engage her in conversation; by which they presently found her extreme ignorance with respect to religion. Upon this occasion, Mr. Mills remarked to his wife, "Our neighbours in the town we left were pleased to say that we should find this place dull, and have nothing to fill up our time; but I fear, on the contrary, that we shall not be able to accomplish one half of what we have to do for these few poor sheep in the wilderness."

"If we go forth in the strength of the Lord, and make mention of his righteousness, even of his only, (Psalm lxxi. 16.) we shall assuredly be able to prevail in this place," replied Mrs. Mills; "but if we depend on ourselves, probably we may never know that one soul has been given to us."

As the story of Anna will unavoidably run into some length, and as the purport of it is not so much to display the doctrines of our holy religion, as to shew what mode of conduct they are calculated to produce, and to point out the dangerous mistake into which many are falling in this age of profession, of satisfying themselves with crying, "Lord, Lord," without shewing any considerable change in their habits of life; I shall not enter into any very detailed account of the means which Mr. and Mrs. Mills made use of to lead Anna from the darkness of her natural state to the glorious light of the Gospel. Suffice it to say, that they had not been acquainted with her a year, before they had reason to suppose that the eyes of her understanding were opened, and that her heart was considerably affected by Gospel truths.

During her early intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Mills, she, after the manner of young girls of seventeen or

eighteen, laid open her whole mind to her new friends. That these friends were worthy of her confidence, happened, by divine mercy, to be the case; but had it been otherwise, the confidence of Anna would probably have been no less entire. Among other things, she had held several strong arguments with her new acquaintance on the subject of her favourite books, and had strenuously maintained that they did not hurt her in the least, but, on the contrary, afforded her much innocent amusement in a place where she was utterly cut off from all the pleasures of society; and that they added so much to her happiness that she could not part with them.

“As to these books amusing for a few hours, and in some instances, when well selected, improving the intellect and raising the reader something above ordinary gossip,” replied Mrs. Mills, “I can readily allow. But when they are received as true views of life, and of what we are to expect in life, I much fear, that, instead of adding to our happiness, their tendency will be to prepare continual disappointments. I am not so gloomy,” added the good lady, “as to maintain that there is no happiness to be found in this present state of being: no; I maintain rather that there is more happiness to be met with on earth than the most fanciful novel-writer ever described.”

Anna started, as if much surprised at this assertion, and Mrs. Mills went calmly on.

“There is a happiness,” continued she, “beyond what was ever yet conceived by any unhallowed imagination, to be obtained, and enjoyed with little interruption, even in this frail body, and for a long succession of years. But the mischief which all irreligious writers of every denomination do to inexperienced persons is this—that they put them in the wrong road for obtaining this happiness. They add, by their sickly fancies and depraved imagery, to the natural blindness and wilfulness of fallen man, withdrawing him still further and further from the path of contentment and peace. Could there actually be found so admired and fortunate a creature as Sir Charles Grandison, it might quickly be discovered that all those external circumstances which raised him above other men, were of a nature too poor and imperfect to afford him one moment’s enjoyment of

real happiness. For if any individual of the human race is possessed of true happiness, it will always be found that he derives it from that sacred and unsealed source of joy, which has no connexion with any outward circumstances whatever. And this may serve as a proof that all those writers who hold out any other kind of happiness than that which flows from a real union with Christ, are like persons who hold forth false lights as guides to the traveller, and thereby do all that in them lies to involve him perhaps in irremediable destruction."

After however several vehement struggles in their defence, Anna was at length persuaded not only to give up her favourite books, but also to restrain herself, for a time, from going into the apartment where they were kept.

After Anna had been enabled to make this sacrifice, she soon found a secret satisfaction arising from it. She was delivered from many vain and foolish imaginations. She became also more capable of receiving amusement from those little events which served to vary the even tenor of her life. The Bible, with the divine blessing, acquired a new degree of interest in her heart; and the books of divinity, once so despised, in the old lady's collection, now became objects of research to her; among which she found many precious volumes abundantly stored with instruction and comfort.

There were in Mr. Mills's parish two little hamlets: one of which, consisting of about six cottages, was situated about a quarter of a mile from the house in which Mr. Williams resided, and the other at about the same distance from the parsonage; these hamlets being a mile and a half from each other. As a ridge of the hill intervened between them, it was impossible, in bad weather, to bring the children of both hamlets together. Mrs. Mills, therefore, proposed to Anna, that she should obtain permission from her father to establish a school on her side of the parish, while she did the same on the other.

Young people are fond of new projects, and Anna's life wanted variety. She accordingly undertook the business recommended to her with alacrity, collected about ten little ignorant creatures in the house of an old woman who had been a servant of her father's, visited

the children with tolerable regularity, and was very particular in making them walk to church in an orderly manner.

In the mean time, her kind friend Mrs. Mills watched her closely, and guarded her against an over warmth and eagerness at first in her new employment, which might, she feared, gradually subside into languor and coldness.

Anna, however, started with amazement, whenever Mrs. Mills hinted that such a thing was possible as that she might become weary of the duties she had imposed on herself; and in that lively manner which was natural to her when not under restraint, she would ask her friend if she thought her insincere in her profession, and not really inclined to fulfil her engagements?

“No, my dear Anna,” Mrs. Mills replied, on one of these occasions, “I have no suspicions of your sincerity. But of this I am convinced, that you do not as yet know your own heart, nor are aware of the perverseness of our common nature, nor of the mixed motives by which man is actuated—motives of which he is himself seldom aware. And thus it happens, that many young persons in these days of religious profession, when charitable actions are admired by the world, and counted of special service to society, are induced to make exertions, apparently in the cause of God, while, in fact, no vital change has taken place in their feelings, and the world is still suffered to reign triumphantly in their hearts. Nothing, my dear Anna,” continued this excellent lady, “nothing is more easy, than to acquire a something like the language of Zion: though, to pursue the metaphor, there are, I fear, comparatively few, who do not betray their foreign origin by the inconsistencies of their speech. Neither is there any difficulty in following, or even taking the lead, in the bustle of works of charity: though I have seen too many, who, after having done all these things, and more also, have betrayed the hollowness of their profession, and manifested the unchanged state of their hearts. Therefore, my dear Anna, I am jealous over all young people; and, where I can be allowed the liberty, I never fail to admonish them of the necessity of looking inwardly on all occasions, of seeking the divine help, and of being cautious about mistaking the effer-

vescence of youthful vivacity for feelings of genuine piety."

Anna indeed listened to all this: but few there are who will become wiser by the experience of others. Her mountain stood strong, and she had no fear of any change: religion was a new thing to her, and her school was a delightful amusement, as long as the summer lasted, and she could lead her children in due order to church. But when the east wind began to blow over the hills, and it became necessary to confine herself to the cottage with her little pupils, she began, at first, to feel a slight degree of lassitude, which increased upon her, till strong symptoms at length appeared of that restlessness and discontent which had formerly rendered her life so wretched: and in proportion as these feelings increased, she neglected her duties, both at home and abroad, more and more. And when she happened to read, in the different publications of the day, (to which she had access through Mr. Mills,) concerning the splendid exertions making by the saints of the Lord for the advancement of their Master's glory in different parts of the world, she was again led to lament her own secluded situation, and to regret that her lot had not fallen in a more active scene, where more important duties might have claimed her attention—duties, in the performance of which she might have exhibited I know not what wonders of perseverance and self-denial.

In the mean time, the letters from L—— became less and less frequent; till, after a while, poor Anna's dear Charlotte seldom wrote more than one short epistle in six months. At length, however, after a longer silence than usual, her father, on his return from market, put a long letter into his daughter's hand, directed in the well-known hand of Miss Parker.

Anna, according to the long established rule among young ladies who form very great intimacies at school, retired to read her friend's letter; and as it was summer time, she very properly chose an arbour of honeysuckle at the bottom of the garden as the most convenient place to retire to on this very affecting occasion. The letter was long, and duly crossed with red ink, and very different in its whole style from any thing Anna had ever before received from Miss Parker.

The letter opened with strong expressions of unabated friendship, which rather surprised Anna, as her friend's affection had evidently been on the wane for some time past. The letter then proceeded to say, that a very great revolution had taken place in L—— since Anna had made one of the society in that town, and indeed since Miss Parker had enjoyed the pleasure of writing to her friend. "Those," said the gentle writer, "who formerly crowded our theatres, filled our ball-rooms, gathered round our card-tables, and frequented our races, have at length discovered that they have interests in life of a more serious nature than the mere pursuit of light and evanescent pleasures. They have discovered, that the longest life must speedily close; that man's applause is but as a summer breeze, and that the breath of calumny is but a passing storm, which this day assails our house, and to-morrow is forgotten. Our old people have ceased to covet the dirty pelf of this world; and our young people, regardless of the bloom of their youth, and despising the admiration of the world, devote themselves to the comfort of the afflicted, the relief of the sick, and the support of the aged. Such is the case, my Anna. And to what is this wonderful change to be attributed, my friend, but to religion? of which we knew nothing formerly, and of which we might all have died in ignorance, had it not been for a circumstance which I shall have the pleasure of relating to you by and by."

The young lady then went on to inform her friend of the nature of that religion which she had learned; speaking so much and so well on some of its most characteristic doctrines, that she might have led a person far more experienced than Anna to believe, that, if her heart were not touched, it was certainly not because her head was not well stored with knowledge on points of the most vital importance.

But to return to our letter, some passages of which I refrain from repeating on this occasion, lest my serious reader may think me chargeable with a breach of that commandment which saith—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Miss Parker, having covered three sides of foolscap with the communications above noticed, had recourse to her red ink,

wherewith to account for these sudden revolutions, which she did by attributing them to the preaching and conversation of a pious clergyman lately come among them. Much was said of the mellifluous eloquence, the wonderful fluency, and peculiar gracefulness, of this excellent man; with much more to the same purpose, which I have not leisure to repeat. She spoke of the moment when his discourses had been brought with power to her own heart; talked of her conversion as a thing which could not be questioned; represented herself as having given up the world, and devoted herself wholly to the duties of religion; entering into a long description of the delightful religious meetings that had taken place, of those insignificant parties which had formerly engaged every heart; and closing all with an account of the various useful plans then in agitation.

The letter concluded in a manner which again opened the sluices of Anna's eyes; though I doubt whether the sentiments contained in this conclusion will have sufficient genuine pathos to produce the same effect on my tender-hearted reader. The pathetic passage was to this effect—"And why, my Anna, why are you not here to partake of your Charlotte's happiness? The pleasures I now enjoy are not such as I am ashamed to ask a dear friend to participate. Why are you not here to assist me in my labours? What a sphere of usefulness would open to you, were you now in this place! How would all my duties be sweetened by the presence of my Anna! But no, it cannot be: I must therefore resign myself to the decrees of Providence. This life is a state of suffering; we cannot have all we wish: but my Anna will not forget her Charlotte, and this shall be my consolation under all my trials."

Poor Anna, after a repeated perusal of this letter, was so much affected, and wept so violently, as to prevent her observing two inconsistencies therein, which might, perhaps, have been detected by a less interested reader. The first of these was, Miss Parker's speaking of her very great happiness in the former part of her letter, and of her severe trials and sufferings in the latter: the second was, that while the young lady so bitterly deplored the absence of her Anna, there was nothing like a request throughout the letter; that she

would take the trouble of visiting the town of L——. But, be this as it may, the letter met with so kind a reception, that, to use the proper language on this occasion, the gentle Anna failed not to blister the paper in many places with her tears: and she was still thus tenderly engaged, when, looking up, she saw her good friend Mr. Mills standing before her.

“My dear little damsel,” said the good man, lifting up his hands and eyes in amazement, “what mean these floods of tears? Your father and mother are well, I know; for I am but this moment come from them. Has any mischance befallen the Guinea fowls or the pea-hen? or am I to understand that the paper you hold in your hand contains some very affecting intelligence?”

Anna, ashamed to be found in tears, yet too sincere to conceal the cause, after having shewn her friend's letter, told Mr. Mills, that she had long ceased to regret the worldly pleasures of L——, as being objects utterly unworthy the attention of a Christian; but that the representation her dear Charlotte had made of the improved society in that place, of her own many delightful occupations, and the wide sphere of usefulness which had opened to her—had indeed once more revived her feelings of regret at being shut up in a place where she had no Christian society of her own age, and little which she could do to advance the cause in which her heart, she trusted, was so deeply engaged.

Mr. Mills smiled, but it was with an expression of sorrow. Then shaking his head, and beginning to pace up and down the little area which spread itself before the arbour, “What!” said he, angrily, “cannot those who cry, ‘Lord, Lord,’ without doing any thing else, let us alone in this our lodge in the wilderness?”

“Sir!” said Anna, looking up with astonishment.

Mr. Mills immediately recollected himself, and instantly altered his tone. “Excuse me, my dear Anna,” he added, “if I have spoken with unusual warmth: however, permit me, at least, to say, that I knew Miss Parker before I came here, though I have never happened to visit L——; and I must confess, that I should not think her precisely the proper person to become your spiritual directress. And now,” added he, “if you

can give me a little of your time, I should wish to open your mind on certain points which do not appear to me to have been duly considered by many excellent Christians."

Anna was silent, and looked down while Mr. Mills pursued his discourse.

"When I was a boy," said this excellent man, "there were, no doubt, many pious persons in this country: God forbid I should think otherwise: but religion was, nevertheless, little understood, and as little respected; while those who made open profession of being more serious than their neighbours, were liable to considerable ridicule. The case is, at present, reversed: religion is now become creditable, and, in many instances, it is a step to honour. There are now few large or even small communities, in which there may not be found a number of persons who are counted pious. Among these, no doubt, there are multitudes of the true servants of the Lord; yet it is to be feared, that there are also mingled with them many hollow professors—persons whose religion consists only in words and outward forms, and who are seldom found adorning their profession by a consistent conduct—persons who may be generally known by their noisy declamation, their constant reference to self in all their discourse, their idolatry of human teachers, and a certain restlessness, whereby they are induced to forsake their own especial duties and peculiar posts in society, in order to strike out something new, which new plan is probably no sooner proposed than forsaken.

"I do not," continued Mr. Mills, "presume to say, that there may not be restless and injudicious characters among the real children of God: but I will venture to say, that in the degree in which a real servant of God is restless and injudicious, he is proportionably deficient in the Christian character. True religion has a peculiar tendency to procure peace, to make a man contented with his actual situation in life, and to lead him to do his duty in that state in which it has pleased God to place him.

"Your friend Miss Parker, my good girl," proceeded Mr. Mills, "did she rightly comprehend the nature of that religion which she professes, if she felt herself call-

ed upon to give you her opinions at all, ought to have advised you to stay at home, to read your Bible, to comfort and assist your poor neighbours, and do your duty as a daughter, rather than lead you to fancy that you are out of your place at home, and that you might do better, and be happier, in another situation. They who know themselves, my good Anna, and are aware of their own peculiar imperfections, are more anxious to bring their one talent to profit, than to receive ten talents, which they might, perchance, wrap in a napkin, and bury in the dust."

Mr. Mills proceeded to remark, that the posts of most persons in this world are so fixed and determined, and their duties so decidedly indicated by Providence, that no one can well be mistaken with regard to them. "And though an individual," said this good man, "may now and then, as it were, for a moment, find himself thrown into perplexity concerning some particular step to be taken; yet I feel assured, that, if the way is not made clear before it is necessary to act, he that trusteth in the Lord, will, though blind, be brought by a way he knew not of, and be led into paths that he had not known, till darkness shall be made light before him, and the crooked places straight. (Isaiah xlii. 16.)

"But in your case, my dear Anna," proceeded Mr. Mills, "and in that of most young women with regard to their parents, and of most wives with regard to their husbands, the duties which are required of you are so strongly marked, and so exactly defined, that they cannot be mistaken but by those who mistake them wilfully. In every situation, there may, and must be, many unpleasant circumstances, many things which we fancy might be altered for the better. But if our religion be substantial, and not merely consisting of words; if, when we call ourselves by the name of the Lord, we do not use that sacred name altogether in vain; we must consider ourselves bound to fulfil unpalatable duties, as well as those which are altogether agreeable, that is, if we desire to pay any regard to that memorable declaration of the Saviour—*He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* (Matt. x. 38.)

"Now," continued Mr. Mills, "I have always been in the habit of considering a patient performance of the

simple duties belonging to the station of any individual, as the most decided, the most rare, the most valuable, and the most acceptable proof of the excellency of piety, which can be possibly given by any faithful follower of Christ; and I feel my esteem for such a person very little affected by the circumstance of his being called to act in a wide or narrow sphere. He or she who endeavours to do every thing to the glory of God, is, doubtless, equally precious in his sight, whether inhabiting a cottage or a palace, whether stationed in a crowded city, or fixed on the side of a Welsh mountain."

Mr. Mills here stopped a moment, expecting Anna to speak; but as she did not seem inclined to interrupt him, he went on.

"Your duties lie first, my good girl, in your own family, and you owe to God a more decided fulfilment of these; but you cannot expect to derive any pleasure from the performance of them, till your heart is more deeply interested in their success, and they become, as it were, a part of your religious exercises. Till you are made a real partaker of that grace which marks all the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, I shall never hope to see you such a daughter at home as I could wish: and if you find your filial duties not sufficient to fill your time, and occupy your mind, your poor cottages and little school present you with further occasions of service. In short, the Almighty has, even in your little sphere, confined as you may think it, given you that to perform for which no man of himself is sufficient."

Anna replied, that she thanked Mr. Mills for his reproof, and hoped that she should have grace to consider her own duties more seriously, and to perform them, by the divine help, in a more exemplary manner. She confessed that she had always been inclined to indulge a dissatisfied spirit ever since her return from school; and that, even in her religion, she had hitherto considered herself more than the glory of God, or the good of her fellow-creatures.

"You may hereafter see reason," continued Mr. Mills, "to thank God for the retirement in which he has placed you, and to be grateful for his having kept you out of that professing circle which Miss Parker describes as a state so truly desirable. In those societies, unless very

judiciously conducted, young people are taught to use the language of religion before the spirit of it has touched their hearts, and to make a parade of their Christian virtues, while, in fact, they have nothing more than the semblance of them. The name of Jesus is put into their mouths, but in other respects they differ not from the rest of the world. Thus are they drawn into a state of self-deception, in consequence of which they believe themselves to be far advanced towards Mount Zion, when, in the language of Bunyan, they are still in 'the Valley of Destruction.'

"In those societies, moreover, young women are frequently led into other dangerous errors. They are taught to suppose that they have given up the world, because they no longer frequent the playhouse and assembly-room, and because cards are interdicted in their families; at the same time that they are so frequently called abroad by popular preachers and speakers, religious societies, and different kinds of meetings, that the young Christian (if such an expression may be permitted) is lost in one continued round of religious dissipation. And thus it often happens that those domestic and retired duties which ought to be considered as the peculiar glory of women, are thought only secondary objects of attention: whereas it admits of no question, that in the fulfilment of these quiet and humble duties the female character chiefly discovers its appropriate excellency and loveliness."

Anna here interrupted Mr. Mills, to ask him, whether he disapproved of females being engaged in the promotion of those public charities and great undertakings now in hand for the conversion of the heathen, which she understood to have called forth an extraordinary degree of female exertion?

Mr. Mills answered, that he should not consider himself a Christian, if such an idea could ever enter his head. "I oppose not," said he, "the *doing* of the thing, but I object to the manner of doing it. The time, the place, and the temper, in which it is done, make it commendable or otherwise. There is, as I before suggested," continued this good man, "a certain post appointed to every Christian on earth. The parental abode is assuredly the station assigned to most unmarried Christian

females. When every domestic duty, however irksome, (and there will be some irksome duties in every situation,) is duly and diligently performed, as in the sight of God, and with a view to his glory, then every spare hour may be well devoted to such services for the people of God as the party may be qualified to engage in; always, however, remembering, that in every state of life, or line of duty, self-denial must be daily practised and the cross be taken up. The vanity of dress, the vanity of praise, the vanity of pre-eminence, must all be renounced; and these two difficult qualities must, at least, be aimed at—a consciousness of the imperfect manner in which every present duty is performed, with a readiness to undertake new duties, provided that there be sufficient evidence of their being prescribed by the Almighty. But, my good girl,” added the pious man, smiling kindly, “there is much inconsistency in a young Christian, like yourself, crying out for a wide field of usefulness, when she has not even as yet attempted to fulfil the duties of her own little domestic circle.”

Anna seemed a little disconcerted by this remark, and asked, with some degree of impatience, by what failure she had deserved so severe a reprimand?

The good man smiled again, and answered, “There are few services less thankfully received or less useful, than that of acquainting people with their faults.”

“To be sure,” replied Anna, fretfully, “it is a service that our friends are seldom thanked for: but, at any rate, I should have judged it a useful service.”

“It is useless, in general, for this reason,” replied Mr. Mills, “because most persons are sensible of their faults before they are told of them.”

“But indeed,” said Anna, “I do not exactly know wherein I have failed in my duty to my parents.”

“Not exactly!” said Mr. Mills: “then you have some indeterminate conjectures on the subject? But, to speak more seriously, use the light you have, my dear Anna, in correcting your faults, and more will undoubtedly be bestowed upon you.”

Anna now somewhat peevishly requested Mr. Mills to point out some of those faults to which he alluded. But he answered, seriously, that, having given her the hint he thought necessary, he should now leave her to a bet-

ter teacher; and so saying, he walked into the house to drink tea with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Anna soon followed Mr. Mills, and he judged favourably of her, by observing that she had quite regained her good humour, although she still appeared pensive.

According to Mr. Mills's supposition, the hint he had given to Anna by the divine blessing proved sufficient; for she began to consider more deeply, and with prayer, the nature of her past life, with her many short-comings. This soon enabled her to discover, even in her religion, so much error, as to humble and depress her in no ordinary degree. She speedily perceived herself guilty of a breach of that commandment which saith—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain:" and this led the way to a painful conviction how greatly her practice had fallen below her professions, and that not in a few solitary instances, but habitually. She had been, of late, continually crying, "Lord, Lord," even while she was bringing reproach upon the name of her Saviour, by the inconsistency of her conduct, and that never-ceasing reference to self which marked her every action. *Self*, she found, had been nearly as much her object, ever since she had professed religion, as before; and she had even gone so far, under the cloak of increasing seriousness, as to desire a removal from the post in which God had placed her, in order to take a part in more splendid employments than she could find at home, and to enjoy the applause which she fancied her virtues could hardly fail to call forth when displayed on a more public theatre.

But without pretending to enter upon any description of the various workings of Anna's mind, I shall satisfy myself by saying, that, after a few days, her duty was made plain to her, and she was enabled to resolve, with God's help, to sacrifice every selfish thought, and to offer her assistance to her mother in all those plain domestic duties which her education at L—— had naturally led her to despise, and which the gentle entreaties, and sometimes less gentle complaints, of her mother could never yet induce her to attempt.

Mrs. Williams was therefore not a little surprised, when her daughter, one morning, followed her to the dairy, and asked if she could render her any assistance

there. It would be no easy matter to describe the feelings which this new mode of address excited in the poor woman, though it may readily be imagined that they were of the most gratifying description.

Anna found herself, at first, rather an awkward dairy-maid; and her pride once rose, when the maid whose business it was to assist in the dairy laughed outright at her many uncouth attempts to shape the produce of the churn into a handsome form. Neither did she evidence more skill in the kitchen, whither she followed her mother in order to make herself acquainted with other parts of housewifery. Her poor mother was, however, delighted with these first attempts of her daughter to render herself useful, and could not forbear repeating Anna's exploits to her good man at dinner. Anna made her father equally happy some days afterwards, when she had overcome some of her difficulties in the dairy and kitchen, by asking permission to have the care of the poultry, a service which she had declined ever since she left school, although pressed to it by her father.

We do not in this place pretend to make any remarks on the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. It had always been weak and injudicious towards their daughter, so that by a want of judgment and an abundance of improper indulgence they undoubtedly made her difficulties greater. But the excessive tenderness of parents is no excuse for the disobedience of children; and it only shews a depraved and ungrateful state of mind where such excuse is ever pleaded.

When Anna found herself capable of accomplishing what she had first undertaken, she proceeded to encounter other difficulties, extending her attention from butter to cheese, and from the poultry to the lambs and calves; and she sanctified her culinary duties by preparing, with her mother's approbation, broths and jellies for the sick. These she carried with her own hand, sometimes to considerable distances over the mountains; and as the sick and dying had souls infinitely more precious than their bodies, she found herself involved, on the occasion of these visits, in duties still more awful, and requiring more self-control, than any she had hitherto undertaken. To the performance of these du-

ties she found herself totally unequal in her own strength, and this brought her to the throne of grace, where she received strength sufficient for every exigence—For *they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.* (Isaiah xl. 31.) Neither can it be supposed, that all this time she remained uninterested in the spiritual state of her parents. But here she was surprised to find her way made so easy; for the old people were ready to fall in with every proposed regulation which she thought might tend to the spiritual good of the family. They consented to establish morning and evening prayers at the first suggestion of their child, now become more dear than ever to them by her late cheerful submission to their will; and they never refused to hear her read on any religious subjects.

Anna now found that she need not look out for a wider sphere of usefulness than that which at present opened to her: she had occupations for every hour, and no time to think of fancied grievances, or rather, she had no grievances to think of. She insensibly became cheerful and animated, manifesting such an interest even in her domestic duties that the busiest times in the farm appeared to be the most pleasant to her.

In this happy manner Anna spent her twentieth year; in the autumn of which year, a gentleman, in whose hands Mr. Williams had placed a large sum of money, suffered great losses which filled the farmer with apprehensions lest he should himself be involved in such pecuniary difficulties as he had never known before: for although he was not a rich man, yet he had never contracted any debts; and he had a very proper dread of being compelled to do so. The state of his affairs had depressed his spirits for some weeks before he could bring himself to open his mind to his wife and daughter. At length, however, on Mrs. Williams making some complaint of her upper servant, (for she had always been accustomed to keep two,) and saying that she must be obliged to part with her, the farmer thought this a proper occasion to mention his perplexities; adding, that he wished his wife could somehow manage to do with one maid-servant.

I need not in this place trouble my reader with all Mrs. William's ejaculations and outcries, which poured like a torrent from her lips, and might have borne down the more prudent counsels of her husband, had not the good man found out, from long experience, that, after giving vent to her first feelings of indignation, his wife never failed submitting herself to his will. He accordingly remained silent till he found that the good woman was losing her breath; when he quietly brought forward such arguments as he thought most likely to convince: so that, after a while, he had the pleasure of finding her willing to acquiesce in whatever he might think fit to propose. But as Mrs. Williams's head had never been fertile in expedients for trying occasions, and as the suddenness of the news she had just heard seemed to have entirely robbed her of the power of reflection, she had no counsel to offer on the present emergency, and, in consequence, remained silent.

In the mean time, the dutiful daughter, having offered up a silent prayer for direction, and having received an immediate answer to this prayer in the illumination of her mind upon the subject in question, hastened to give comfort to her parents: so rising from her place at the table most remote from the fire, she ran round to her father, and, kissing his venerable cheek, "My beloved parents!" she said, "I hope you will never want a servant while I have health and power to help you. I will be your willing handmaid, your servant in every respect; and I desire no other reward but to see you happy."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams were so much astonished, that they did not seem for some moments to comprehend the import of their daughter's speech. At length, the poor father, bursting into tears of mingled joy and grief, exclaimed, "O my child! my Anna! this is too much. And would you take the place of a common servant? No; I cannot bear to think of this. I would rather endure any thing than permit it. We must be brought much lower before any thing of this sort can be rendered necessary."

"What!" said the mother, now at length comprehending Anna's proposal, "surely you would not undertake the work of our upper servant! Surely, Anna, after

your excellent education, this would be a distressing change indeed!"

Anna might have answered, "Certainly, my education has not been calculated to fit me for such a situation:" but it was far, very far from her thoughts to utter any thing of a reproachful kind to her parents at that time. Her answer was to this effect, while taking the hand of each parent, as she stood between them, and looking on the face of each by turns—"If, my dear parents, there is such a thing as true religion; if our profession of the faith of our meek and holy Saviour is not a mere profession; if we are not living in the habitual breach of that commandment which saith, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;' we ought not to hesitate about undertaking any duty which the Almighty, by circumstances, appears to prescribe to us. Did not our glorious Saviour, when on earth, take upon himself the form of a servant? and what, then, am I, that I should presume to think myself above the lowest offices of servitude? Remember, dear father, remember, beloved mother, that *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.*" (James iv. 6.)

Anna said much more to her parents to the same purport; but I have not time to repeat her many dutiful and earnest pleadings. Suffice it to say, she carried her point. The next day, the upper servant was informed that her services would be dispensed with at the end of the month; and the interval was employed by Anna in preparing for herself two dresses, fit for work, and yet so neat as not to discredit the daughter of a respectable farmer. She also made use of this interval for certain silent observations on the nature of sweeping, scouring, brushing, &c. of which she found herself not a little in need.

At length, the day of Mrs. Betty's departure arrived; and on the morrow Anna, arrayed in one of her new dresses, had cleaned the little parlour, lighted the fire, and arranged the breakfast-table with particular neatness, before her mother made her morning appearance, or her father came in from the field.

The parents were both affected by the neat and simple figure of their dear child. Mrs. Williams wept, with some feelings of mortification; but the farmer was un-

feignedly delighted, declaring that he had never seen his Anna look so well.

Anna having previously arranged her work, found far less difficulty in executing it than she expected; and she had great pleasure in discovering that her new employments did not interfere with pious meditations, nor with the learning of portions of Scripture, nor with the singing of hymns. At twelve o'clock in the day, she had generally finished all those parts of her work which required a particular dress. At this hour she assumed her usual appearance, and was ready to sit down to her needle, with her mother, till it was time to lay the cloth for dinner: after which, and when she had replaced every thing in its order, she found leisure to visit her school, or some sick person, always returning in time to prepare tea. The evenings were spent in reading the Scripture.

Thus passed the first month of her gentle servitude: at which time she told her father, that she would not give up her place for any other service whatever; since she never had found herself so thoroughly happy before.

“Well, my dear girl,” said the old man, taking his child’s hand, “if you are contented, I am sure I am: for though I have been a housekeeper, from first to last, these thirty years, I never had a servant I liked so well, or found so true and faithful to my interest. Besides, it does me good to see you going about with your broom in your hand, so tightly dressed in your neat little cap and blue apron.”-

But, not to enter too largely into the history of this family, I must be satisfied with saying, that Anna persevered for many months in the faithful discharge of the duties she had undertaken. Her mother unfortunately had an illness which deprived Anna of her assistance in the family for some weeks in the dead of winter; during which period she found her duties somewhat more laborious, and particularly as her dear parent required considerable attention: but the fatigue which she experienced at that time only made her services afterwards appear more light and easy.

Although we have not lately mentioned the excellent Mr. Mills, yet he had not lost sight of Anna. Neither did he cease to encourage her in well doing, nor to

guard her from any error into which she might be likely to fall. And he was particularly careful to guard her against self-righteousness, very earnestly cautioning her to beware of taking to herself any merit for such imperfect works as she had been enabled to perform through the assistance of the Holy Spirit: and with these views he frequently reminded her of those words of our Lord—*So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.* (Luke xvii. 10.)

Very little change took place in the state of Mr. Williams's circumstances or family arrangements during the summer: but early in the autumn, the farmer received a letter from the gentleman by whom he expected to lose his money, requesting to see him, in a few days, at L——.

Mr. Williams did not anticipate any favourable turn in his affairs from this letter, supposing only that he was called upon to hear a confirmation of his misfortune: however, he did not hesitate to meet the gentleman, and accordingly repaired to L—— the evening before the appointed day.

As Mr. Williams had never been at L—— without calling on Mrs. Parker, he thought he could not deviate from his usual custom on this occasion, although the agitation of his mind about his affairs would have led him to prefer a quiet seat in the corner of the travellers' room at the inn. Accordingly, having put on a clean shirt, and combed his grey hair, he walked to Mrs. Parker's; and being told that the family were at home, he was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, where he was soon joined by Miss Parker, who, receiving him with considerable warmth and liveliness of manner, insisted upon his drinking tea in her mother's dressing-room: for Mrs. Parker's weak and languid state had not permitted her for some years to come down stairs.

Mr. Williams, though still in low spirits, followed Miss Parker up stairs, and was introduced into an elegant dressing-room, where he found the old lady with her younger daughter, who was at this time one of the most fashionable young women in the town of L——. In addition to these two persons, there was in the room

an elderly lady, of fine carriage and great vivacity, who received Mr. Williams as a very old friend, although the good man did not recollect ever to have seen her in his life before: she soon, however, made out her pretensions to his friendship, by informing him that she had been well acquainted with his charming little daughter, when at school.

This lady, whose name was Humphreys, was a kind of oracle among the more serious persons in L——. She was made acquainted with every anecdote which any body else knew, and her advice was considered of such high authority as not to be appealed from.

After certain compliments had passed on all sides, and many peculiarly tender enquiries had been made after the health and spirits of dear Miss Anna, Mr. Williams was permitted to take the refreshment of tea; and in the mean time, Mrs. Humphreys gave him an ample account of the many changes which had taken place in L—— during the last twelve months.

When tea was over, Miss Parker, assuming a peculiar gravity of countenance, said, that she hoped her dear Anna was really well; adding, that she had been very uneasy about her lately, not only from a certain indescribable kind of constraint which had run through her letters, but also from a report made to her by a friend, who had accidentally seen the young lady, and described her as looking very thin and dejected.

The farmer coloured at this unexpected remark, and, with the apprehension of a father tremblingly alive to the welfare of an only child, tried to recollect if there lately had been any thing in Anna's appearance which could have given any probable ground for such report. But as his daughter had appeared remarkably well and blooming during the whole summer, he did not know what to think; nor could he conceive upon what ground this observation was made. But he was not long left to form vague conjectures; for Mrs. Humphreys, taking the hint from Miss Parker, presently ventured, in plain terms, to call the good man to account for allowing his daughter to work like a common servant, and very freely to blame him for taking such an advantage of her Christian humility and filial submission.

Mr. Williams defended himself as well as he could by

pleading necessity, the eagerness of his child to undertake the duty, and her uncommon good health since she had undertaken it.

Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys both represented to him that Miss Anna's birth, education, talents, and personal accomplishments, all rendered her quite above the office of a common housemaid; and that if her religious feelings had induced her to make such a sacrifice of herself, her parents' discretion should have equally urged them to prevent it.

The farmer repeated some of those arguments by which his daughter had laboured to convince him that a true Christian can never be too humble; and thence he proceeded to express his steady persuasion that a Christian in deed, and not in word only, could never think any duty beneath him, however poor and mean it might appear in the eyes of the world.

Mr. Williams's arguments, however, had no effect upon his opponents, who affirmed that they had nothing to do with the case in question; that Christians of course would be led by their principles to exert themselves beyond their strength, and that it became their friends to see that they did not overstep the bounds of propriety, and destroy their constitutions by their labours of love.

Mrs. Humphreys then alleged, as an instance of what they had just asserted, that even Miss Parker had actually at one time quite overdone herself by her extraordinary exertions, and probably would have shortened her days, had not she ventured to interfere and insist upon her young friend's sparing herself.

Mr. Williams having had presence of mind to ascertain by enquiry that Anna herself had made no complaints of her present situation, took his leave, and returned to his inn far more unhappy than he had left it; the conversation he had heard having filled his mind with vague terrors about Anna's health. On this subject he had felt no alarm before: but now he began to suspect that, if Anna should hereafter be afflicted with illness, (and who is not liable to such visitations?) the world might not only blame him as the cause, but that perhaps he might not be able wholly to clear himself of the charge.

The next day, however, brought unlooked-for comfort

to the poor man; for the gentleman to whose hands his money had been entrusted, was enabled not only to give a good account of the debt, but also to replace the whole sum in Mr. Williams's hand, his affairs having taken an unexpectedly prosperous turn. The farmer, with strong feelings of gratitude to the Ruler of all things, lost no time in placing out the recovered sum on the best security; and then, with a light heart, he turned his horse towards his home. It was evening when he ascended the mountain, and he thought he had never before felt so grateful for the retired situation in which his lot had been cast.

The hearts of Mrs. Williams and Anna were filled with gratitude and joy by the pleasant news he had to tell.

Next morning it was proposed to Anna that she should immediately give up that troublesome office in the family which she had so dutifully undertaken and so faithfully fulfilled. At the same time her father thanked her in the most affectionate manner for the exertions she had made; "by which," said he, "you not only gave me inexpressible comfort, and prevented me from incurring debts which I now should have had to discharge, but, with God's blessing, you accomplished a much more difficult work—you convinced me that religion is not a mere form of words, but that faith is a real and substantial thing which has power not only to produce a consistent course of conduct, but even to overcome the natural selfishness of our evil hearts."

Anna replied, that she was ashamed to be thanked by her parents for any thing she had been enabled to do; as she had still done less than her duty, and never could expect, during the longest life, to discharge her debt of gratitude towards them. And she concluded by requesting her father and mother, instead of taking another servant into the family, to receive in that place a poor cousin, the orphan daughter of a sister of Mrs. Williams. "As we are near of an age," said Anna, "we will divide the work between us; and my poor cousin will then have a happy home, instead of being tossed about among strangers."

The farmer was greatly pleased with this request, and would have acceded to it at once, had not the conversa-

tion at L—— come to his recollection. The plan, however, was so agreeable to his feelings, that he did not make any long resistance; so a horse and pillion were sent the next day to a small town, in the heart of the mountain, for his wife's niece, who, after having tried several modes of subsistence, had, for a few months past, lodged with a sempstress, and earned a bare subsistence by assisting her hostess.

About a month after the return of the farmer from L——, a letter was received from Miss Parker, containing a most pressing invitation for Anna to visit L——. Anna was desirous of declining the invitation, but Mr. Williams was anxious that she should go, if it were only for a short time; since he secretly wished that Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys might witness the cheerful and blooming appearance of his daughter. Anna was not quite so willing to accept the invitation, because she was now very happy, and feared to have her happiness marred by intercourse with the world. But the matter was settled by a reference to Mr. Mills, who said, that as he must go upon business to L—— before the setting in of winter, he would undertake to bring Anna home with him. Mrs. Mills was also consulted about Anna's dress, as she had lately been paying a visit in a neighbouring town; and she recommended such things as she thought were suitable to her situation in life, her age, and her Christian character.

At length, all things being prepared, Anna and her father set off for L——.

Anna's mind was in that state in which a pious young person's ought to be: she was prepared to be thankful for every attention, and to enjoy every innocent pleasure which might come in her way during her journey. As the farmer and his daughter travelled in the little market-cart, they were obliged to make two days' journey of it, and consequently to spend one evening at the inn on the side of the common, where they were received more as old friends than common guests. Anna heartily enjoyed this interval in company with her dear father; and proceeded in an equally cheerful state of mind the next day.

Mr. Williams accompanied his daughter to Mrs. Parker's door; and then, being called elsewhere by parti-

cular business, he took an affectionate leave of her, expressing a hope that they should meet again at the end of a month.

Anna being left by her father, knocked at the door, and was ushered, by a smart footman, into a room in which she had often been, but which was so entirely metamorphosed by modern furniture of the most elegant form, arranged in the most fashionable disorder, that she had hardly recovered her surprise, before Miss Parker, and her gay sister Miss Jane, ran into the room to welcome and embrace her. Anna's mind was in too correct a state to allow her to be frightened, or to appear awkward before her young friends, but she certainly was surprised at their appearance. She had pictured to herself her friend Charlotte dressed indeed with neatness, but with all the plainness and economy of a Christian female, who thinks every needless penny spent on herself as so much taken from the poor; she likewise had expected something in her manner and expression of countenance indicative of humility and a will subdued: but of Miss Jane she had only thought as of a child, much like what she had left her. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that Anna was surprised when she saw the elder of these sisters dressed in the most costly manner, though undoubtedly in a better taste than that of the younger, who appeared as if she had been striving to spoil her fine person (for she was really handsome) by the most vain and fantastic attire which the foolish fashions of the day could authorize. Neither in the countenances of these sisters did Anna find any thing more attractive than in their dresses. Yet long-established affection prevailing over momentary surprise, she received their expressions of regard with her natural warmth, and proceeded to ask them a thousand questions about their mother and other friends.

Anna was next taken to see Mrs. Parker in her dressing-room, whom she found much aged; and thence she was led by Miss Charlotte to the chamber appointed for her, who whispered that she wished to be some time alone with her dear friend.

There she immediately began to converse on religious subjects. She expressed, in strong scriptural terms,

the gratitude she felt in being, as she affirmed, called from darkness into light; and then proceeded to lament the deplorably careless state of her sister, with her mother's absolute deadness to all religious feelings. From thence she went on to describe the delightful religious society then existing in L——. She spoke of Mrs. Humphreys as the first of Christian characters, and was very abundant in the praises of their excellent minister. Miss Parker concluded by saying, that, as they were to have a party of religious friends in the evening, she should then have the inexpressible pleasure of introducing her dear Anna to them.

The volubility with which Miss Parker spoke, and the ease and freedom with which she introduced religious expressions on the most common occasions, not only astonished Anna, but seemed to render her quite dumb; insomuch that, finding herself utterly unable to open her mouth on those divine subjects which appeared so wholly to engross her friend's attention, she was more than once on the point of applying to herself those dreadful denunciations of the divine displeasure which are held out against such as are ashamed to acknowledge their Saviour.

In the midst of this private interview between the two friends, dinner was announced, and Miss Parker led the way into the dining-parlour, where the only addition to the party was Miss Jane, who was just come in from the usual round of visitings and shopping which occupied her mornings.

Anna enquired for Mrs. Parker, but was told that she never dined down stairs. "Could not we then have had our dinner taken up into her dressing-room?" said Anna.

"She would rather be alone," replied Miss Charlotte, coolly.

"But I hope," said Anna, "that my company causes no change?"

"Not the least," returned the young lady.

The conversation now took a new turn. Miss Jane mentioned the winter fashions as being just arrived, and Miss Charlotte asked what they were.

While she was speaking, she eyed her friend's travelling-dress in a manner which a little disconcerted her,

and then said, "My dear Anna, I suppose you will want some new dresses. You perhaps would like to go with us to-morrow, to see what is likely to be worn this winter?"

Anna, who had by this time recovered her self-command, smilingly answered, that she was provided, for the present, with all she wanted.

"Yes," said Miss Parker, "that is probable: but perhaps you would like to have your clothes arranged to the fashion?"

"It is so long since I have had any thing to do with fashions," replied Anna, still anxious to ward off this attack in a friendly way, "that there would be some difficulty, I fear, in conforming my usual dress to the general taste."

"But surely," said Miss Charlotte, "you would not wish to be quite particular in matters of such little importance?"

"Anna," said Miss Jane, laughing, "you perhaps suppose that the religious people in L—— do not think at all of dress. I allow, there are a few who do not, and who are more concerned about clothing the poor and naked than about adorning their own persons. But the first Christian characters here are not of that sort. My sister, for instance, is, to the full, as nice and particular about her dress as I am, though I make no pretence whatever to religion."

She was going on in the same style, when Miss Parker rebuked her severely. Upon which Miss Jane laughed, and shrugged up her shoulders; and Anna began to hope that the conversation about fashionable appearances would end here. But Miss Parker insisted, at least, that Anna should have her hair cut and dressed; asserting, that she did not think it judicious for Christians to make their profession despicable in the eyes of the world by a neglect of the common and innocent customs of life.

After dinner, Anna again proposed a visit to Mrs. Parker's dressing-room: but Miss Parker declared that this was now her mother's time for taking her evening nap, and the young ladies accordingly gathered round the dining-room fire, talking of their old school days and schoolfellows, till the arrival of the hair-dresser

reminded them that it was time to prepare for the evening party.

Anna blushed when she heard that the hair-dresser was actually arrived; however, in this point she thought it best to submit: and so, going up to her room, she sat down very patiently to undergo the required operation. After having paid and dismissed the man, she dressed herself as neatly as she could; and scarcely had she finished this task, when her two young friends entered the room, the one prepared for a fashionable party abroad, and the other for a party of another description at home.

Anna had seldom seen so gay a figure as Jane presented, and it did not a little amuse that giddy girl to read in Anna's eyes certain indications of amazement at parts of her costume which did not quite suit Anna's old-fashioned ideas of decorum. Miss Parker, having complimented Anna's hair-dresser, and blamed her dress-maker, now told her that her mother would be glad to enjoy her company till the party should assemble; and accordingly Anna went into Mrs. Parker's dressing-room, accompanied by Miss Jane, who remained with them till informed that the sedan-chair was come to convey her to her party.

Anna found Mrs. Parker looking very dull, and even dejected; and when that lady complained of low spirits, she ventured to ask her if she did not spend too much time alone.

Mrs. Parker sighed, and answered, that she had long been used to be left alone.

Anna begged that she would permit her to spend that evening, at least, with her.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Parker, fretfully; "I will not punish you: I know that young people like company."

"Indeed, Madam," said Anna, "I have lived too long in retirement to care much for company; and I should have particular pleasure in spending this evening with you."

"You are very good and very polite," said Mrs. Parker; "and I wish my daughters had a little of your consideration. As to Jane, she is very young, and, although fond of gaieties, like most young people of her

age, yet she has more time to give me than Charlotte has; and, while sitting with me, she is good-humoured and entertaining. But Charlotte is continually dictating to me, as if I were a child; indeed, she treats me as if I were a perfect idiot, and totally ignorant on some certain subjects: and yet I see no particular good which she herself derives from any of her new notions." And then the old lady burst forth into such an unqualified censure of all religious characters, as we not unfrequently hear from worldly persons who have been unfortunate in their connexions of this nature.

But, as Anna knew that Mrs. Parker had always been considered what is called an odd-tempered woman, she determined to observe more of what passed between the mother and daughters before she ventured to judge between them even in her own mind. The conversation, however, having taken this turn, she was not sorry that Mrs. Parker would not permit her to stay with her the remainder of the evening.

When the larger part of the expected company were assembled in the drawing-room, Miss Charlotte came up herself to lead down her friend, and introduce her to the party.

On the opening of the door, Anna, who had been in a kind of continued amazement all day, was not a little dazzled and astonished by the blaze of light, the number of persons assembled, the splendour of the room, and the elegance of the dresses, which all broke upon her view at once in this assembly, an assembly which she had pictured to herself as consisting, for the most part, of grave and sedate personages, clothed, at best, like her good friend Mrs. Mills in her Sunday gown. She had not, however, much time for reflection, being led forward and presented by name to the company at large, and then particularly introduced to Mrs. Humphreys, who was seated on a sofa in the most conspicuous part of the room.

Mrs. Humphreys received Anna with the most marked politeness, took her hand, made room for her on the sofa by her side, and introduced her to the lady that sat next her as a young person who, with the holy zeal of a martyr, had sacrificed all earthly pleasures, in order to devote herself to the most exemplary fulfilment of her filial duties.

Anna could hardly help asking herself if Mrs. Humphreys did not mistake her for some other person: and when convinced that Mrs. Humphreys knew very well of whom she was speaking, she felt assured that there must have been some strange misstatement of her character brought to L—; since she could not recollect one single action of her life in which she had acted as a Christian heroine, although she remembered many occasions on which her conduct had been grossly unkind and ungrateful to her parents. But while she was considering whether she ought not to attempt to set Mrs. Humphreys right upon this subject, her embarrassment was increased by perceiving that she was at that moment furnishing a subject of discourse to most persons in the room, as might easily be understood by their significant looks and whispers. She was therefore much relieved, when Mrs. Humphreys, addressing herself to Miss Parker, enquired if they were not to have the pleasure of their dear minister's company that afternoon?

Miss Parker answered, that he had certainly promised to come; but he had begged her not to wait tea for him, as his time was never at his own command.

Several persons now echoed Mrs. Humphreys's voice, who had just expressed her fears that their beloved pastor would ruin his constitution by his labours; adding, that no man could, uninjured, long support such a round of duties, or answer such constant calls upon his time.

Many voices were instantly raised in admiration and pity of this excellent man, whom all represented as undergoing, in addition to his labours mental and bodily, the severest persecutions which the enemies of religion could inflict. And so touching were the outlines which these good people drew of their beloved minister, that Anna, whose imagination had been very busily and very injudiciously at work during the whole of the day, had just finished a picture in her own fancy of this respectable pastor, in which she had blended together such symptoms of suffering and Christian resignation as one should naturally expect to discover in a portrait of David Brainerd or the venerable Swartz, when a loud rap at the street-door was the immediate forerunner of a brisk step in the hall, which speedily brought into the

room a well-looking, ruddy, boyish-faced young man, in a genteel clerical dress.

The joy expressed by the greater part of the company at the appearance of this young pastor brought up some old-fashioned blushes into Anna's face, particularly as some of the ladies who expressed so much delight were quite as young as herself, and therefore could not claim the privilege of years for their freedom of manner.

In the mean time, Mr. Burton, (for such was the name of the young clergyman in question,) politely refusing several chairs offered to him in different parts of the room, stepped up to Miss Parker and Mrs. Humphreys, who were sitting near together; and having paid the usual compliments, was going to sit down quietly, when Mrs. Humphreys called him to account for being so late.

To which he made answer, that his time was not at his command; and that his calls were so numerous, that he hardly knew in what way to answer the one half of them; but that he could not deny himself the pleasure of joining the present party, "although," added he, in a whisper to Mrs. Humphreys, "I shall be obliged to sit up half the night in consequence."

Mrs. Humphreys immediately repeated his whisper aloud to Miss Parker; adding, that she hoped Miss Parker was sensible of the favour done her party by Mr. Burton's presence among them. And then, without waiting for the young lady's answer, she proceeded gravely to caution the young clergyman against over exertion in the way of duty, telling him how many persons had ruined their health in order to embrace a larger field of usefulness, and beseeching him particularly not to deprive himself of his rest at night.

She spoke so largely on these subjects, that Anna, who had been kept in a state of amazement all the day, could not help looking up again to the young gentleman's face, to see if she could observe there any symptoms of fatigue or lassitude. But the placid and blooming appearance of the supposed sufferer, and the liveliness of his eye, induced her to imagine, that his labours and trials, like her own, had only existed in Mrs. Humphreys's imagination, and that the young man had not more to do than what conduced to his health and the promotion of his robust appearance. She was soon,

however, disturbed from her quiet reflections on this subject, by Mrs. Humphreys requesting that she might have the pleasure of introducing their dear minister to Miss Williams; adding, that Mr. Burton was already fully acquainted with her piety, her filial affection, and all the trials to which she had been called, as well as the wonderful manner in which she had been supported through them.

Anna had no time to recover from the confusion into which she was thrown by this sudden address, before she found it necessary to answer the bows and polite speeches of the young clergyman, who, being thus called upon by Mrs. Humphreys, thought it incumbent upon him to say something civil to the young stranger, particularly as her appearance was agreeable, modest, and unaffected, and such as is generally looked upon with respect if not with admiration.

The tea-table being arranged, and Miss Parker placed at it, with several of her young companions to assist her, Mr. Burton was making his escape towards it, when Mrs. Humphreys, addressing him again, said, that she had another subject of complaint against him, and that she must call upon him, in the name of all the company present, to defend himself. "This heavy charge," said Mrs. Humphreys, "is, that you left us last Sunday, and placed a stranger in your pulpit. Now," added she, "we all protest against a repetition of this offence."

"Indeed we do," repeated many voices.

"We shall be very angry if you make such an arrangement again without having just cause," said Mrs. Humphreys.

"But," said Mr. Burton, "the gentleman who took my place is one of the first preachers in the county!"

"First or last," said Mrs. Humphreys, "we will decidedly not allow of any exchanges of the kind. So beware of a second offence."

"But," said a young lady, who had risen from her chair at the other end of the room on the first opening of this cause, and walked up quite close to Mr. Burton, "I am come to enter my protest against all monopolies. Are we poor starving creatures, who live at the other end of the town, and go to a church where the old curate preaches us all to sleep, are we quite to be shut

out from all that is good and animating? Mind not what they say, Mr. Burton," added she, putting her hand upon his arm; "but come to us whenever you can get any one to fill your pulpit."

Tea was now handed round; and, after tea, Anna still hoped for some of that enlivening Christian conversation which Miss Parker had so often described in her letters as constituting the chief charm of their religious societies at L——. But she hoped in vain; and the whole evening passed away in much such conversation as I have described above, with one or two vain efforts at something of a better kind, from one or two of the party. For, notwithstanding the description I have given of this assembly, I should not hesitate to say, that it included many of the true servants of God: and Mr. Burton himself, though much injured by flattery, was a real well-wisher to religion, and had, at times, very humbling thoughts of himself, and very exalted views of his Saviour, as will appear hereafter.

But unless there be a person of superior abilities, as well as piety, to direct religious meetings of the kind in question; unless there be some charitable work to employ the hands, and some holy book to engage the mind; it is, I fear, generally found, that much flatness and insipidity creep into these assemblies; while religion is too often made the vehicle of flattery and the cloak of vanity.

After tea, Mr. Burton, and an elderly lady of the name of Bird, whom we shall have occasion to mention again, made some attempts to give the conversation a better turn. But although Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Parker spoke much, and seemed fully acquainted with every mode of speech used in the religious world, yet, when the company took their leave, Anna felt such an unaccountable depression of spirits, that she was glad to plead her journey as an excuse for going to bed immediately.

I will not enter into a detail of Anna's feelings, nor dwell upon the manner in which she reasoned with herself when alone, but merely give you the result of all these reasonings, which was an unfeigned thank-offering to her heavenly Father for her retired situation, her happy home, and the simple state of reli-

gion under her own wise, and excellent, and truly holy pastor.

The next morning, at no very early hour, Anna was called to breakfast in Mrs. Parker's dressing-room. She there found the old lady and her daughters, but there was not the same appearance of cheerfulness in this family party as in that which usually assembled in the little parlour at Mr. Williams's farm. Mrs. Parker was making her ordinary complaint of having had a bad night, and that complaint was, as usual, almost totally disregarded by her daughters. Miss Jane was running on flippantly with an account of her last night's entertainment; and, in the mean time, Miss Parker looked as if she considered both her mother and sister as persons who had no sense of religion, and of whose conversion there was little or no hope. She accordingly, while pouring out the tea, preserved a cold silence, which Anna thought was ill calculated to make her religious profession amiable in the eyes of her relations.

After Anna had sat for some time considering what she should say to please all parties in this ill-assorted company, without hurting her own sense of right and wrong, Miss Jane threw her into the utmost confusion, by asking her, with an arch smile, how she had enjoyed herself the evening before? what she thought of Mrs. Humphreys? and if she did not find Mr. Burton's conversation truly edifying?

There is a certain tone, a peculiar and indescribable manner, by which the enemies of religion instantly make themselves known to each other, while they betray themselves to its real friends. The object of our present narrative is, indeed, to describe, and, as we hope, to correct, the defects of professors. But let it be understood, that it is not our purpose to draw a comparison between even the weakest and most erring Christian, and those daringly wicked characters who make a mockery of all that is serious, delighting to dwell upon the minutest miscarriages of serious professors, and holding up their defects to public ridicule.

It is but too true, that at this period, in which religion is generally accounted estimable, there may be a considerable portion of hollow professors in every Chris-

tian society: yet it may please God to use the influence even of these for the advancement of much that is good, and, as it has been elegantly observed by a pious lady now living, to employ these fruitless trees for the same purpose as the gardener employs the hardy fir—to shelter and protect his more delicate plants. Is it not possible, that beneath the shadow of the loud professor, and amid the bustling appearance of the ostentatious multitude, who are now crying, “Lord, Lord,” in our streets and public places, drowning by their vehemence the shouts of the mere worldling—is it not possible, I say, that a new race may rise up, who shall resemble the willows by the water-brooks, and the roses of the wilderness?

But to return to our narrative.—Miss Parker seemed to be highly irritated by these expressions of her sister, and Anna felt shocked and amazed. But neither of them being prepared with an answer, Miss Jane, as if to provoke her sister, proceeded to remark, that if Anna had any cases of conscience, or any mental difficulties, she could not do better than open her mind to Mr. Burton; as he was, notwithstanding his juvenile appearance, a man of deep experience, and had often proved himself a very valuable counsellor to much older persons than herself.

This remark seemed to excite a high degree of displeasure on the part of Miss Parker, who was scarcely restrained by the presence of Anna from expressing her feelings in very strong language; but, at the same time, it afforded so much gratification to Mrs. Parker, that the old lady, forgetting her bad night, burst into a loud fit of laughter, whereby she added not a little to the confusion of her young visitant. But before Anna could resolve what reply she ought to make to the sarcastic expressions of Miss Jane, she was relieved by the entrance of Mrs. Mary Bird, who, after having tapped lightly at the door, walked in without further ceremony.

There was nothing in the appearance of this Mrs. Bird, excepting perhaps a certain peculiar sweetness of countenance, which could attract the regards of any stranger: nevertheless this obscure person appeared to be one of the most sincere and humble Christians of whom the society of L—— could boast.

The occasion of this lady's visit to Miss Parker was this. At the time when serious subjects began first to be agitated in L——, the young ladies had, in their zeal, established a large school for female children. Twelve of these ladies formed themselves into a committee, each of them entering into an agreement to superintend the school for one month during the year. In order to prevent confusion, many good laws and regulations had been drawn up by Mrs. Humphreys, and Mr. Burton had accepted the office of catechist. For one year, all went on well, till each lady had taken her turn. But, inasmuch as perseverance in well-doing is contrary to the general course of human nature, some of the young ladies, during the second year, began to complain of the weight of the undertaking; while those who were more willing than the rest frequently found that they had their neighbours' turns to take in the school as well as their own. The third year, the visitors fell off so much, that those who still continued willing to labour in this field, found the duty very burdensome; among whom poor Mrs. Mary Bird, having an infirm sister, with many other charitable calls, felt herself much incumbered by her school duties. The chief purpose therefore of her visit this morning to Miss Parker was to plead her inability to give up her whole time to the school, and to request that her young neighbour would not be weary of well-doing, but take her turn, as usual, with the children. For it seems, that Miss Parker had that morning sent a note to Mrs. Bird, requesting her to take her month of duty, alleging, as her own excuse, a nervous complaint, and inclination to head-ache, which made the noise of the school insupportable to her.

Now Mrs. Mary Bird, who was herself a particularly simple open character, had not the smallest idea that Miss Parker could possibly have any objection to discuss this matter before her mother, her sister, and her friend; so, without circumlocution, she opened the cause in the audience of the above-mentioned persons, representing to Miss Parker, though in a very humble and Christianlike manner, the error of which she was guilty in giving up so laudable an undertaking on account of a trifling inconvenience.

Miss Parker replied, that she did not consider nervous feelings as trifling inconveniences; and added, that if Mrs. Bird knew what she suffered from headaches, she would not press her to endure the noise and closeness of the school.

Mrs. Mary Bird, with unaffected kindness, and entire freedom from suspicion of any affectation in the young lady, condoled with her on the state of her health; but added, that, if Miss Parker could not sit long in the school, it would greatly encourage the poor children, if she would now and then drop in for a few minutes, to dispense some of those pretty little rewards of her own needlework which used to give the children so much pleasure.

Miss Parker, whose self-complacency was somewhat restored by the last words which dropped from Mrs. Mary's lips, and which she instantly perceived had made a favourable impression on Anna, answered, that Mrs. Bird was very good in considering her feelings so kindly, and she assured her, that, if she would oblige her so far as to let her make her escape out of the school when her troublesome head-ache threatened her, she would make a point of often dropping in and seeing who was worthy of the little trifles she had to give.

Mrs. Bird seemed tolerably satisfied with these promises, and proposed, as it was a fine morning, that the young ladies should take advantage of it for a walk to the school.

"I should have the greatest pleasure imaginable in accompanying you, my dear Mrs. Bird, and shewing Anna our noble school-room," replied Miss Parker, "had I not an engagement which cannot be put aside. You know, we are to meet this morning at Mrs. Humphreys's, to consult about a clothing-club for the poor: Mr. Burton is to be there, and every thing is to be settled to-day."

Mrs. Mary Bird looked grave when she understood the nature of Miss Parker's engagement: which Miss Jane remarking, said, with a provoking smile, that she did not wonder at Mrs. Mary's being thrown into a state of trepidation on hearing of any new plan of usefulness to be set on foot at L——.

“And why, my dear Miss Jane,” asked the old lady, “why should I look grave when any new proposal is made for doing good?”

“O,” said Miss Jane, “the reason is simple enough—you are naturally alarmed, lest the whole management of the new scheme should devolve on you, as so many of the former useful projects of our ladies have already done.”

No answer was made to this remark, for it was scarcely finished, when Mrs. Mary Bird arose to take her leave; and immediately on her departure, probably fearing lest she should witness some further impertinences on the part of her sister, Miss Parker invited Anna to accompany her to Mrs. Humphreys’s.

While they walked together towards Mrs. Humphreys’s, Miss Parker was unusually silent. And Anna was now not a little embarrassed; for she had discovered that all was not right with her friend, and began already to entertain many fears that her religion was exhibited more in words than deeds: in consequence, she hardly knew how to converse with her.

On arriving at Mrs. Humphreys’s house, Anna was as much struck with the laboured elegance of its furniture and decorations as she had been with the same ornamental appearances, though on a larger scale, in Mrs. Parker’s house; and she could not help asking herself, how this growth of fashionable splendour agreed with the increased profession of religion which had lately taken place in the Town of L——?

Mrs. Humphreys was sitting on a sofa in an elegant little parlour, dressed, it is true, as an old person, but with such studied exactness as seemed not wholly suited to the state of one who made so loud a profession of having abandoned the world and its vanities. The air and manner of Mrs. Humphreys were, at the same time, so strikingly artificial, and her mode of speaking on religious subjects so studied, that Anna felt, as she was introduced into the room, and was pressed to take a seat on the sofa by the old lady, a kind of reluctance and repugnance to enter into familiar conversation with her for which she could not account; and she was, therefore, particularly disconcerted, when Miss Parker, asking after some young lady whom she had appointed

to meet her there, said she would leave her dear Anna with Mrs. Humphreys, while she went to call upon the person in question.

Anna was, in consequence, left for more than an hour with Mrs. Humphreys: during which time, the soothing and flattering expressions which the old lady used, together with the many religious sentiments she uttered, had wrought such a revolution in Anna's feelings, as to excite some regret when their conversation was interrupted, which it was, at length, by a thundering knocking at the door; and, a few moments afterwards, eight or ten young ladies were ushered into the small parlour, accompanied by Mr. Burton.

This last was the first to throw himself on a chair, or rather into the corner of Mrs. Humphreys's sofa from which Anna had arisen; where, after several attempts to yawn and express fatigue, he complained, that he was worn to death, that he could not get a moment to himself, that he had been actually up the greater part of the night, and that he was now forcibly torn from some business of the greatest importance, by a dozen, at least, of cruel creatures, who had assailed his house on all sides, and brought him away captive.

"Because, although you had promised," said Miss Parker, "we knew you would not come, if left to yourself; and we could not do without you."

"My promise," said Mr. Burton, "was only conditional: I call Mrs. Humphreys to witness, if it were more than conditional."

"You know," said Mrs. Humphreys, "that I never take your part."

The newly arrived party, being invited by Mrs. Humphreys, placed themselves round her table; and, after a quarter of an hour's general discourse on the gossip of the day, Mrs. Humphreys called the attention of the company to the business on which they were met, producing at the same time certain plans which she had found in the different religious magazines and registers which either she or any of her friends took in. These several plans were read, discussed, amended, approved, disapproved, adopted, and rejected; the company so often diverged from the matter in question; so many compliments were paid, all of which required disqualify-

ing speeches from the person complimented; such a variety of opinions were brought forward; such a perpetual recurrence was made to things which Anna had supposed to have been already settled; that, although business had commenced at twelve, the clock struck three before any thing was determined: and as it was well known that Mrs. Humphreys always dined at three, it was agreed that the meeting should be adjourned to a future day.

As Miss Parker and Anna were accompanied by several of the party from Mrs. Humphreys's to their own door, they had no particular conversation together; so that the events of the morning were scarcely touched upon till, at dinner, Miss Jane asked, in her usual impertinently lively manner, what had been done at the meeting?—a question which instantly excited Miss Charlotte's ill humour.

As Miss Jane declared her intention of staying at home this evening, Anna expressed a hope, that they might all together drink tea with Mrs. Parker. But she was speedily informed by Miss Parker, that she had an engagement to go out which could not be set aside: so Anna found that she must give up her wish of spending that evening with the old lady, in order to accompany her daughter to a party—where much the same scene was presented as she had witnessed the night before.

In this heartless way passed most of the time which Anna spent at L——. During this period, she heard much talk of religion; but scarcely could discern any points in which these professors differed from the world in general, excepting that they did not play at cards, nor attend the amusements of the theatre, (the theatre being at this time open in L——.) But when she looked for self-denial, which Mr. Mills had taught her to consider as one test of truly religious principles, she saw so few instances of this kind, and those so slight, so arbitrary, and uncertain, that she was almost led to form this harsh decision—that, with the exception of Mrs. Mary Bird, there were few of the religious society in L—— who appeared to be much acquainted with the nature of Christian simplicity.

We may discern the errors of our fellow-creatures, and mourn over the state of the world in general, with-

out deciding on the case of any single individual. There were, even at that time, many well-meaning persons in the religious society at L——; individuals that daily spent many hours in reading and prayer; who yet, while they believed themselves separate from the world because they did not attend its public amusements, were so entirely influenced by the persons with whom they associated, as to be kept in as complete a state of bondage to the creature as the most worldly characters in L——. Thus they were sorely let and hindered in their Christian walk, because they did not look simply to Christ, but, seeking for honour one of another, were caught in the net of the flatterer. And so, being entangled in the snares of Satan, they became of the number of those who, by a high profession and inconsistent practice, render themselves guilty of taking the name of the Lord in vain, as well as of making religion contemptible in the sight of its enemies.

In this society, Anna gradually lost her spirits; and though, through the influence of the flattering speeches which she daily heard from Mrs. Humphreys and others, she acquired rather an higher idea of her own perfections, yet by this she was no gainer in the article of happiness; since, in proportion as her attention was directed to self, she became estranged from the Saviour. Prayer and private meditation, once her chief delight, now gradually lost something of their sweetness; till at length she was ready, when alone, more than once to break out in the beautiful words of the hymn—

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?”

“How bless’d the hours I once enjoy’d!
How sweet their memory still!—
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.”

One sad but very common effect of flattery she experienced in a particular degree, which was this—that, being afraid to lose the good opinion she supposed her companions to entertain respecting her, she became afraid to deal sincerely with them. Although therefore

she saw the exceeding impropriety of Miss Parker's conduct towards her mother, yet it was very long before she could bring herself to hint her thoughts on the subject to her friend: and when she did so, it was in so weak and indecisive a manner, that it might almost as well have been let entirely alone; since it only gave Miss Parker opportunity to justify herself, and to use arguments in her own favour which, notwithstanding their fallacy, served to strengthen her in her fault.

Miss Parker represented to Anna that her mother was not only an enemy to religion, but, as far as lay in her power, a persecutor also; and that every effort which she, her daughter, had made to lead her to better things, had only ended in the mother becoming more hostile than ever to the interests of religion.

Anna might have answered, that she feared Miss Parker had not taken the way to make religion appear amiable to her mother. But the selfish fear of giving offence kept her lips closed; while Miss Parker proceeded to say, that she supposed the irreligious state of her mother and sister were to be her trials; that this was the cross she was to bear; and that it was her constant prayer to be enabled to support it with fortitude. "But," added she, in an agony of passion and pride, which Anna interpreted into a burst of tender feeling, "if I must, on their accounts, lose the esteem of my dearest friend, my trial will be bitter indeed."

Forbearing to repeat the quotations from Scripture which Miss Parker used during her defence, I will only observe, that they were so well applied, as not only to deceive Anna, but even to confirm the young lady herself in the idea of her being an injured daughter, persecuted by an infidel mother for the sake of her religion; in fact, a Christian heroine. Thus, while her vanity was soothed, she was encouraged to proceed in her imprudent course.

The period fixed for Anna's stay at L—— being, however, nearly exhausted, Mr. Mills, one morning, drove up to Mrs. Parker's door, in the well known taxed-cart, lent to him for the occasion by the farmer: and I am happy to add, that Anna was not yet so spoiled by flattery, or so injured by a soft and luxurious life, as not to feel her heart bound with joy at the sight

of the good man who was come to take her back to her happy home.

As my story has unavoidably run to a considerable length, I shall pass over Anna's joyful reception of Mr. Mills, and her enquiries about home; simply stating, that it was agreed that Mr. Mills should dine the next day at Mrs. Parker's, and that the following morning Anna should leave L—— in company with this good man.

Mr. Mills had been known for some years in that part of England as a religious character and a superior preacher; and, although by some he was said to be a little singular, his character was of consequence enough to make Miss Parker wish to give some of her friends an opportunity of seeing him. She therefore resolved, as in virtue of her large fortune and her mother's infirm state of health she could do just what she pleased in the family, to give him a dinner, and to invite Mr. Burton and Mrs. Humphreys, with several other ladies, to meet him.

All these arrangements being made, and the party assembled in the drawing-room, before dinner, Miss Jane, who sat with her face towards the street, suddenly started up, and, running to the window, called her sister to look at Henry Low, the hair-dresser's son, whom we mentioned some time ago as having gone from L—— following a company of strolling actors, with whom he had returned some time since, and was at that period taking all the first-rate characters on the stage in the town.

“Jane,” said Miss Parker, “how can you be so ridiculous? What possible interest can I have in seeing Harry Low!”

Miss Jane turned round and smiled; and, begging her sister's pardon, added, that she did not know that it would be considered as a sin to look at an actor when he happened to be walking in a public street.

A sharp retort from her sister was the natural consequence of Miss Jane's remark: on which, Mrs. Humphreys, taking up the matter somewhat seriously, and appealing to Mr. Mills, stated to that gentleman, that this Harry Low was in great danger of being utterly ruined by the injudicious applause which was lavished

on his appearance and fine voice by the young ladies who frequented the theatre in L——; and, before Mr. Mills could make any reply, she proceeded to give Miss Jane what the young lady called a lecture on the cruelty of misleading a young man, in such a line of life, by her injudicious, and even improper, commendations.

While Mrs. Humphreys continued to expatiate on the dangerous effects of flattery in general, and particularly when bestowed on persons of this description, Miss Jane continued to shake her head and shrug up her shoulders, now and then venturing an intelligent look at Anna, whom she more than half suspected of not being quite so devoted an admirer of Mrs. Humphreys as some others of her sister's friends pretended to be.

When Mrs. Humphreys had concluded her address, having ventured to diverge from her first point in order to express her dislike of all theatrical amusements whatever, she again addressed Mr. Mills; and, being somewhat displeased by Miss Jane's contemptuous manner, which she had not failed to observe, called upon him, as a Christian, to confirm all she had said on the before-mentioned subjects.

Mr. Mills smiled, and, turning to Miss Jane, remarked, that he thought it wholly needless to speak upon the subject of theatrical amusements in the present company.

“And wherefore?” said Miss Jane.

“Because,” replied Mr. Mills, “I am sure that there is not one person present, who cordially, and from the very bottom of her heart, quite approves of the way in which these amusements are arranged and conducted in this country.”

“O, Mr. Mills,” said Miss Jane, “I am sure you do not believe what you say. You cannot think that I in my heart disapprove of these amusements, and yet constantly partake of them.”

Mr. Mills bowed to the young lady, and smiled, at the same time saying, “You are young, my dear Miss Jane, and can hardly yet understand what tends to your happiness. I doubt not but that you already begin to suspect the emptiness of these trifling pleasures; and the time will, I trust, come, when you will be convinced

of their utter incapacity to add to your happiness. But, be this as it may, your good friend Mrs. Humphreys does well to caution you against the habit of flattering your fellow-creatures, and by this means blinding them to their real interests, while you urge them forward in the way of perdition."

Mr. Mills then made some very apposite remarks on the nature of flattery; and, after having pointed out how fatal the applauses of the public might prove to such a young man as the one in question, he ventured to remark, that although the voice of human praise was dangerous to almost every description of mankind, yet that its effects were decidedly less fatal among worldly people than among religious professors.

Mr. Mills was proceeding to add something more on the subject of flattery, when Mrs. Humphreys completely silenced the good man; not by contradicting him, but by her loud and vehement expressions of acquiescence. "I so entirely agree with you, my dear Sir," she said, "that, as my good friend Miss Parker knows, I often restrain my feelings of approbation when I see any thing commendable in my Christian friends, even when my heart is bursting with these feelings. There is nothing which I dread more than the effect of praise on a young and ardent mind, and indeed it is perhaps equally injurious to those who are more advanced in life. We all require to be kept low, Mr. Mills: our only place of safety is at the foot of Mount Calvary. When we are tempted to quit this place, and set up any merit of our own, we are in danger of wandering from our proper station. Indeed, Mr. Mills, I approve of all you say, and only wish my young people here (looking towards Miss Jane) could always enjoy the benefit of your conversation."

"Mrs. Humphreys," said Miss Jane, "surely you forget yourself! How often have I heard you say, that in enjoying the advantage of Mr. Burton's society, we need not desire any other spiritual guide?"

As this speech was made in a whisper, though sufficiently loud for every one in the room to hear, Mrs. Humphreys pretended not to have observed it; and dinner being at that moment announced, a general move was made towards the dining-room.

As soon as this removal was effected, and its consequent bustle at an end, Mrs. Humphreys again addressed herself to Mr. Mills; and, after expatiating for some time, and with considerable address, on several indifferent subjects, she began to speak of the town which Mr. Mills had lately left for his living on the hills. She mentioned several persons known to her in that place, and spoke of them as characters who would do honour to any Christian society whatever; intimating, at the same time, that they owed their conversion, under Divine Providence, to Mr. Mills's ministry.

Mr. Mills had been listening with considerable interest to what Mrs. Humphreys advanced respecting his former flock; and though he perhaps feared that the very high commendations bestowed on some of his people by this good lady needed some qualifying, nevertheless he was, on the whole, pleased, and had allowed her to perceive that she had, at length, found the means of gaining his ear: till, on her venturing so far as to attribute some credit to him for this happy change which had taken place in the persons she had been speaking of, he started as one waking from a dream, and, speaking with rapidity and not without emotion, entreated her to give the glory where it was due. After this, without loss of time, he introduced another subject, as if he felt that the present topic could no longer be dwelt upon without danger to his own soul.

Whether Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Parker had observed this conduct of Mr. Mills is not known, but it was not lost upon Anna. Neither did it escape the notice of Mr. Burton; for when the ladies had withdrawn after dinner, and the gentlemen were left together, the following important conversation took place between them.

Mr. Mills had been acquainted with the father of Mr. Burton for many years, and Mr. Burton had often seen him when a child in his father's house. Now therefore addressing him, not only as an experienced Christian, but as an old friend, he opened his address by observing that several things had that day dropped from Mr. Mills which excited in him an inexpressible degree of uneasiness.

Mr. Mills was much astonished at this remark, and

begged Mr. Burton to point out what he could possibly have done or said to render him thus uncomfortable.

"Sir," returned Mr. Burton, "you have convinced me of hypocrisy; and, though unintentionally, have made me sensible that I have lately been acting not only a useless, but I may add a ridiculous part in the society, where I ought to be looked up to as a faithful guide in the way of holiness."

"You surprise me, Sir," replied Mr. Mills. "What have I said? what have I done? You must explain yourself further before I can possibly enter into your meaning."

"Do you recollect, my dear Sir," replied Mr. Burton, "what you said respecting the voice of human praise, when the ladies were speaking of the young man who has lately distinguished himself so much in the theatre of this town? namely, that the effects of praise were for the most part decidedly less fatal among worldly people than among religious professors?"

"Well, my good Sir," returned Mr. Mills, "and do you question the truth of this assertion?"

"By no means," said Mr. Burton: "I am far from questioning it: but it alarms me. It represents things to my mind in so new a light, as nearly to confound all my ideas. Till I heard these words from your lips, I had imagined that the cause of religion was promoted by the commendations which are at this period so liberally bestowed by one Christian upon another; and I fancied that the voice of praise—I do not speak of flattery—was, as it were, almost needful to us, in order to support us amid the trials of this present state of being."

"That there is a certain boldness inspired by the commendations of our fellow-creatures I do not deny," remarked Mr. Mills. "But the question is this—Is that boldness of the right sort? is that courage of a kind to be depended upon? Does not human praise induce the man who is under its influence to depend upon his own exertions, and walk in his own strength, rather than in the strength of the Lord? And he must be ignorant indeed of the whole tendency of our religion, who expects a consistent walk from him who in any degree depends upon himself in the performance of his duties. Human praise undoubtedly produces considerable effects on

society. It may make a man eloquent; it may make him learned; it may strengthen his desire to acquire head knowledge. Excellent actors, valiant soldiers, able lawyers and mathematicians, have been rendered such by human praise. The commendations of the religious world may increase the number of religious professors; it may make men cry, 'Lord, Lord,' and take the name of God in vain: but it will never make them Christians, or keep them such. Improper motives cannot produce desirable consequences; and if that which the Almighty uses for humbling the pride of man's heart is by man perverted to the purpose of exalting him in his own good opinion, what result can be expected but that of shame and confusion, inconsistency and folly? Not to speak of the disgrace which professors bring upon themselves in the eye of the world by their want of humility, what incalculable injury do they do to each other by making religion the vehicle of flattery; for the unqualified praise, of which I have already heard too much in this place, admits no softer name than that of flattery. And I again repeat, that I consider no possible mode of adulation which can be used by the mere worldling, half so destructive of human happiness as the cruel deceptions which proceed from the mouth of him who deceives his neighbour respecting his spiritual concerns."

Here Mr. Mills paused: but as Mr. Burton made no remark on what he had said, the excellent man proceeded to this effect.—“To prove what I have just asserted,” said he, “I will point out two examples: first, that of a young man such as the one who came under our observation before dinner—a well-looking and clever man, who follows, for his support, a vain and dangerous profession; and, secondly, that of a young minister, who has some knowledge of religion, a wish to distinguish himself, perhaps some desire of doing well, a fine voice, and an agreeable person. Both these persons, though in such different lines of life, are public characters, and are both liable to be assailed by the flatteries of the world: *this* of the professing world; and *that* of the mass of ordinary society. But on which of these persons, I ask, is the praise of man likely to produce the most fatal effects? It would seem

not unreasonable to suppose that, as the minister is not so far from the way of duty as the stage-player, it may please the Almighty the sooner to arrest him in his career of folly; though we presume not to say, that such a mercy may not be extended to the other. But, humanly speaking, the case of that man who makes the voice of commendation his idol while he professes to be a zealous servant of the most high God, appears to be far more hopeless than that of the most profligate offender. And if any kind of reasoning could induce us to question this truth, Scripture and experience should nevertheless compel us to acknowledge it: for, what reason, I ask, is assigned for the backwardness of many of the chief rulers among the Jews to confess Christ, but *this*--they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God? And what would be the result of our enquiries, were we to search the page of history for the most atrociously wicked characters? Should we not discover them among those who have made religion the cloak of their ambition, and who have used the name of God to obtain that honour which cometh from man only?

“I am persuaded,” proceeded Mr. Mills, “that such a use of the name of God is a more offensive breach of the third commandment than that of which the most profane are guilty when they openly blaspheme in our streets. But, not to diverge too far from our subject, as I hope that there are not many now in England who, like Balaam, Mahomet, and Oliver Cromwell, deliberately and determinately fall into the dreadful sin of using religion only as a cloak for cruelty and pride, we will return to our two supposed characters, and enquire further into the probable effects of flattery upon each of them. The stage-player is, no doubt, elated and intoxicated by the thunders of applause with which he is continually saluted; but he is not deceived as to the concerns of his soul by the roars of the multitude. No one tells him, because he is a fine imitator of other men’s manners, that all is well between him and his God; neither is ‘Peace! peace!’ continually whispered in his ear by his thoughtless associates. But the flatterers of the professing young man deceive him in points of the most infinite importance to his welfare:

they make him believe that he is far advanced in the path of salvation, when his foot is, perhaps, treading the way of destruction; and lead him to suppose himself the chosen of God, while he is yet in the very bonds of Satan.

“These, my dear Sir, are some of the mischiefs produced by those who have the language of religion continually in their mouths without understanding the true nature of it; and hence ought we who are professors to be especially mindful of the commandment—‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;’ constantly looking inward, and ever seeking those helps of the Spirit of God whereby alone our religion can be preserved from degenerating into a mere noisy profession, and our expressions of piety from becoming as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.”

“O, Mr. Mills!” said Mr. Burton, when the good man had ceased to speak, “you have indeed touched me to the quick: but I thank you for it. You have, by the divine blessing, made me feel my errors. I have been in a dream; and you, I trust, have been commissioned to awaken me from it. May the Almighty enable me henceforward not to sleep as do others, but to watch and be sober!”

Mr. Burton then entered into some particulars of his life, and seemed to be much affected while he spoke. He stated, that, when he first began his ministerial career, it was in a little village, where he lodged in a farm-house, had a low salary, and a mean apartment: “but,” said he, and the tears started in his eyes, “I was happy then. My mornings were spent in the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, and in tracing the pages of history as they referred to prophecy; I dined early; and in the evenings I visited my parishioners and my school. Nature then seemed to spread forth all its beauties for the purpose of inviting me to communion with my Creator, and I had not unfrequently reason to think that my God was present with me. But a friend put it into my head that I ought to seek a wider sphere of usefulness, and persuaded me to believe that I was thrown away in my retirement. These views were so gratifying to my self-love, that I used every exertion, and put every engine which

I could command in motion, to procure me a larger church and a more extensive charge of souls. I obtained my wishes; but by the change I have neither found riches nor content. If my income is larger, my expences are proportionably greater. I must now appear better dressed, occupy handsome lodgings, and do many things which were unnecessary in my former circumstances; yea, and I now think myself happy if I can keep free from debt."

"*Must!*" repeated Mr. Mills, "*must have all these things!*"

"Yes," answered Mr. Burton, "I repeat *must*: for I have no strength to resist the desire of appearing altogether like other people in the society in which I live, and especially where I am held up as a shining light, and as an example of all that a young minister ought to be."

"You evidently then are not fit for your situation as a public man," replied Mr. Mills; "and this was well known to your heavenly Father when he appointed you to a retired situation. O how careful should we be never to interfere pragmatically with the leadings of Providence! I could tell you, and so could every experienced person who has ever studied the ways of God, what miseries ensue from the want of that faith whereby we are taught to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and whithersoever he may choose to direct our path."

The excellent old gentleman then proceeded to give the young minister much sage advice, adapted to his present circumstances. And, before we drop all mention of this young minister, we may add, with pleasure, that this advice was not thrown away, but that, from the period of which we are speaking, by the divine blessing, there was a marked change in the conduct of Mr. Burton.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Mills and Anna were on the road in their little taxed-cart; and Anna gradually found her lately dejected spirits again revived by the simple discourse of her reverend friend, together with the fresher breezes which met her from the mountains.

The subject of Mr. Mills's discourse, as they passed

along, had respect to the dangers arising to the professors of religion from prosperity, and the absolute need there is of looking well to our hearts lest we should take credit to ourselves for any thing we are enabled to do which may appear commendable in the smallest degree. And as he noticed the very light manner in which too many persons of the present day write and converse upon the most solemn subjects, he seriously remarked, that even the most lively Christians, those whose hearts were really devoted to God, must be sensible of the dreadful disparity and disagreement which are frequently to be found between their words and their thoughts, their outward actions and their internal feelings. "Hence," said the good man, "there is not one commandment by which I feel myself more entirely condemned than the third: since scarcely an hour passes, and not one single occasion is set apart for devotion, in which I do not take the name of God in vain, and *that* in the most plain sense of the commandment. However," added he, cheerfully, "though condemned in every particular by the law, yet we are allowed to continue our journey through life under the influence of a sweet and encouraging assurance, that the price of our redemption has been fully paid by Him who could confidently say to his enemies, *Which of you convinceth me of sin?*"

Early the second day from their leaving L——, Anna arrived at her beloved home; where, being confirmed in her views of what she considered to be the true nature of religion by all that she had observed among the professing part of the inhabitants of L——, she immediately returned to her usual round of duties, and continues, we trust, to fulfil them, in the strength of Him who is our ever present helper in the time of need, with no greater mixture of human infirmity than is usually discoverable among sincere and upright Christians.

By our last account of Anna, we understand that she is become a wife and mother. But as her husband is a young man whom Mr. Williams employed to assist him when he perceived that his own strength was beginning to fail from his growing infirmities, she is not separated from her parents, and her venerable father has still the privilege of beholding the lovely effects of piety

as evidenced by his daughter through all the various duties of domestic life.

The lady of the manor having concluded her history of Anna, finished the evening with prayer.

“ O MOST holy Lord God, against whom we offend continually, and never more seriously than when we pollute thy worship by wandering and unholy thoughts, profaning thy holy word and glorious name by our heartless and formal usages; pardon, we beseech thee, our past offences of this nature, for His sake who shed his blood upon the cross for us miserable sinners. And through thine infinite mercy, and according to the purposes of thy redeeming love, pour out upon us the influences of thy Holy Spirit in such a measure, that the love of God may be so effectually shed abroad in our hearts, that our services may henceforward cease to be mere formal and hypocritical observances; and that, for the time to come, our delight may be only in thee, who art the fountain of all blessedness, and the giver of all good.

“ We are condemned, O Lord, by all and each of thy holy commandments, and our offences are without number and past all calculation. Our best duties, our religious observances, our penitence, and our prayers, stand in especial need of atonement. What, then, might be recorded against us with relation to our more careless hours! Nothing, then, remains for us but to take up the language of the prodigal and say—‘ Father, we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy children!’ Nevertheless we are not left without an encouraging hope: for though we have been led by the divine mercy to know and feel something of our utter depravity, yet we are favoured with an abiding confidence and growing assurance, that our salvation has been wrought out by one in whom is no sin, and whose merits, when laid in the balance, not only abundantly outweigh our offences, but render them, in comparison, even lighter than the dust of the balance.

“ Our trust, then, O God, is in thee, who hast made us truly willing to cast away the rags of our own righteousness. We confess, O Lord, that we are vile, exceeding vile; that we have worked out our own destruction;

and that we are utterly corrupt and abominable. But, we beseech thee, O Lord, remember thy words unto thy servants. Let Christ be formed in us the hope of glory; and may we at last be counted worthy, through him, to enter into that rest which has been prepared from the beginning of time for all those who have washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world."

CHAPTER XVI.

Fourth Commandment.—Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-Day. Six Days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh Day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no Manner of Work, thou, and thy Son, and thy Daughter, thy Man-Servant, and thy Maid-Servant, thy Cattle, and the Stranger that is within thy Gates. For in six Days the Lord made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh Day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh Day, and hallowed it.

WHEN the lady of the manor found herself once more surrounded by her dear young people, she looked smilingly around her, and said, “I am now about to carry you, my beloved young friends, into a new world; very earnestly desiring to excite in your minds that ambition, which, with the divine blessing, may raise you above the mean and contemptible distinctions of this present life.”

The lady then observing, that the fourth commandment was to supply the subject of their present day’s conversation, requested one of the young ladies to repeat it; which being done, she proceeded to the following purpose. —“I felt, my dear young people, that our last discourse detained us too long upon earthly ground, and gave us many distressing views of the folly of man. But it will not be the fault of our present subject, if we are not now raised, as it were, into the third heaven, and brought into the immediate presence of the Lamb of God, surrounded with that multitude of the redeemed, who, clothed with white robes, and having palms in their hands, continually cry, ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth!’”

The lady then proceeded to remark, that the Holy Scriptures contained a number of notices of events and successions of events, which were to take place in the course of time, though not without bearing some reference to the state of man in eternity. "Some of these notices," continued she, "are contained in the words of prophecy, and require no corresponding act on the part of man; while others are veiled under some peculiar ceremony or form, to be continually observed until the completion of the events of which they were the appointed forerunners; as, for example, the lamb slain at the passover foreshewed the death of Christ, and therefore the feast of the passover was commanded to be annually commemorated until the event of which it was the type should take place. In the same manner, the institution of the Sabbath is a type of certain events which will not be fully completed until the consummation of all things; though I consider, that the obligations of the old Sabbath are now wholly referred, and that, probably, by divine appointment, to the Lord's-day; which day must be no otherwise confounded with the Sabbath than thus far—that this day being also a type of rest, it is obligatory upon Christians to rest from their weekly labour upon the Lord's-day, in the same manner as the Israelites rested formerly on their Sabbath."

The lady of the manor was interrupted in this place by one of the young people, who observed, that she was somewhat surprised at the distinction which had just been pointed out between the old Sabbath and the Lord's-day, saying, that she had always considered these two days as the same with respect to the duties which they required, and the events of which they were the types.

"These days," replied the lady of the manor, "are both types or emblems of the rest of the people of God when delivered from the power of sin and death: and, as such, it is required of the children of the Holy One that they keep the second of these days in the same manner as the first was kept among the Israelites; that is, by resting from the labours of the ordinary days of the week, and devoting this rest to the service of God, as directed to do in the fourth commandment. But,

notwithstanding that I have granted all this, about which I believe all Christians are agreed, yet I am persuaded, from the tenor of Scripture, that the old Sabbath and the Lord's-day are types and symbols of different future events, and consequently are not to be counted as one and the same institution; but though similar in the obligations they hold out, yet varying in their nature, and not to be confounded when considered with a view to prophecy."

The young ladies acknowledged in this place that they did not comprehend what their excellent instructress was aiming at. On which she smiled, confessed that she had, perhaps, begun at the wrong end of her subject, and said, that she would endeavour to state her opinions in a plainer form. "You all understand, my dear children," said the lady of the manor, "the original institution of the Sabbath, as explained in the fourth commandment. 'In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested from his work which he had made: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.' In these seven days, we find, according to several of our pious commentators, the type or emblem of the duration of the present world, which, it is generally supposed, will continue seven thousand years: six thousand of these being decreed to be spent under the bondage of sin and Satan; and the last, under that more blessed order of things when Christ shall reign on the earth, and rest shall be given, not only to the people of God, but to the whole frame of nature. Hence we find in the seventh day not only a commemoration of the creation of the world, but a lively emblem, budding and blossoming as a rose in the wilderness, of the future kingdom of Christ on earth; in which idea I am confirmed by the Apostle, where he speaks of the Sabbath as a shadow of things to come. (Col. ii. 16, 17.) This emblem was frequently repeated to the Israelites under the Mosaic Law, by the observances which were enjoined those people on the seventh month of every year, and by the appointment of the sabbatical year at the expiration of seven years, during which period the land was to rest and remain without culture—*Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in*

the fruit thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord: thou shalt neither sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard. (Lev. xxv. 3, 4.)

“The institution of this sabbatical year,” continued the lady of the manor, “was particularly well calculated to enforce the acknowledgment of the sovereign authority of God over all natural causes, and not less so for the trial and exercise of the faith and obedience of his people. Nor is it to be doubted, had the Israelites in full faith and confidence in their heavenly Father duly observed the outward ordinances of the typical Sabbath, that some of the glories of the antitype which are to shoot forth their increasing lustre to the end of time might have been opened to their view: whereas we have reason to think, that the greater part of the Israelites saw only in the sabbatical ordinances a wearisome interruption of the more interesting pleasures and employments of common life. But they who look on the ancient rest of the seventh day with the eye of faith, and are enabled to compare Scripture with Scripture, find therein the shadows of wonderful mysteries, discovering things present and things to come in the emblems of things already past.

“They who comprehend the nature of prophetic language, are fully aware, that almost every prophecy, and every prophetic type, has various fulfilments: which several fulfilments are not unaptly compared to a seed sown in the ground, first breaking out through the sods, then shooting forth its branches, afterwards producing its leaves and blossoms; and, finally, bending down under the full weight of its fruit. There is scarcely a single type or figure used in the Old Testament, which, if properly understood, might not afford us examples of these various fulfilments: but perhaps there is no type more remarkable in this respect than that of the Sabbath. From the time of the first Sabbath in Paradise till that of Moses, there seems to have been no further explanation of this ordinance than what was delivered by the mouth of God to our first parents. The will of the Lord respecting the Sabbath was somewhat more fully opened to Moses in the wilderness, and the sabbatical year was then appointed. The duty of

keeping the appointed Sabbaths was afterwards confirmed by many of the prophets; and the Lord himself was pleased to manifest his high displeasure against those who publicly despised his Sabbaths, by sending them into captivity to Babylon, where they became servants to the king of Babylon and his sons—to fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years. (2 Chron. xxxvi. 21.)

“Thus, as time ran on, the Sabbath gained more importance, and the type gradually unfolded itself, till, at length, it received its first remarkable fulfilment in the rest of Christ in the grave, when the pains of death were past, and Satan had done his worst. For it was on the Sabbath-day on which the body of Christ reposed in the sepulchre, and, as the Apostle expresses it, *God did rest the seventh day from all his works.* (Heb. iv. 4.)

“Thus,” continued the lady of the manor, “the old Sabbath was fulfilled, in its literal and obvious signification, during the rest of our Lord in the grave; and, from that time, it ceased to be observed by his followers. Still, however, it remains to be fulfilled in its more recondite sense; and we may still further look for a more joyful, though not more glorious, fulfilment of this emblem.

“And now,” proceeded the lady of the manor, “it is necessary to observe, that the twenty-four hours which compose the Sabbath are divided into twelve of night, or the absence of the light and glory of day, and twelve in which the sun is present; nevertheless, all these are appointed and set by for rest. It is at twelve o’clock at midnight that the bridegroom is said to come. And when does the Saviour come to his saints, and invite them to enter into his rest, but at the moment of death? The spiritual Sabbath, then, begins with the believer at the instant of the separation of the soul from the body; and the night of the natural Sabbath becomes the type of that mysterious state of disunion from the body which precedes the morning of the first resurrection—a period beautifully described by Job, who, speaking of the grave, uses these expressions: *There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the pri-*

soners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. (Job iii. 17—19.) This is also the time described in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, of the tarrying of the bridegroom; that dark, silent, quiet period, which has exercised the curiosity of so many of the learned and wise of the earth, while the bodies of the saints are resting in sleep. But who shall describe the glories of that morning of the first resurrection depicted by the morning of the natural Sabbath, when Christ shall reign from sea to sea, and shall have dominion from the river even unto the ends of the earth?"

The lady of the manor then proceeded to enlarge considerably on the doctrine of the sabbatical millennium, or the reign of Christ upon earth, when Satan should be bound, and Christ should rule a thousand years. Not that she presumed to indicate the mode and manner of these things, but merely to express her belief, that the seventh day was the type of this period, and to shew the passages of Scripture descriptive of this happy state of things, when, as she expressed herself, the earth was to abound with every kind of temporal and spiritual blessings.

"The doctrine of the millennium is confirmed in the Revelation," continued the lady of the manor, "with many extraordinary particulars: among which, the most remarkable is, that of a first resurrection of the saints to take place before the reign of Christ." The lady then quoted the passage of Scripture which bore reference to this subject.—"*And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.*" (Rev. xx. 4—6.)

The lady then proceeded to quote a passage from Daniel on this subject.—“*And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.*” (Dan. ii. 44.) And having finished this reference, she went on to say, that the Scriptures abounded, from one end to the other, with predictions of the reign of Christ on earth; inasmuch that the moment the mind has received the doctrine of the millennial Sabbath, passages of Scripture without number, which before might have appeared dark and impenetrable as midnight, suddenly open to view, and present landscapes of such infinite glory and beauty as would dazzle the eyes of the believer, and overwhelm him with insufferable brightness, were they not still involved in somewhat of that mistiness with which distant objects must ever be obscured.

“And now, my dear young people,” added she, “having given you some little idea of my views of the old Sabbath, which I consider as a type of the rest of the people of God on earth, I will, if you please, explain to you my conceptions respecting the Lord’s-day, which might be said to have been first established when Christ had fulfilled the whole of the old Law, and, in fulfilling it, had, as it were, put an end to it: for that which is accomplished is finished, and remains no longer in force. Therefore, they who are willing to be saved by the second covenant, are freed from the obligations of the first; and though we may use the old moral law as a rule of life, being in itself perfectly wise and good, yet every believer must be aware that it is not by the law that he must either stand or fall. We, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that the old Sabbath is passed: for if this is not allowed, how do we excuse ourselves from not observing it? and yet, what Christian asserts, in these days, that such an observance is necessary? The old Sabbath is the seventh day, which answers to our Saturday, a day never regarded as holy by any Christian: whereas, the Lord’s-day is the first day of the week, or, rather, answers to that period when time, which has been calculated by days, weeks, months, and years, shall be at an end, and a new order of things shall begin.

“The only notice we find of that period when the last earthly Sabbath shall be no more, in the Old Testament, is the jubilee year, which was to take place every fifty years, that is, when seven times seven years were accomplished. This jubilee was to be ushered in with the sound of trumpets, and every man was then to return to his possessions. At this time, liberty was proclaimed through all the land, and every captive was to be released from bondage. This year of jubilee was, therefore, the type of that blessed day when Christ, having paid the ransom of his people, and enjoyed the rest of the Sabbath, should break the bonds of death, and burst the prison of the grave, being himself the firstfruits of the resurrection. And this day again becomes the emblem of that glory prepared for believers when the sabbatical rest of the millennium is over, and the final consummation of all things is at hand.

“We see, therefore,” continued the lady of the manor, “in the old Sabbath, the type of Christ’s rest in the grave, and the emblem of his kingdom on earth; while, in the Lord’s-day, we behold the memorial of our Redeemer’s victory over death, and receive the promises of future glory, when time shall be no more, and all that are in the grave shall be gathered each to his own people.

“The old Sabbath is, indeed, passed away; but the obligation of observing a rest remains to us, because the command has been renewed in various parts of the New Testament, which we may find, if we take the trouble of looking for the passages which refer to the Lord’s-day and the observances of the ancient Christians. And there is great reason to fear, that those who are incapable of enjoying the spiritual rest of the Lord’s-day on earth, may find themselves shut out from that which is above.

“But,” said the lady of the manor, “as I am prepared with a little manuscript very much to our present purpose, and as I well know your attachment to any thing in the form of narrative, I will not detain your attention any longer on these discussions, though I do not believe that you have found them dry, the subject being of such peculiar interest. But, as what I have said to-day may afford matter of study and meditation for years

to come, I am willing, instead of adding more at this time, to conclude the evening in a way which may afford your minds some little amusement, and at the same time shew you, by example, the fatal effects of a departure from the holy rest of the Lord's-day.

“The story I am about to read is not an English one: the scene of it is laid in France. The person who collected the materials is a Protestant, as will appear in many parts of the narrative, though one who seems better acquainted with French manners than with those of our country; and as the manuscript was originally written in French, it is possible that many Gallicisms may be found in this little piece which have escaped the eye of the translator. But, be this as it may, I shall present it to you in the very form in which it was delivered into my hands: and you may not, perhaps, like it the less for its not being so entirely homespun as the history of Anna and Miss Parker.”

The lady of the manor then read as follows.

La Guinguette.

There formerly resided, in the ancient city of Rouen, in Normandy, a certain merchant of the name of Gaspard de Foix. This man, though possessing small store of worldly goods, counted himself rich above all his neighbours in possessing a large Bible, which he had inherited from his ancestors.

This Bible had been printed in Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was a present from a merchant of that country, who traded in the mouth of the Seine, to Reginald de Foix, the great-grandfather of Gaspard. The sacred volume in question was bound in red morocco, and embossed with gold. But time had rendered the bright colour of the leather nearly black, and the gilding had lost all its splendour. The inner leaves of the book were also much worn, and, in one or two places, some pages were actually wanting. Notwithstanding these various imperfections, this sacred volume was, as I before said, deservedly esteemed above every other article in possession of the honest citizen of Rouen; and it is believed, that, for many years of his life, few days passed in

which he failed to retire to an apartment in the back of his house for the purpose of reading a portion of this holy book, or causing it to be read in his presence.

In consequence of the daily study of this sacred volume, the mind of Gaspard de Foix, through the divine blessing, became gradually enlightened on many subjects. But there was one point in particular that frequently occupied his thoughts, and occasionally excited in him a painful degree of solicitude—this was the manner in which the Lord's-day is kept in that country.

When we have been used to any mode of conduct, or to any peculiar habit or custom, from the days of childhood, and have never chanced to hear the propriety of such habit called in question, it is surprising how tardy we are, in after life, even with the most pure intentions, in detecting any impropriety in such mode of conduct or such custom.

It is said of the lower ranks in Normandy, by a celebrated modern writer, "The paisans (and we may add, the lower ranks of citizens) in Lower Normandy are to-day what they were in the time of William the Conqueror. Their manner of speaking, of lodging, and of clothing themselves, is nearly the same. Civilization has not made among them any sensible progress, and the simplicity of their manners is not less remarkable than their rusticity."

Such being the case, it is not to be wondered at if the mind of Gaspard de Foix opened slowly upon this subject, namely, the duties of the Sabbath, even after they had begun to form a part of his daily meditation; and indeed a considerable time had elapsed from his first suspicion that things were mismanaged in this country respecting the Sabbath, before he was brought to a right understanding on the subject.

The life of Gaspard de Foix had passed with as little change of place and circumstance as we can conceive possible in the case of an inhabitant of this earth, where every thing is liable to continual variation, and where the creature has no sooner arrived at perfection, than it hastens to decay.

Gaspard de Foix held the same magazine for stockings and hats which his father and his grandfather, and,

for aught I know, others of his ancestors, had held before him. The house which he occupied still stands in that street of the city which has a part of the cathedral and the palace of the Archeveque at one end, and the Vieux Marché at the other. It is built of beams of timber, the intervals of which are filled with a composition made of mud. The timber was formerly painted black, and the plaster once could have boasted a coat of white: but the white has long since been worn away by rain and other accidents, reducing the plaster to its original colour, which forms no agreeable contrast with the dingy aspect of the weatherbeaten timbers.

This house, with many others in its neighbourhood, is many stories high, each story projecting, like inverted steps, one above another. It has also a high roof covered with dark tiles, in which are two rows of windows without glass or shutter, and exposing through each gloomy aperture the blackened beams which uphold the venerable roof. Thus the whole fabric exhibits a picture of as extreme antiquity, though of infinitely less beauty, as the towers of the cathedral itself, or the Gothic gateway of the halle.

The furniture of Gaspard's house was the same as his forefathers had used for some generations. Behind the shop was a large but dark chamber, which at once served as sitting-room, kitchen, and sleeping-apartment. This room was paved with coarse red tiles of an octagonal form; the walls were adorned with bright brass vessels, plates and dishes of ordinary delf, and other articles for culinary purposes; while in a recess, at the further end of the room, stood two beds, inclosed with curtains of Gobelin tapestry of very ancient fabric.

The shop itself boasted of as few attractions to the eye as the inner apartments: it was dark and gloomy, the paint having been worn away, through the lapse of time, from the counter and shutters, and the fair light of heaven being intercepted by the lofty houses on the opposite side of the narrow street. Nevertheless, the figure of Jean d'Arc, encompassed in a burning-stake, fixed over the door in glowing colours upon canvas, attracted the eye of every passenger, and not unfrequently succeeded in drawing those to the shop who might otherwise have passed it without notice.

In this place, being such as I have described it, Gaspard de Foix first saw the day; in a small school in the neighbouring street he received his education; and here his youth passed in preparations for carrying on the same occupation which had employed his forefathers, perhaps, for many generations. The only means therefore which he had of acquiring new ideas was the study of that sacred volume, which lay concealed in his house, and which he considered as a treasure at once more precious and inexhaustible than the far-famed magazine of riches possessed by the young man of Balsora.

I have mentioned above, that, through the medium of this inestimable volume transmitted to him by his ancestors, Gaspard de Foix began gradually to acquire new ideas, and I have also intimated, that the subject of the Lord's-day, and the manner in which it was kept by his country people, had especially exercised his thoughts for a long time, before he could satisfactorily make up his mind upon the nature and duties of that holy day.

Gaspard de Foix remembered that his father and grandfather used to keep their shop open upon the holy day appointed for rest, and he had often heard them declare, that this was the day, of all the seven, which brought most customers to their shop; inasmuch as the country people crowded into town on that day, and they who passed from the cathedral to the quay and the boulevards, generally stopped to make their bargains for the week. Since he had become master of the shop, he had, however, thought it right to close his shutters in part on this day; taking care nevertheless to leave his doors and windows so far open as to allow free access to such of his customers as found it most convenient to make their purchases on a Sunday. Thus, even after Gaspard de Foix became somewhat troubled about the duties of Sunday, he contrived to quiet his conscience with this partial respect to the day, without running the risk of injuring his worldly concerns.

We shall have occasion to shew whether he found this partial respect for the Lord's-day sufficient, when, through the divine blessing upon the study of the Scriptures, his views became more clear and consistent upon this point.

This good citizen remembered the days of his infancy,

when he had been carried by his nurse and his parents into those scenes of gaiety which recur every Sunday in that country, when, after having heard mass in the cathedral, and received the sprinkling of the holy water, he had been thence conveyed through the crowded streets to the quay, to the boulevards, or on the Champs de Mars, to partake of the cakes and *bon-bon* which are there displayed for sale, and to mix with the groups of little children who amused themselves in those places, while those who had the care of them pursued their own pleasures in a way more consistent with the feelings of unconverted nature at a maturer age. He also recollected the days of youth, when the *Guinguette* on the Sabbath evening afforded him pleasures of a more poignant and dangerous nature than the Sunday sports of his childhood; and the periods in which he joined the quadrille on the evening of every Sabbath during the fine days of spring, summer, and autumn, under the shade of the linden and the elm, were still fresh in his memory. Neither had the danger and impropriety of this national mode of spending the Lord's-day occurred to his mind, till, by frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures, he was brought to form a just idea of the nature of this holy day, and the reason why it was given to man; whence he was led to this conclusion—that the adopted mode of devoting this day to worldly pleasure was a means too successfully chosen by Satan to deprive mankind of the blessings of the day appointed for a holy rest.

This honest citizen had passed the fiftieth year of his age, when, through the divine blessing, he was enabled to collect and set in order his opinions on this important subject, as well as on others connected with it, on a sheet of paper, which was found, after his death, among the leaves of his Bible, and which I shall transcribe at full length in this place, as an evidence of the happy effects which are sometimes produced by the simple teaching of the Holy Spirit.

“The word Sabbath I understand to signify, in the original language, rest. The first mention which is made of the Sabbath in Scripture is in the sect 1 chapter of the Book of Genesis—*And on the seventh day God ended*

his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made. (Gen. ii. 2, 3.) The Sabbath was appointed before man had sinned, while yet he dwelt in Paradise, in that state of glorious perfection in which he came out of the hand of his Creator, ere yet he had fallen from his allegiance to his heavenly King, or had been tempted to disobedience through the malice of Satan. It was, therefore, one of the chief blessings bestowed by the Almighty Father on his lovely and unoffending children: and hence we may infer its pure and sacred nature; since the Lord could assuredly bestow no other than blessings on his sinless creatures.

“But who can form an idea how this blessed gift was employed in Paradise! It was on the morning of the first Sabbath that the sun arose in the view of man for the first time; and can we doubt how our first father employed his new faculties, when, awaking on that day, he found himself surrounded with all the glories of creation? Praise—the praises of his Father, his God, his divine Creator—assuredly occupied his whole soul, and he unquestionably exercised his appropriate faculty of speech in making the hills and groves of Eden to resound with these praises.

“The first Sabbath was without sin, and hence afforded a type, no doubt well understood by Adam, of the glories of the latter days, when even the bloom and freshness of Paradise will be forgotten, and its brightness eclipsed by the dazzling splendour of the kingdom of Zion. But man is now no longer sinless: he is fallen; he is ruined; he has forfeited for ever the favour of his God; he is banished from Eden, at whose gates cherubim and a flaming sword are placed to prevent his return; nevertheless, a day of rest is still continued to him.

“The command to keep holy the Sabbath-day was renewed to man at Mount Sinai, and these words were delivered from the mountain while it burned with fire.— ‘Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son,

and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.'

“We have, in the Prophet Isaiah, many passages enforcing the duties of the Sabbath, of which the following may serve as a specimen—*Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.* (Isaiah lvi. 2.) *If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a Delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.* (Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.)

“In the Prophet Ezekiel also we find these remarkable words relative to the Sabbath—*Moreover also, I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them.* (Ezek. xx. 12.)

“For what purpose, then, are these Sabbaths, these tokens of love, given to the sinner—to the enemy of God—to him who has rebelled against his Maker? How are we to understand this? how are we to receive this sign, but as a token that the enmity between God and man is done away, and that a signal of peace is now held out to the sinner?

“But by whom was this peace made? Not by man; for he was incapable of effecting a reconciliation between himself and his offended Maker; but by the Lord Jehovah himself, who, foreseeing the ruin of man before the foundation of the world, formed a plan for his salvation, whereby millions and tens of millions of the fallen sons of Adam will be rescued from destruction, and be rendered everlastingly happy. Such is the blessed company thus described by St. John: *These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God*

and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of God. (Rev. xiv. 4, 5.)

“From Holy Scripture I further understand, that in the Lord Jehovah, the blessed and only Lord God, there are three Persons, to wit, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and I believe that these three Persons are all jointly and separately engaged, in an equal degree, in the one great work of man’s salvation—God the Father having given his only Son to die for sinners; God the Son having fulfilled his Father’s will, and finished his work upon the accursed tree; and God the Holy Spirit fulfilling his part by convincing man of unbelief, leading him to Christ, creating in him a new nature, and gradually rendering him meet for that glory which is prepared for him in heaven.

“I also have been led, not only from Scripture, but from observation, to believe, that, although the Holy Spirit has, in times back, effected the conversion of sinners in a miraculous and extraordinary manner, yet that, independent of that secret influence which he exercises over the heart, and of which no man can give account, he now generally works by visible means; among which the rest and leisure of the Sabbath and of the Lord’s-day are probably to be counted not as the least considerable.

“But do we not, in this nation, deprive ourselves, as well as our friends and neighbours, of the blessings which this day might bring us, if we obeyed that simple injunction of the Lord Jehovah—‘Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy?’ And what are we to understand by this injunction? What is holiness? Is holiness consistent with the manner in which we spend our days of rest in this kingdom? Are these days devoted by us to the Lord?—or do we not rather employ them entirely for our own pleasure and amusement? Is there any thing like the stamp of holiness on those hours which we employ in buying and selling, in making our bargains, in parading our public walks, in regaling ourselves at our restaurateurs and in our *caffes*, or in passing our time in the song, in the dance, and at the theatre? Is there any thing in this mode of passing the time which marks a holy people, a people set apart for the service of God?

or, rather, are not our pleasures and pastimes, and our various occupations of the Sabbath-day, such as every infidel would partake of with the highest satisfaction?

“Let the Christian, then, resolutely set himself against the observation of those customs by which he is deprived of the blessings of that holy day of the Lord, the due observance of which, under the divine blessing, would be sufficient to effect the conversion of the whole human race, and cause the earth to bloom again as one universal and fragrant Eden.”

Such were the sentiments found written on the paper above mentioned, in the hand of this worthy citizen. And if any of the readers of this narrative should express surprise at some of the sentiments as coming from the pen of a humble citizen of Rouen, I beg leave to make this remark -- that this man had for many years past been led to the contemplation and study of heavenly subjects; and how far the study of these things, under the divine blessing, is calculated to purify and ennoble the mind of the poorest and most ignoble of men, it is hard, if not impossible, to decide.

The above-mentioned reflections were penned, as I before said, about the time when this honest citizen attained his fiftieth year; at which period he came to the resolution of regulating his family upon the Lord's-day according to more strict maxims than he had before seen necessary. Having opened his mind on these matters to his wife and children, he gave orders, that, the next Saturday evening, the doors of his shop should be shut, and not opened again till the Monday morning; at the same time requiring his family to keep in the back of the house, to prevent arguments with the neighbours.

It was the day of the Fête de St. Catharine, a season of great festivity in Rouen, when the good citizen first made this attempt to exclude buying and selling from his house on the Sunday; and every thing passed very quietly till about eight o'clock in the day, when the streets began to fill with the country people from their villages, and the citizens and other persons passing to and from the halle and the great church. Some of these persons, as they passed, remarked the closed shutters,

and said to the neighbours and those who occupied the opposite shop, "The good man Gaspard and his family are enjoying a long repose this morning."

"O, let them alone," the neighbours replied, "they will open the shutters presently; they are not aware of the time of day."

Thus things passed, till a sturdy peasant, who came from the Isle of Elbeuf, and who wanted to bargain with the merchant for a red woollen cap, to serve him instead of a hat, came up to the door, just as the bell of the cathedral was calling the people to the second mass; and, having knocked for some time in vain, he called aloud to the neighbours, to tell him if Gaspard de Foix and his family were all dead and buried together.

The curiosity of the neighbours was now so much awakened, that many of them left their shops, and, coming round the door, began to knock and call with so much vehemence, that the family within became alarmed; upon which the good merchant, in order to prevent mischief, appeared himself in an upper window, and calmly asked the multitude what they wanted?

"What! ho, neighbour, you are alive!" said one of the foremost of the throng, upon seeing the good merchant at the window.

"Yes," replied the merchant, "alive, and in good health, and much obliged to you, my friends, for your anxiety on my account."

"Madame, then, is dead, I suppose?" replied the same voice.

"No," answered the merchant; "she is in perfect health, I am thankful to say."

"You have, then, lost a son or a daughter?" asked the same person, who had undertaken the office of spokesman for the crowd.

"No," returned Gaspard; "they are all quite well, and much obliged to you for your kind enquiries."

"Such being the case," returned the speaker, "come down, and open your door to the good man Nicolet, who wants a red woollen cap, and who says that his wife has laid her injunctions upon him to purchase it in no other shop but at the sign of Jean d'Arc."

"Ah, my friend Nicolet," said the merchant, still speaking from above, "are you there, and in want of a

cap? Come to-morrow, and I will shew you some of the best in Rouen. Your wife shall not repent of the preference she gives to the pucelle d'Orleans."

"Very good," said the peasant: "and so I am to return to my cabin, at I know not how many leagues distance, and give myself the trouble of walking over here to-morrow, because you do not choose to unbar your doors?"

"But, perhaps," said the first speaker, "our neighbour here would rather wish us to save him that trouble. It will be no difficult matter, my friends," he added, turning to the multitude, "to give the good man Nicolet here full access to the shop. I warrant these bars and shutters are not so powerful, but that they might be easily broken." And so saying, he struck the door with a short stick he held in his hand with such force as sounded through the whole house, and even up into the dark and deserted apartments before spoken of in the high roof.

The multitude shouted, but the action was not followed up; for it being the early part of the day, when persons are, generally speaking, sober and cool, no one seemed inclined to begin a disturbance from which neither pleasure nor profit was like to accrue.

Gaspard de Foix, in the mean time, stood considering what was proper to be done; and being persuaded that the plainest and simplest mode of conduct was always the best, he waited till the shout of the multitude had ceased, and a comparative stillness had succeeded; when he calmly, but shortly, stated to the people his resolution of keeping his doors shut on the seventh day, in order that he and his family might devote the hours thus obtained from business to the purposes of religion.

After ceasing to speak, Gaspard doubted for a moment what effect this declaration would have upon the people. But he was considerably relieved on finding that the worst he had to fear was ridicule, and *that* only from some of the most evil-disposed among the crowd, who, after amusing themselves a while with his overstrained sanctity, and predicting that it would not long be necessary for him to shut his door against customers either on the seventh or any other day of the week, walked off, and dispersed themselves into whatever

quarter their pleasure or business invited them, leaving Gaspard and his family full of gratitude for the easy manner in which this commotion had subsided.

From that period, the honest merchant and his family enjoyed their Sabbath-days without interruption, and were thence enabled to obtain such a knowledge of Scripture as was entirely impossible while every day of the week was devoted to secular business.

The family of Gaspard de Foix consisted of a son by a former wife, and two daughters by his present wife. These daughters were considerably younger than their brother, and possessed a larger share of beauty than commonly falls to the lot of young persons bred up in humble and ordinary life. Rosalie, the eldest, was tall and graceful, uniting in her carriage much simplicity and dignity, which, no doubt, proceeded from a mind under the influence of grace; for the religious instruction of this young woman had been much attended to by her father, and the blessing of Heaven had been vouchsafed upon the pious instructions of this worthy parent. Annette, the younger daughter of Gaspard de Foix, was not less pleasing in her external appearance than her sister, but her mind was of a more ordinary cast; neither had she ever discovered that interest in heavenly things which was so remarkable in the character of Rosalie. She had, however, been brought up in habits of modesty and submission to her parents; and the retirement in which these young people were made to pass the Lord's-day tended not a little to the preservation of these habits.

When Gaspard de Foix shut his doors on the seventh day, he had made up his mind to lose a considerable part of his custom, and, for a short time, it appeared that this would actually be the case; but, after a while, those customers who at first forsook the shop, returned to it again: so that at the end of the year, when the good merchant made up his accounts, he found very little difference in his gains during the present and last twelve months.

This was an occasion on which Gaspard de Foix failed not to expatiate in the fulness of his heart, while he pointed out to his family the profitableness of a godly conduct: neither did he omit to give glory to God, from whom he had received power to resist the corrupt habits

which so generally prevailed in his country. For it was not only in the single act of shutting up his shop that Gaspard de Foix evidenced his resolution to keep holy the Sabbath-day; but he totally restrained his family from joining the public amusements of the Sabbath, solemnly insisting that so sacred a day should be wholly devoted to the service of God and the study of his holy word.

In bringing this to pass, the good merchant had little trouble with his wife and eldest daughter, who were internally convinced that his views of the Sabbath were in full accordance with the Scriptures: neither did his son or younger daughter openly oppose him, although they felt not the necessity of a degree of strictness so utterly contrary to the general habits of the country.

Gaspard de Foix had persisted in the mode of life above described for more than two years, when he was suddenly called from that state of imperfect rest which he had endeavoured to obtain for himself and his family on earth, into that state of eternal repose, which knows no disturbance, and which is prepared for the whole company of the redeemed in the presence of their glorified Saviour.

The illness of this holy man was short; notwithstanding which, sufficient time was allowed him to make such a profession of his faith, and to give such an account of the foundation of his hopes, as not a little tended to edify and strengthen some of those who had the privilege of hearing him on that occasion.

This excellent man thus stated his case to his family.

“I am,” said he, “on the point of resigning this frail body, and of bidding an eternal farewell to all that I count dear on earth. I know that I must presently experience the pains of death, and enter upon a new and untried state of being. But, praised be the Almighty, although under circumstances of a nature so trying to flesh and blood, I am without fear—*For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.* (Job xix. 25—27.) I know that my salvation was appointed by God the Father

before the foundation of the world; and that my ransom was paid by God the Son upon the cross, ere yet I had entered into existence; and I also know, that the third Person of the glorious Trinity has not ceased, from the moment of my birth, to exert his all-prevailing influence in rendering me an object worthy of the everlasting blessings prepared for me. And although, through the power of my inbred corruptions, the glorious effect of his internal operations in me does not yet wholly appear, nevertheless, I am convinced that He who began this work will complete it, and that I shall be rendered for ever blessed."

The merchant then remarked how greatly he had been favoured above his neighbours in possessing a copy of the Holy Scriptures; and he failed not also to point out the innumerable advantages which had accrued to him from a reverent observance of the Lord's-day; concluding with an earnest entreaty to his family, to live, after his departure, according to the same holy regulations.

"I have often," said the dying man, "made this reflection on the Sabbath—that such is the wisdom of this ordinance, by which one day out of seven is set apart as an interval of rest, that, if it were properly attended to, nothing further would be wanting, under the divine blessing, to bring about the civilization of the whole human race. For, let us enquire, what are the privileges of this day? Does not the Sabbath withdraw us from the constantly recurring cares and concerns of this vain world, and furnish an opportunity to every individual for acquiring the knowledge of God, and for securing the welfare of his immortal soul? It is the Sabbath which places the poor labourer and handicraftsman on a par with his master, and gives him leisure for the acquirement of knowledge of the noblest sort, as well as for the cultivation of those faculties which he possesses in common with the most exalted individuals of his race.

"In the Sabbath also," continued Gaspard de Foix, "the faithful follower of Christ sees the earnest and type not only of heavenly blessedness, but of that glorious kingdom of Christ upon earth which is referred to in numerous passages both of the Old and New Tes-

tament; when *the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it; (Isaiah ii. 2.)*—when *their swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; (Isaiah ii. 4.)*—and when *the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. (Isaiah xi. 9.)* For the time will come, my beloved children, yes, the time will come, I am persuaded," added the dying man, lifting himself up in his bed, "I see it, but not near, I behold it, though not present, when the earth will enjoy one universal Sabbath; when every hill and every valley will resound with the praises of the Lord; when *the Spirit shall be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest.*" (Isaiah xxxii. 15.)

In this manner did the old man express himself while stretched on his death-bed; and at such periods as these he appeared to be so full of joy and hope, that those who looked upon him considered him rather as an object of envy than of commiseration. At length, however, he expired, and was followed to his peaceful grave by his sorrowful family.

When the last testament of the deceased merchant was opened, it was found that he had left his house and property in Rouen to his son; and a little estate which he possessed at Tostes (a small village about six leagues and a half from Rouen) to his wife and daughters.

As the wife of Gaspard de Foix was a native of that beautiful village, she was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, by which a very equitable division of her husband's property had been made: so within a month of her husband's decease she was prepared to remove, with her two daughters, to her little estate.

It was a beautiful autumnal evening when Madame de Foix, her blooming daughters, and a little peasant girl whom they employed as a servant, arrived at the simple dwelling in which the old lady expected to finish her days, and which her step-son had taken care to supply with suitable furniture before the arrival of his mother and sisters.

Tostes is a beautiful little village; for it cannot be called a market-town, although it has a market-house and spacious hall, where a fair is held. It also boasts of a well-built chateau surrounded by avenues of lofty trees, a superior inn, and a neat church. Behind the market-place is a grove, in which the peasants frequently assemble to dance, the approach to which from the highroad is under the pillars which support the building; and beyond this grove the country assumes a more wild and picturesque form than in those parts near the highroad. Here are deep lanes shaded with high trees. These lanes, in summer, are hardly passable to a delicate foot, and are, in winter, utterly impracticable, since they then serve as channels to watercourses. Little cottages, covered with thatch, and half embosomed in trees, are scattered, in different directions, among the fields adjoining these lanes; and, in summer, an infinite variety of beautiful wild flowers meet the eye on every side; while the branches of the trees are, at the same season, filled with a number of such birds as love cool and solitary places, rendering those retreats still more inviting by their soft and harmonious songs.

The little cottage left by the honest Gaspard de Foix to his widow and daughters, was situated in a field at the extremity of a short path which led from the more busy part of the village. The field which afforded the site of this cottage was at once so shady and fragrant, that a sweeter retirement can scarcely be imagined. The cottage itself was encircled by a small garden abounding with rose bushes, the late occupant having been accustomed to make part of her rent by preparing rose-water, which she sent annually to a certain perfumer in Rouen. It was built, as most of the cottages are in Normandy, of timber and thatch, and could boast of four apartments; the chief of which was a hall, paved with glazed red tiles, and hung with an imitation of the tapestry of Gobelin, painted in oil colours. It could boast also of certain pieces of furniture, counted rather costly in that place: namely, a table of acajon surmounted by a slab of grey marble, a looking-glass in a gilt frame, and an ornamented time-piece, which stood upon the mantle-shelf. And although the rest of the

furniture of this room was of a more common kind, yet the few sumptuous pieces I have already described were considered sufficient to mark the whole apartment as belonging to the habitation of no ordinary persons.

In this agreeable abode the widow and her daughters soon found themselves comfortably settled; while the Bible which the old lady had brought with her from Rouen, and which had been delivered into her hands by her dying husband, furnished Madame de Foix with so many rich sources of consolation, that her grief shortly assumed the softest and most tender character.

It was late in autumn when this family took possession of their cottage; and, during the winter, which proved severe, they spent their time in great privacy, being occupied in making such arrangements as might render their habitation more to their liking.

At length, the frozen chains in which nature had been bound during the wanderings of the sun in our southern hemisphere began to dissolve, and she prepared again to display those innumerable charms with which she takes delight to adorn the haunts of the peasant. The daughters of Madame de Foix had never enjoyed an opportunity of observing the gradual advancement of the spring amidst any thing like natural scenes; they were, therefore, infinitely interested in the opening of every bud and the bursting forth of every leaf. The early note of the cuckoo filled them with extacy; and it was an event of importance to them when they discovered the first lamb of the season following its parent with trembling and uncertain steps.

In the mean time, as the spring advanced, those pleasures which are so eagerly pursued in the open air by the peasantry of both sexes in this country began again to make their appearance. It was the earliest Sunday in April, a cloudless and beautiful afternoon, when the peasants first repaired to the *Guinguette*, or public place from whence refreshments were distributed to the persons who collected themselves to dance in the open air, which, as I before remarked, was in a grove behind the market-house. The cottage of Madame de Foix was not so remote from this place, but that the sound of the violin and the jocund voices of the young peasantry could be heard, sometimes more plainly, and at other times

more indistinctly, at the bottom of the garden, as the breeze wafted the sound to and from that quarter. "What is that sound?" said Annette, the younger daughter of Madame de Foix, who was sitting with her sister on a bench in a lower part of the garden.

"It is the sound of the villagers in the *Guinguette*," said Rosalie.

"And they are dancing!" said Annette, with a deep sigh.

"Undoubtedly," replied Rosalie. "Why do you express surprise? Is it not the common custom of the country to repair to the *Guinguette* on a Sunday evening?"

"Yes," answered Annette, "I know it is the custom, and I cannot see the harm of it."

Rosalie turned her eyes upon her sister with an expression of astonishment, and said, "Annette, have you forgotten our father, and the constant tendency of his instructions?"

"No," said Annette: "I doubt not but that my father's memory is as dear to me as it is to you. Nevertheless I know that his ideas were singular and overstrict, and that no one agreed with him in his religious opinions, which were those of an old man, and one soured by the world."

"O, Annette! Annette!" returned Rosalie, "what man was less sour than our father? Whom have we ever known, whose cheerfulness, like his, knew no change; who smiled even on his death-bed, and on whose countenance rested the sweetest appearance of peace even in his coffin. It was my father, Annette, it was my father, who, of all the men I have ever known, alone understood the true nature of divine rest. He sought it faithfully on the Lord's-day, and it was added to him on every other day of the week; he sought it in life, and it was added to him in death."

As she uttered these words, Rosalie had risen, and stood opposite to her sister; while the glow of her feelings gave a corresponding flush to her charming countenance, which at that moment displayed all that can well be conceived of the beauty of holiness adding its incomparable finish to the charms of youth. She ceased to speak, and, lifting her eyes up, being attract-

ed by some sound without the little edge which surrounded the garden, she perceived Florimond approaching, a young farmer with whom she had become slightly acquainted passing and repassing with her mother to and from the halle.

This young man might best be described in the words of Thomson, the elegant poet of our neighbouring country.

—————The pride of swains
 He was,—the generous and the rich;—
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.”

Florimond possessed a large farm-house, and many fertile fields, in a remote part of the parish. He had neither parent, brother, nor sister living, and those families in the neighbourhood who had daughters to dispose of were looking with some anxiety for the moment when he should make the choice of his companion for life.

Such was the young man who stood before Rosalie, and thus addressed her:—“The evening is delightful, and our friends are assembled beneath the shade. May I not request the charming daughter of Madame de Foix to accompany me to the *Guinguette*? I have long earnestly sought such an occasion as this evening presents; and I should consider myself as being supremely happy, if she would accept my hand in the dance.”

Rosalie coloured, and modestly signified, that it was impossible for her to grant his request.

He expressed some surprise, asked if her mother were ill so as to require her presence at home, and continued to press his suit with so much vehemence, that she was, at length, compelled, though with some reluctance, to confess that her religious principles did not permit her to join the dance of the villagers on the Sunday.

The young man started at this declaration, and asked her wherein her religion differed from that of her country people?

She answered by simply stating the facts which we have before related respecting her father, together with

the views which he had acquired from Scripture concerning the nature of the Lord's-day and the duties which it required.

Notwithstanding the beautiful simplicity and clearness with which the amiable Rosalie told her story, it was evident that she failed to obtain the concurrence of the young man at that time. Indeed, it was not a favourable moment, humanly speaking, to produce convictions of a serious nature, when the heart was decidedly engaged in the pursuit of pleasure. He heard her out with restrained impatience; and then, with a look which signified, "What a pity it is that such notions should have entered the head of so lovely a young person!" he wished her a good evening, and walked off, in a manner which sufficiently indicated his disappointment.

We know not what passed in the mind of Rosalie on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that a deep blush spread itself over her cheek, and a tear started in her eye, when Florimond turned from her with some appearance of disdain; and that such was the abstraction of her mind for some seconds, that she stood immoveably fixed to the spot till the intervening branches of a neighbouring thicket concealed the young farmer from her view. But as she never afterwards adverted to the circumstance, and as she recovered her self-possession in a very short space, so as to enter with her usual animation into the religious services of the evening with her mother and the rest of their little family, we may suppose that the struggle she passed through was short, and that she was enabled to obtain a speedy victory over her feelings, through the power of Him who makes his people more than conquerors of that evil nature by which the children of this world are held in perpetual bondage.

It was at a late hour on this very afternoon, and at the moment when some of those who had been amusing themselves at the *Guinguette* were passing by the cottage of Madame de Foix to return to their homes in distant parts of the parish, that this pious widow entered into a discourse, the subject of which was perhaps suggested by this very circumstance. She spoke of the life of faith, comparing it with that of sense; and, on

this occasion, she quoted several passages from the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.—*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report.—Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance:—they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in mountains, and dens, and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy.)* (Heb. xi. 1, 2, 33—35, 37, 38.)

She hence took occasion to remind her daughters, that the children of God are in all ages required to prove their faith, and to give evidence of their divine adoption, by rejecting those pleasures of the world and sense which in any way interfere with their heavenly calling. She also endeavoured to make them understand, that the enjoyments provided for the children of the Holy One, even in this world, are entirely of a different nature from those which are sought after by the unregenerate, of a nature infinitely more refined and lasting, and such as the world cannot deprive them of. “Let us call to mind, my children,” she said, “the evidences of internal peace which your dying father exhibited. Let us remember the many occasions on which, though racked with sore disease, he lifted up his eyes and hands towards heaven, praising God for the happiness he was permitted to enjoy; a happiness, he said, which passed all understanding, and which was bestowed upon him through the free and unmerited favour of his heavenly Father, with no reference whatever to any works or deservings of his own. And O may you, my dear daughters,” added the pious widow, “be brought to esteem this peace, this rest of the soul, above all the imaginary pleasures of this world! Of this peace, my dear children, the holy day of the Christians is an expressive emblem; and in a due observance of this holy day, many who are now in glory, enjoyed, even here

upon earth, the foretaste and earnest of their heavenly rest. O, my children, may the Almighty give you grace to withstand the numerous temptations with which this country abounds, and preserve you especially from polluting the Lord's-day by entering into those dissipations which custom allows here on this day! Be assured too that the time will come, even in this our native land, when these customs shall no longer prevail in it; when our people will look upon them as the residue of heathen profligacy, and when the sound of praise—praise of our heavenly Father—praise of our crucified Saviour—praise of the Spirit which regenerates and sanctifies the sinner—will arise from every lawn and every forest, and when, throughout the day of holy rest, the harsh gratings of the violin, and the voice of profane merriment, will give place to holy hymns and songs of never-ending gratitude. O, France, O, my beloved country," added the pious mother, "how infinitely sweet it is to feel the assurance, that thou art included in the promises given to the whole world! Vain and full of levity and infidelity as thou now art, the time will assuredly come, when *all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children; (Isaiah liv. 13.) when violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders: but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.*" (Isaiah lx. 18.)

In this manner the pious mother conversed until the evening was far advanced, and till neither voice nor step was heard of the returning crowd from the scene of their sports. A deep and soothing stillness had succeeded to less holy sounds; and, no doubt, the cheering prospects thus renewed in the mind of Rosalie tended, with the divine blessing, in no small degree, to confirm that peace which the incidents of the evening might otherwise have disturbed.

In the mean time, many Lord's-days passed away, while the absence of the two pretty daughters of Madame de Foix from the *Guinguette* afforded subject of discourse among the peasants, many of whom were offended; and as they could not understand the real motives of the mother in thus keeping her children at home, they began to attribute her conduct to pride, and would

have it that she did not consider their society sufficiently honourable for them.

At length, Monique Andelly, the widow of a carpenter who formerly resided in the village, an old woman, and a notable gossip and busy-body, took upon her to remonstrate against the conduct of Madame de Foix in this particular; and for this purpose she improved a slight acquaintance she had already made with her when passing by her door to market, as her cottage lay in the same direction of the country. She accordingly called upon her, and, being invited to sit down, began, with the freedom and ease possessed by persons of all ranks in this country, to call her to account for the retirement in which she kept her young people; adding, that if she were blessed with two such daughters, she should undoubtedly pursue a very different line of conduct with regard to them.

“I do not doubt the truth of your assertion, my good neighbour Monique,” replied the widow of the merchant.

“Then why,” returned the gossip, “why are you so unreasonable as to confine these young creatures with a rigour which would scarcely be exercised in the strictest convent? Is not youth the period of pleasure? and what pleasure do we poor country people enjoy equal to our dance on a Sunday evening, under the shade of our woods and forest? Can any thing be more harmless than our meetings in the open air? Are we not all, though simply clad, clean in our persons, and polite in our manners? and can any thing be more pleasing in the sight of God, or of the Holy Virgin and saints, than the simple pleasures of the poor? Let me tell you, Madame de Foix, that we are all hurt at your absenting yourself and your daughters from our *fêtes*, and that we cannot but take it as an offence from one whose pretensions are so well understood among us. For what,” continued she, “what was your husband and the father of your children, what was the good man Gaspard, but a merchant of hats and stockings? and, were he now here to speak, I doubt not but he would tell us that he considered himself no better than the farmers and decent peasantry of this village.”

“Neighbour,” replied Madame de Foix, “you utterly

mistake me, if you think that I look down upon the humblest cottager in Tostes."

"Well then," said Monique, "if you think us all decent and honourable, wherefore should you refuse to let your daughters partake of the amusements of our Sunday evenings?"

Madame de Foix being thus pressed, thought it right to explain the real motives of her conduct, which she accordingly endeavoured to do in as simple and plain a manner as possible. Notwithstanding which, her busy neighbour did not seem to comprehend any part of her reasonings; but availed herself of the first pause in the widow's discourse to exclaim, "Apparently, you are a heretic."

"No," replied Madame de Foix, "I am no heretic. I take my religion from Scripture itself; how then can I be a heretic?"

"But have you consulted the Curé upon this subject?" said Monique.

"I am well assured," replied the widow, "that there is not a priest in France who would not agree with me in my views of keeping the Sabbath; although our spiritual rulers perhaps think it would at present be a vain thing to attempt the enforcement of a duty, against which the larger part of the people would assuredly set themselves in opposition."

"Excellent!" said Monique: "and so you are attempting to bring about a reformation in the manners of the people, which you confess that the whole body of the priests, and, for aught I know, his Holiness himself, would not presume to attempt!"

So saying, the notable dame took her leave, and returned to her house, resolved in her own mind to bring down the supposed pride of her neighbour, if she could by any means devise a method for so doing.

Monique had an only son, a private soldier belonging to a regiment at that time quartered at Hesdin, a small town in Artois, and it was shortly after the above-mentioned conversation with Madame de Foix, that this young man having obtained leave of absence, unexpectedly appeared, one afternoon, before the door of his mother's house.

Victor Andelly was a lively and smart youth, and

possessed that gentility of appearance which is not unfrequently seen among the private soldiers of the French nation; a gentility which, however, consisting entirely in a certain air and manner, and having nothing to do with the mind, will not bear the test of familiar intercourse. Nevertheless this young man had enough of smartness to render him an object of some consideration among the young peasantry of Tostes; and he was particularly admired for the agility with which he moved through the mazes of the quadrille.

It had occurred to Monique, that, as the daughters of Madame de Foix would inherit what she considered a considerable property at the death of their mother, and as they were pretty and genteel, her son could not do better than to seek one of them as a wife.

In compliance with this notion, Monique spoke much in favour of Rosalie and her sister before her son; neither did she find him averse to enter into her scheme, for the young man had heard of their beauty, and was exceedingly impatient to become acquainted with them. One difficulty, however, presented itself, which was that the retirement in which these young people lived was so extreme, that they were seldom seen excepting under the roof of their mother. Monique called once or twice, after her son's arrival, to see Madame de Foix, and to introduce her son to her: but although she found the mother sitting at work in the outer apartment, the daughters were not visible on either of these occasions.

At length, circumstances favoured her views; for one morning early, as she was crossing the halle with her son, she met Rosalie and Annette, who were returning home with some purchases which they had been making. Notwithstanding the singular dress of the Norman peasants, the beauty of these young women could not fail of striking the son of Monique. They wore high caps of stiffened lawn, with large wings, plaited and hanging down to their shoulders, their hair being combed smoothly up from their foreheads, and turned up in a large loop behind. They had petticoats of blue linen, extremely full, with short white jackets, and aprons of black silk. Uncouth, however, as this dress was, it was impossible that it should hide their slender and elegant shapes, or detract from the bloom of their charming features.

Monique was delighted with what she considered a most fortunate meeting, and was so pressing that her son should carry their baskets home for them, that the young women found it impossible to resist her solicitations. "You look melancholy this morning, my fair Rosalie," said the old woman: "has any thing afflicted you?"

"My mother was taken very ill last night," said the pious daughter.

Monique offered her services to nurse the sick woman; but Rosalie assured her neighbour that she could do all that was necessary for her, having obtained the medicines proper for her disease from the Curé, and, in consequence, standing in no need of further advice.

At the gate of the garden, Rosalie took her basket from Victor, and at the same time wishing him and his mother a good day, entered the garden, followed by Annette.

Thus Monique succeeded in introducing her son to the fair daughters of her neighbour; neither did she fail to augur well from the indisposition of the mother, the news of which she had heard with considerable pleasure.

The illness of Madame de Foix was of more serious consequence than her daughters had supposed. The disease partook of the nature of the palsy, and confined the old lady to her bed, which was in a recess at one end of the apartment in which the family always sat and took their meals.

Madame de Foix was still in her bed, and had not yet experienced any considerable melioration of the symptoms of her disease, when the period of the village *fête* arrived, which happens early in the month of July. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the neighbourhood assembled at Tostes were bent on pleasure. The daughters of Madame de Foix alone expected to remain at home all the evening; and they were engaged in their garden in gathering rosemary and other herbs with which they were about to make a drink for their mother, when Monique and her son Victor entered the garden, the young man bringing with him two beautiful bouquets as a present for his fair neighbours. "I am come, my young friends," said Monique, "to accompany you to

the *Guinguette*: our lads and lasses have already begun the dance, and the grove resounds with the cheerful notes of the violin."

"Ah, Neighbour Monique," said Rosalie, smiling, "are you there again? and are you employed, as usual, in tempting your friend's daughters to disobedience? What kind of opinion must you have formed of us, to suppose that we should be so easily induced to leave our sick parent in order to join a dance? And on the Sunday, too, the holy day which you well know we have been taught to respect in an especial manner!"

"Beautiful Rosalie," said the young soldier, "you are always cruel, always hard-hearted."

"Hard-hearted!" said Rosalie, smiling, "wherein do I shew my want of feeling, neighbour? Surely not by staying at home with my sick parent, rather than by indulging myself in the gaieties of the *Guinguette*."

"You, then, confess," replied Victor, "that you put a constraint upon yourself by staying at home. Well, then, it will, at least, be some comfort to me to have this to reflect upon, that your feelings would have led you to go with us to the *Guinguette*, but that your duty compels you to remain at home."

"You are very ready," returned Rosalie, "to interpret my words in a way in which they were not intended. I have no desire to go this evening to the *Guinguette*. Our good neighbour Monique knows our reasons for staying away; and though our mother is not at present in a condition to take notice of what we do, I should be sorry to do that which she always disapproved because it has pleased God to put it out of her power now to direct our actions as she was formerly accustomed to do."

While Rosalie was engaged in discourse with Victor in the manner I have described, Monique was making the most of her time with Annette; and it is with grief that I feel myself constrained to confess that she had not that difficulty with the younger sister which her son found with the elder. Annette had long secretly sighed for the pleasures of the *Guinguette*; and she now found herself so vehemently inclined to hearken to the solicitations of Monique, that, when her sister called upon her to return to the house, observing that their mother might think their absence long, she replied, that

she thought she should like for a short interval to take a view of the dancers, and would just accompany her neighbour to the *Guinguette*.

“What!” said Rosalie, with unaffected amazement, “and leave your mother?”

“I do not leave her alone, Rosalie,” replied Annette: “and you surely will not be so ill-natured as to grieve her by informing her of my absence?”

“I will make you no promise, Annette,” said Rosalie. “If she asks me, I will assuredly tell her. I will hold out no encouragement to your disobedience.”

“Disobedience!” replied Annette, “that is a very hard word.”

“Hard, or not hard,” said Rosalie, “it is not misused on this occasion.”

The contest between the sisters now became very serious, though it was supported with temper on the part of Rosalie. Annette, however, who knew herself to be wrong, became more and more determined, and, being encouraged by Monique, walked out of the garden-gate; while Rosalie followed her a few steps, wringing her hands, and imploring her not to go with a degree of energy which astonished Victor, who could not comprehend the reason of her agitation. He therefore endeavoured to persuade the elder sister to follow the younger, hoping in this manner to seduce her from that paternal roof under which she had hitherto found a sweet and peaceful retreat from the world.

“If you fear any imprudence in your sister,” said Victor, “fair Rosalie, what can you do better than follow her, and continue your sisterly care over her?”

“No, no,” replied Rosalie, “I will take no part in her fault: and yet,” she added, while bursting into tears, “I would give all I have in the world to bring her back to her duty.”

By this time, Monique and Annette were nearly out of sight, and Victor was still reasoning with Rosalie, promising her that no harm should happen to her sister, when Florimond, who was passing by in his way to the village, came up to them, and, observing the distress of Rosalie, enquired, with considerable earnestness, the cause of those tears which flowed so abundantly down her cheeks.

As Victor immediately withdrew on perceiving the approach of Florimond, Rosalie was left at liberty to represent to the latter the cause of her affliction. And this she did in a manner so artless and impressive, that Florimond, entreating her to be comforted, assured her that he would take care that her sister should return in safety to her home: and having made this promise, he proceeded to the place of public resort, meditating, as he went, on the filial piety of Rosalie, which made her beauty to shine with a thousand new charms in his eyes.

In the mean time, Rosalie returned, somewhat comforted, to the side of her mother's bed. But as she found that dear parent under much oppression from her illness, she avoided troubling her with an account of the disobedience of her daughter, making only such slight excuse for her absence as might seem sufficient to account for it in the eyes of one whose faculties were then considerably impaired by indisposition.

And thus the hours of the afternoon wore away. Annette did not return, and twilight approached. The anxious Rosalie, at length, left the little maid with her mother, who had fallen into a heavy slumber, and, retiring to her own chamber, watched for the return of her sister from a window, which, projecting from the thatch, fronted the narrow path leading to the village. She had taken the precaution to lock the door of the house, and had brought the key up stairs in her hand, intending to throw it down to her sister when she came under the window.

The evening was remarkably calm and still, and the silver crescent had just risen over a neighbouring grove, accompanied by that beautiful planet sometimes called the evening-star, when Rosalie, approaching her window, explored, with anxious eye, the narrow path which led from the cottage to the village on one hand, and to the farm of Florimond, on a rising ground, on the other. The moon, with her brilliant companion, just afforded light sufficient for the anxious sister to distinguish any figure which might be passing along such parts of the path as chanced not to be shaded by tree or bush. After a while, she thought she distinguished a figure in the remoter part of this path, but presently it disappeared. She thought also she heard steps, but all

again was silent till the nightingale began to sing in a neighbouring thicket. Rosalie still stood at the window. The nightingale had ceased, or perhaps removed to a more distant spot. Rosalie at length plainly distinguished several figures. She drew back from the window as the figures approached. She presently heard several voices; the voices became more distinct, and she soon distinguished a female whom she knew to be her sister, and with her was a man. They came near to the cottage, and stood talking together for several seconds in a low and smothered tone. Rosalie could not hear what they said, but she grew impatient. It was Victor, a young man, and almost a stranger, with whom Annette was conversing alone, and at this hour.

Rosalie was hesitating whether she should call to them from the window, when a third voice, which she instantly knew to be Florimond's, was heard from a small distance; and the young farmer coming forwards, addressed Annette in a voice which by no means partook of the undertones which had made Rosalie so uneasy, and asked if he should have the pleasure of knocking for her at her mother's door?

"And cannot I do as much for my neighbour's daughter," said Victor, angrily, "without your interference? What have you to do to raise such a disturbance, Monsieur Florimond?"

Victor would probably have proceeded to use more harsh language, and such as might not have been easily passed over by the young man with whom he was conversing, when Rosalie called to her sister from the window, and, throwing the key to her, begged her not to speak loud, for their mother was asleep.

On hearing the voice of Rosalie, Florimond sprung over the low paling in front of the cottage, and, advancing close beneath the window, addressed her in a low voice, saying, "Fair Rosalie, your absence has been deeply regretted by those who saw your sister this evening at the *Guinguette*."

"I fear, then," said Rosalie, "that there were few present who really respected me."

"And why so?" returned Florimond.

"Because," replied the other, "it could not have been a matter of regret to any friend to find that I rather

chose to stay at home and attend a sick parent, than to join in your amusements on the day of holy rest."

"You are offended, my gentle Rosalie," said Florimond.

"No, not offended," replied the young woman; "but grieved, distressed,—grieved especially for my Annette. However, I thank you, Florimond," she added, lowering her tone, not to be heard by Victor, who was deep in discourse with Annette on the other side the railing. "And now, add to the favour you have already done me, by making the best of your way home. Your shortest road is round the house, and through the higher part of the garden."

"And why so, fair Rosalie?" said Florimond, not taking her meaning. "It is incomparably the longest way."

"Sometimes," replied Rosalie, "the longest ways may prove the shortest. But, be that as it may, near the gate, which is at that end of the garden, you will see a small rose bush. This morning I saw upon it a beautiful bud. Take the trouble of gathering that bud for my sake. Its fragrance is an emblem of my gratitude to you for your kindness this afternoon, and the dews of night which are scattered over it will give you some idea of the tears I have shed on account of what has passed this evening."

As Rosalie expected, Florimond flew to the spot she had marked; and, in the mean time, Victor brought Annette to the cottage-door, which he opened quietly, and departed.

Rosalie watched him till he had gained a considerable distance in a contrary direction to that which Florimond was likely to take; and then, turning to her sister, who had entered the room a moment before, she, in a manner the most serious, yet with every token of sisterly love, expostulated with her on her late imprudence.

I shall not enter into a full detail of all that this lovely young woman said to the companion of her youth. Suffice it to say, that she enumerated many of her father's arguments respecting the duty of keeping the Sunday holy, and pointed out the dangers, both spiritual and temporal, which would assuredly ensue to those

who, knowing the will of God, yet obstinately refuse all submission to it. "We have reason, my beloved Annette," she said, "to believe that those who, from ignorance, act amiss, are often preserved by their Almighty Father from the ruinous consequences of their follies. Thus he leadeth the blind by ways they know not of, and his arms are round about them, though they are not aware of it. But we, who know the divine will, cannot expect that he will thus preserve us from the consequences of our folly. If we wander from the ways of righteousness, we shall assuredly be made to suffer, my beloved sister; and all we then shall have to hope is, that our sufferings may be only in the flesh."

Here the affectionate sister, bursting into tears, sunk upon the bosom of the companion of her childhood; neither could Annette, hardened as she was at that period with the selfish desire of pleasure, restrain herself from mingling her tears with those of her lovely monitress.

But to proceed with our narrative.—The two sisters had little rest during the remainder of the night. It was morning-dawn before Rosalie fell asleep; and, on awaking an hour afterwards, she saw her sister sitting in the window, leaning her head against its frame, and weeping excessively. Rosalie hoped that these were the tears of contrition, and she saw them with pleasure.

As the village *fête* continued two days, the amusements of the preceding evening were to be repeated the next evening. Annette appeared to be full of distress during the whole morning of the next day, and Rosalie once saw her take the hand of her sick parent, and kiss it with an expression of tenderness and sorrow. What, then, was her surprise, when she saw her sister preparing, in the afternoon, for the *Guinguette!*

On this occasion, a strong argument ensued between the sisters. Rosalie wept and expostulated; Annette grew angry; and the sisters parted; Rosalie returning to her mother's bedside, while Annette, having finished her preparations, left the cottage.

Madame de Foix was not in a state to observe either the absence of one daughter, or the agony of the other: her disease pressing heavily upon her, she lay all day in a state of almost entire stupor, while Rosalie sat weeping by her bed.

Rosalie now felt the want of a friend to whom she might express her feelings; for a trifling circumstance the night before had made her sensible of the danger of engaging Florimond in this affair. Thus she sat till the close of evening, when her mother fell asleep, and she had established the little maid in close attendance by her side: after which she repaired to her window in the roof, and stood watching for the return of her sister from the village.

The moon had just appeared above the grove, and the nightingale had commenced her evening song, when she first heard voices at a distance. Presently, she saw two figures approaching. She hoped that one of these might prove to be Annette, but, as the persons advanced, she found her mistake. It was an old cottager, with her daughter, who were returning home from the village. They stopped, nearly opposite the cottage, to ask Rosalie after her mother.

Rosalie, in return, enquired after her sister—"Where did you leave Annette, Neighbour Babette?" said she: "why does not she come home?"

"I saw her but now," replied the old woman; "she was with Monique Andelly and her son Victor."

"Yes," added the daughter of Babette, "and she has been talking with Victor Andelly all the evening."

Rosalie sighed, and the women proceeded.

In the mean time, minutes and hours passed on, the lapse of time being marked by the progress of the moon in the heavens. It was midnight when the last party returned from the village. It consisted entirely of young men, who laughed and talked gaily. Rosalie hesitated whether she should address them to enquire after her sister, anxiety for her sister at one moment prevailing, and modesty the next. But while she hesitated, they were gone beyond the sound of her voice, and the deep silence which their presence had interrupted again took possession of the solitary scene.

Rosalie remained another hour at the window; when, retiring into the interior of the apartment, she sat down at the foot of the bed, and, weeping bitterly, called upon the name of her sister, as if this ungrateful one were in a situation to hear her.—"Oh! my Annette! my An-

nette!" she cried, "and is this the end of all our parents' care?"

Rosalie then endeavoured to console herself by prayer; and the thought arising that Annette was perhaps sleeping with Monique, she felt thankful for this poor comfort: so being exhausted by fatigue, she fell asleep, and remained sleeping until the little servant came to tell her that her mother asked for her.

It was later than usual when Rosalie went to her mother. She had offices to perform for her which could not be omitted, and these engaged her till it was high day.

As soon as it was possible to leave her mother with the little servant, she ran over to the cottage of Monique. It was a lone building, and was encompassed by a small coppice. Rosalie traversed the wood-way path with precipitate steps and a beating heart; but on reaching the cottage, she found the lower doors and windows shut and fastened. The upper window, which was in the thatch, was open, and this induced her to think that some of the family might be at home. She therefore called aloud, and knocked at the door: but her voice was returned from the woods, and a hollow sound from within was the only answer made to her knocking.

The terror of Rosalie became more excessive during the lapse of every moment; and she was just turning round, to consider whither next she should seek her sister, when her attention was excited by the sound of hasty steps, and Florimond approached. Rosalie advanced to meet him, saying, "You bring me news of my sister: I know that your friendly eye has watched her. Where is she? is she safe? O, tell me she is safe, and willing to return to her mother, and you will engage my gratitude for ever."

"Ah, lovely Rosalie," said Florimond, "would that I could so engage your gratitude!"

Rosalie changed colour.

The eye of Florimond was fixed on her varying countenance: nevertheless, he was surprised at the extreme grief which she exhibited, when he told her that her sister had left the village early in the morning with Monique and Victor.

“Oh! my father! Oh! my mother!” exclaimed Rosalie, lifting up her beautiful eyes and clasped hands; “and thou, my sister! my Annette!”—Here a flood of tears came to her relief, and she sunk upon a bench on the outside of the cottage-door, while she took up her lawn apron to wipe the tears which poured from her eyes.

In the mean time, Florimond endeavoured to comfort her, assuring her that Monique would not leave her sister, he was well convinced, till she saw her marriage-ceremony properly performed.

“I believe your assertion,” replied the weeping Rosalie. “Nevertheless, I am miserable: for what is the man whom she has chosen for her husband?—one whose first lesson was to teach her to abandon her mother, and condemn the precepts of her God! Oh! my sister! my friend! my companion!”

Here the lovely Rosalie began to weep again, and that with so much bitterness, that Florimond, no longer able to command those feelings which had long occupied his mind, earnestly besought her to give him a legal right henceforward to become her friend, her protector, and her comforter.

Rosalie, startled at this unexpected avowal of affection, unconsciously looked up to him, as if it were to discover, by his countenance, the sincerity of his profession; when, observing in his bosom the fading rosebud which he had gathered from her tree and worn from that time, the colour returned to her pale cheek, and, looking on the ground, she permitted him to interpret her silence as the most favourable evidence of her regard. Neither did he press the matter further at that time; but, accompanying her back to her mother's house, he left her, with renewed expressions of esteem and respectful love.

From that period till the partial restoration of the health of Madame de Foix, which was much retarded by the melancholy news she was obliged to hear of the misconduct of Annette, Florimond refrained from pressing his suit with Rosalie, although he evidenced his regard by every tender and amiable attention paid both to the parent and the daughter; not one of which was so acceptable to Rosalie as his entire abandonment of

the *Guinguette*, and his devotion of those hours which its vain pleasures had once employed to the observance of religious duties and the study of the Scriptures. He had made it his first object, from the time of his first seriously thinking of Rosalie for a wife, to procure a copy of the Holy Scriptures. And although at that period, which was about the middle of the last century, copies of the Holy Bible were not easily procured; yet, as the bread of life is seldom long withheld from those to whom the Holy Spirit has given a desire to seek it, the young man was so much favoured in his enquiry, that the desired treasure was obtained by him more easily than he had at first expected.

When Madame de Foix was so far recovered as to leave her bed, and listen to the word of God, Florimond obtained permission to spend his Sabbath evenings in reading to her; and as it pleased the Almighty to restore to her the comfortable use of her mental faculties, he was not a little profited by her pious and enlightened comments on the sacred volume. It was after a few hours spent in this manner on a certain Sabbath evening, that this young man first opened to the mother the state of his feelings towards her daughter, assuring her that his regards had been fixed by Rosalie's pious care of an afflicted mother, and her holy resolution to abstain from the vain pleasures of the *Guinguette*. This communication was received with undisguised satisfaction both by the mother and the daughter.

From this time a familiar intercourse was maintained between the young people, till Madame de Foix was sufficiently recovered to be present at the marriage-ceremony, when Rosalie became the happy wife of Florimond: the venerable mother was then removed from the cottage to the farm of her son-in-law, where the young people continued to pay her every respect and every sweet attention calculated to console her under the affliction which she could not but feel on account of her misguided Annette.

Having thus happily established the elder daughter of Madame de Foix, pointing out at the same time how true piety ennobles the female character, and renders it estimable in the eyes of the other sex,—adding charms to beauty, and permanence to love,—we return to the

unhappy Annette, who, in seeking what is improperly called pleasure, lost that which alone deserves the name.

Monique, who had persuaded Annette to go off with her son, did not leave the young people till she had seen them united in marriage. She then returned to her own village, and Victor went to join his regiment, accompanied by his bride.

The regiment to which Victor was attached, lay, as I before remarked, in the little frontier town of Hesdin, in Artois. Hesdin is a fortified town, and stands in a swampy country, where the air all around it is stagnant and offensive; and, in addition to this, the extremely dirty customs of its inhabitants, most of whom are manufacturers of cloth, render the place still more disagreeable than it would otherwise be.

It was to a large brick barrack, lying under the high embankments of the fortifications of this town, that Victor brought his wife; and it was in a corner of a large barrack-room, filled with persons of coarse and profligate habits, where he first established the woman whom he had brought from one of the most beautiful and fertile parts of Normandy.

Annette shrunk with horror from the scene which first presented itself in this barrack, neither did she refrain from uttering her dissatisfaction in the hearing of her husband. He was, in consequence, offended, and let her know as much; and thus added to her distress by giving her a new view of the character of the man to whom she had indissolubly joined herself. For although Victor could make himself very agreeable at the *Guinguette*, and in scenes of festivity, like too many of his countrymen, he possessed very few qualities capable of rendering him a pleasing companion in domestic life.

From that period, disputes between Victor and his wife became frequent; and although some months elapsed before he seemed to lose all regard for her, yet their married life was constantly chequered by scenes of discord, which ended with oaths on his part, and tears and reproaches on hers.

In the mean time, the manner in which Annette spent her days cannot easily be understood by persons who have never seen any thing of this kind. Annette lived, as I have before said, in a corner of an immense room,

where there were a few women, some children, and a number of men. These last were occupied, during their leisure hours, in smoking, singing, and scrawling upon the walls, or entertaining each other with vain discourse. The women, in fine weather, lived much out of doors, sitting in groups upon the sides of the green embankments of the fort; and, being thus continually exposed to the sun and air, acquired an extreme coarseness of appearance. On Sundays, many of these persons flocked out of the city-gates to places of public resort, where they spent the evenings in dancing and regaling themselves with beer and cakes, or with the ordinary wine of the country. Many among this company were open infidels, and others grossly superstitious, very few of them shewing any regard to morality. It is not therefore much to be wondered at, if the duties of marriage were wantonly and grossly neglected among them; insomuch as to expose the man to open ridicule who was observed to manifest any attachment to his wife.

In this wretched scene, Annette lingered out a year, her situation with her husband becoming every day more uncomfortable. The regiment about that time changed its quarters, and was removed to another town on the frontier, where Annette found her situation much as before.

In the mean time, this miserable young woman had the prospect of becoming a mother; on which occasion she wrote to her own mother, imploring her pardon as well as that of her sister, and confessing that she was now made sensible of the extent of her sin against God and man.—“My first grand offence,” she said, “was despising and hating the rest of the Lord’s-day, and now I am deprived of all rest.”

This pathetic letter obtained the pardon of her mother and her sister; nevertheless, they could not restore the unhappy sufferer to the state of happiness from which she had fallen. However, they wrote to her, endeavoured to comfort her, and pressed upon her the duty of endeavouring to conciliate the respect and affection of her husband.

In process of time, poor Annette became the mother of a son: and now new anxieties were awakened in her breast for the fate of a child dependent upon such a father; so

that, during her confinement after the birth of her child, she was extremely low. Notwithstanding which, with a levity of which there are innumerable examples in that nation, as soon as her health was restored, she repaired, with her infant, to the *Guinguette*, and, to all appearance, in as high spirits as any one present.

In this manner Annette spent some months after the birth of her son; sometimes very much oppressed with sorrow; and, at other times, carried away by that extravagant love of amusement which forms one striking characteristic of the French nation, and which is the constant attendant of a disordered mind;—when suddenly her affairs took a turn which she had not foreseen, and which filled her with shame and horror.

While the regiment lay in the frontier town before mentioned, a woman arrived in the barracks who claimed Victor Andelly for her husband, and proved her marriage in a manner which could not be disputed. It seems, that Victor had married her in some remote place in which he had sojourned, either before he had entered the army, or while he served in another regiment. This former marriage was unknown to his mother; and, as he had been parted some years from his wife, he flattered himself that he should never hear more of her. It seems, however, that he had lately become so weary of Annette, who had on many occasions displayed an excessive irritability of temper, that he was not sorry for this occasion of shaking her off.

The unfeeling conduct of Andelly on this trying occasion, as well as the view which it had given Annette of his extreme want of principle, so thoroughly shocked and disgusted her, that, collecting what little money she could, and taking her infant in her arms, she quitted the man she had once called her husband, and endeavoured to make her way towards her once-loved home. Her money, however, failed while she was still at a considerable distance from her mother's habitation, so that she was obliged to sell all the clothes she possibly could spare. This resource would probably have proved sufficient, had she not fallen ill in a little village at which she arrived in a cart. Before however she was able to leave that village, she had exhausted almost her last *sous*; insomuch, that she was compelled to part with

some of her infant's clothes which she had hitherto spared, and to make her few last stages on foot, almost without nourishment; while her infant, who now began to suffer severely from want and fatigue, lay almost expiring in her arms.

It was Sunday, a fine evening in July, when Annette arrived within a few miles of Tostes; and now she remembered, with a degree of agony which can scarcely be conceived, that it was the day of the village *fête*, two years precisely from the period of her first heavy transgression. Almost fainting, she stopped at a small inn by the road, and asked for some slight nourishment for herself and her child, in the name of that God whose ordinances she had once so wilfully transgressed. Her extreme pallid and melancholy appearance excited pity, and the good woman of the house gave her some milk. She was about to drink it; but her infant, lifting up its languid head and parched lips, she held it to its mouth, when, with the eagerness of exhaustion, it swallowed all. "You are welcome, my baby," said the poor mother, "though it be my last drop." She then went forward, while the infant sunk into a feverish sleep on the arms of his parent, who was scarcely able longer to support him.

She now pursued her journey, engaged in making reflections of the most painful nature. She reached at length the entrance of the village. Every object now reminded her of happier days. She passed several persons whom she knew, but no one recognized her. She sat down again to rest; and again went forward. She then came to the opening which leads to the market-place; on one side of which is the church, and, on the other, the inn. At the sight of these well-known objects, she was ready to faint: but, fearing observation, she walked round the church, and, sitting down on a grave, laid her infant from her arms upon her knees. He was asleep. She gazed a while on his sweet pale face. He started several times in his sleep, and his features were drawn with slight convulsions, every one of which shot like an arrow to the parent's heart. The idea that he was going to die inexpressibly terrified her. He began to struggle. She lifted up his head. He opened his eyes, and, with a violent effort, cast the milk from his stomach; after which, a cold sweat covering

his brow, he appeared to faint. "O my child! my child!" cried the miserable mother: "my boy will die! and there is no help to be expected but from God alone!" So saying, and gathering new strength from her fears, she took the path which led to the farm of her brother-in-law, and proceeded with her utmost speed.

As she passed along, her ears were assailed with the unwelcome sound of the pipe and tabor, and other musical instruments, from the *Guinguette*. She urged her way with a degree of rapidity acquired from a variety of dreadful feelings; and, arriving on the green in front of the farm-house, she beheld her mother, her sister, and her brother-in-law, sitting under the shade of an elm at some little distance before her; when, being utterly overcome, she sunk senseless on the ground, at the same time shielding her infant from the ill effects of her fall by clasping him instinctively more closely to her bosom.

There are certain scenes in real life which defy all the laboured efforts of the most skilful painter. Such was the scene of which I am now speaking.

The happy group who were sitting at the door of the farm had one addition, which the unhappy Annette could not distinctly observe. This was an infant of two months old, fair, plump, and quiet, sleeping in perfect enjoyment on the lap of its mother, and supplying a remarkable contrast with the little sufferer, not many months older, whose trials had commenced so early.

At the moment when the miserable wanderer appeared in view, Florimond had finished reading a portion of Scripture, on which the pious mother was about to offer her customary comment. Startled however by the melancholy appearance of the figure which presented itself at some distance before them, Florimond had shut his book; and Rosalie exclaimed, "She has an infant in her arms! and we must assist her without delay."

It was while they were waiting her nearer approach, fully determined to relieve her present wants, that they saw her fall; when Rosalie exclaimed, "O the infant! the poor infant! it will be hurt!" at the same time laying her arm over the little sleeper who reposed on her lap, as if it were threatened by the very same danger.

In the mean time, Florimond sprang forwards, and was, the next moment, at the side of the unhappy Annette. His first care was to lift up the infant, who appeared equally incapable of motion or observation; and it was at the instant in which he bent himself down for this purpose, that he first recognized the sister of his wife.

Rosalie had placed her little daughter on her mother's knee, and was ready to receive the fainting infant from her husband's arms, at the very moment in which he had succeeded in disengaging it from the convulsive grasp of its insensible parent. As Rosalie received it in her arms, her first impression was, that it was in the act of expiring. It appeared pale and cold, its eyes were closed, and its lips colourless and parched. Its little head sunk motionless on her bosom, while its dimpled hand hung lifeless by its side. Rosalie, absorbed by her feelings for this little unhappy one, could offer no attentions to the miserable mother. She pressed her lips on the infant's pale cheek, she addressed it in that tender language which they only who have a mother's feelings know how to use; and, while thus engaged, the name of Annette, repeated by her husband, added such an agony to her highly excited feelings, that nothing but the desire of giving assistance where assistance was so greatly needed could have supported her in this moment of perplexity. "Oh, my Annette! my sister!" she exclaimed, as she cast one hasty glance towards her; and then devoting her attention again to the infant, she added, "but thy child shall never know what it is to want a mother." And now perceiving some faint symptoms of returning life in the languid little one, she put it to her breast, and solicited it to receive that sweet cordial which is always peculiarly acceptable and refreshing to the infant stomach.

While Rosalie was thus employed, enjoying the exquisite delight of seeing the little fainting one gradually restored to life, and at length eagerly engaged in inhaling from her new life and health in a form the most inviting to one of his tender age—the unhappy Annette was raised from the ground by Florimond assisted by one of his servants, and brought into the house; where, being laid on a bed, such cordials were administered as

speedily brought her to herself: when, upon opening her eyes, she saw her aged mother standing on one side of her, her brother Florimond on the other, and her sister sitting at the foot of the bed, holding her little Victor to her breast.

This last object was too much for Annette: love, gratitude,—a mother's gratitude in behalf of a child—a suffering child,—shame, remorse, and contrition for the past,—these contending feelings were too much for her weak frame, and excited a temporary delirium; during which she sprang from her bed, and, falling on her knees at the feet of her sister, “O, Rosalie! my Rosalie!” she said, “let me henceforth devote my life, yea, the last effort of my strength, to your service. Beloved sister, friend of my heart, most excellent and tender of women, you have saved my boy! you have preserved him from death! And you, my mother, my honoured, my injured mother, you cannot forgive me: it is impossible. But pity my boy; and love that unoffending infant of your ruined Annette.” So saying, she alternately wrung her hands, and pressed her burning lips against that arm of her sister which supported her infant.

Madame de Foix was scarcely less agitated than her daughter; and the tears poured in torrents from the eyes of Rosalie; while Florimond alternately soothed and expostulated with Annette, till the poor young woman, at length being exhausted with her own efforts, consented to be undressed and put into bed. Rosalie then endeavoured to compose herself, for the sake of the two beloved little ones, who now depended upon her, being well assured that her affectionate and pious husband would permit her to take the care of her sister's child; and so withdrawing from poor Annette's apartment, she left her in the charge of Madame de Foix, assisted by a nurse who was speedily procured from a neighbouring cottage.

Annette continued for many days in a state of delirium, occasioned by fever. At length, however, as the fever abated, she recovered the use of her reason. Nevertheless, it appeared that her constitution had received such a shock as left no hope remaining of any thing like a complete recovery. But, inasmuch as she gave every

desirable proof of deep penitence, together with an entire acquiescence in the will of God, her pious mother and sister felt greatly consoled on her account; insomuch that Madame de Foix could even resign her beloved child unto death, under the cheering hope of meeting her again in a state of glory.

In the mean time, while the mother was gradually sinking into the grave, the little Victor was drawing new health and vigour from the bosom of his tenderly affectionate aunt, and reposing daily in the same cradle with his foster sister, the infant Rosalie. The two beloved babes early acquired such an affection for each other as rendered it painful to them ever afterwards to be separated.

Annette lingered some months; during which time she seemed wholly to submit herself to the direction of that Holy Spirit whose blessed work is to prepare the fallen creature for future blessedness. "I am brought to thee, O my God," she would often say, "as a brand plucked from the burning. I have nothing to offer thee but my sins: nevertheless, I have hope, inasmuch as thou hast caused me to see and feel my utter weakness, and enabled me to place my whole dependence on the Saviour. He who appointed me to be born and educated under the roof of pious parents, must assuredly have had everlasting purposes of mercy towards me. But I long resisted his will; and, had flesh and blood been too hard for the hand of omnipotence, without all doubt I should have been for ever lost, eternally undone. But mercy and grace have proved stronger than sin. Grace has triumphed, and through all eternity I shall sing the victory of redeeming love. Welcome, then, afflictions of every kind, and sufferings of every degree. I shall yet behold the face of my Redeemer in peace; and I, who once despised the Sabbaths of my God upon earth, shall be permitted to enjoy that rest which remaineth for his people in heaven."

In this manner she frequently poured out her soul in praise; so entire a change had the Lord been pleased to operate on her heart, and so graciously was that change accompanied with an assurance of final salvation. There were times, indeed, in which she appeared to be weighed down with grief for the man she had once called her

husband, as well as for others whom she had known in the days of her vanity; and it is supposed that she was frequently engaged in earnest prayer and intercession for them. Shortly before her death, she very affectionately recommended her child to Florimond and her sister, though well assured that such recommendations were needless; for the smiling infant had already pleaded its own cause in such touching language as infants only know how to use. She was earnest with them especially to bring him up in the fear of God, and never to permit him to engage in the guilty pleasures by which too many of their countrymen pollute the Sabbath; attributing all the afflictions she had endured to her shameful profanation of that holy day.

The death of Annette was full of hope; insomuch, that her pious mother was shortly enabled to say, "I am comforted concerning my child."

And now we have little further to add, but that Florimond and Rosalie lived long together after the death of poor Annette, bringing up a large and lovely family in the fear of God, and, consequently, in pure and holy habits.

Victor and the younger Rosalie, finding such happiness in each other as they could nowhere else hope to meet with, obtained permission of their friends, when arrived at a proper age, to be united in holy wedlock; and they were still residing under their paternal roof when the anecdotes which make up the history of this family were collected. Neither was it till a few years after the union of these lovely young people, that Madame de Foix entered into that state of sacred repose to which she had long looked forward with holy hope.

My reader, love the day of the Lord upon earth, and be jealous of its privileges; for it is the type of that rest into which the saints are finally admitted, through the merits of Christ our Saviour.

A Prayer for the right Observance of the Sabbath.

"O MOST blessed and glorious Lord God, we thy sinful creatures, who have no hope but in the merits of our Redeemer, and no other prospect of entering into thy rest but through the efficacy of his death, do humbly

supplicate thee to give us such views of the glory of thy Sabbath in heaven as shall make all earthly pomp and pride to fade away in the comparison, and all our ambitious views in this life to be counted as low, and mean, and despicable things. May our Sabbaths henceforward be devoted to the contemplation of that sacred rest which is to come; and may the hours which are set apart from the secular labours of the week be occupied in a zealous preparation for that divine inheritance which is laid up for the people of God.

“Our minds have hitherto been wholly dark and blinded, O heavenly Father, as to the true nature of thine appointed Sabbaths upon earth. We have hitherto seen in them nothing more than that imperfect rest, and those frail observances, which such an institution can supply in the present state of thy Church. We have often experienced weariness on this day set apart for religious rest, and waited upon thee in the house of prayer under much distraction of mind. Often have we wondered at our own restless feelings on thy sacred day, and looked around us with displeasure at the vanities and follies of our fellow-worshippers. O may these painful feelings henceforward prove our best monitors; effectually teaching us that there is no true rest in the present state of things, and that the day of the Lord has hitherto been known to us only in its type or emblem. And may we learn from our own infirmities to desire more ardently that perfect peace which is promised in the latter days, when the effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance for ever.

“Henceforward, O holy Father, grant that thy Sabbaths may be more effectually revered by us, and more sensibly blessed to us. Let us not waste them in ineffectual struggles after present rest, but in earnest reachings after that rest which is to come, in animating contemplations of the glory which shall be revealed when thou shalt come with power to rule the earth, and in sincere and affectionate endeavours for the promotion of their spiritual good among whom we dwell, and with whom we hope to be associated in everlasting happiness. Grant, O heavenly Father, that our services on thy day may be such as shall tend to our advantage in the morning of thine appearing. And grant that our lamps may

be furnished with oil before we lie down in the sleep of death, to this end—that, when the Bridegroom shall appear in the dawning of the spiritual Sabbath, we may be found ready to enter in with him to the marriage.

“To thee, the God of all grace, be praise, and honour, and glory, rendered by us and by all thy people, from this time forth and for evermore. Amen.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Fifth Commandment.—Honour thy Father and thy Mother; that thy Days may be long in the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

“THE fifth commandment,” said the lady of the manor, when the young party were once more assembled in her presence, “is to form the subject of our consideration this evening.

“I will open our discourse,” said she, “by a reference to a valuable commentator on Scripture, to whose writings I have more than once taken occasion to refer.—

“‘According to the principle which has hitherto directed our interpretation,’ says this writer, ‘this commandment (that is the fifth) must be considered as the abstract of relative duties. All other relations spring from that of parents and children, or partake in a measure of its nature; and this most nearly resembles our relation to the great Creator. Children are required to honour their parents; which implies that it is the duty of parents to behave honourably, by diligently performing the several parts of their important charge, as entrusted with the care of their offspring both in body and soul, and by a becoming deportment in all other respects. Yet children are not absolved from their duty by the misconduct of their parents; (for which they must answer to God;) and such a limitation in this and other relative precepts would absurdly constitute all the inferior relations judges and lords over their superiors.’

“This commandment,” said the lady of the manor, “we may consider as including all the respective duties between those persons who are in authority, and appointed by God as rulers over others, and those who oc-

cupy stations which require obedience. We will, therefore, consider this commandment under those two heads into which the subject naturally divides itself: first, the duties incumbent on those in authority; and, secondly, the duties of those from whom submission is required.

“I must, however, here remark, that there are few persons, with the exception of very little children, from whom the practice of both these kinds of duty is not required; a circumstance which renders it necessary that we should all learn how to obey and how to command. And I would further observe, that the most valuable character, and that which approaches nearest to the perfection which our Lord displayed in the flesh, is that which is able to rule with diligence and submit with humility.”

The lady of the manor then proceeded to say, “It is my intention, my dear young people, at some future time, to enter with you at considerable length on the duties of parents to children. Leaving therefore this part of my subject at present, I will, with your permission, read a short narrative, which I hope may not only afford you amusement, but profit.

“But, before I begin my story, I must premise one or two things. And, first, I would wish to impress this truth on your minds—that wherever there exist reciprocal duties between two persons, the failure of one party in the performance of what is required of him by no means releases the other from his obligations; and for this reason, that every duty is appointed by the Almighty, and should be performed as in his presence: nothing therefore that a fellow-creature can do, has power to destroy or alter those moral obligations which are established by God. For instance: there are reciprocal duties existing between a man and his wife, a servant and his master, a parent and his child; and though a parent, wife, husband, and child fail in their duties, the obligation remains equally binding on the other party.

“The fifth commandment,” proceeded the lady of the manor, “is said to be the first commandment with promise—‘Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’ Now, although I receive the promise of long life in a spiritual sense, yet, taking it only in a

literal sense, I have observed, that families remarkable for filial piety, are often equally so for the longevity of the individuals composing them. I remember once," added she, "soon after I was married, while travelling through England with the corps to which we were then attached, that we were quartered for some months in one of the most ancient and celebrated cities in this island. We there, through the medium of a common friend, were introduced to a family, the elders of which had been intimately known to many literary characters in the middle of the last century—persons who were familiarly acquainted with Richardson, the famous novel-writer, and had been of the party to whom he read his manuscripts of *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, and whom he had often consulted concerning the deaths of his high-souled heroines.

"It was on a Sunday evening when we were first to be introduced to this family; and on this occasion several branches from the same stock, residing in the town, were to be assembled for the purpose of meeting us. This meeting was to take place at the house of the eldest individual of the family, who resided in a venerable dwelling, to which there was admittance through the outer aisle of the cathedral, by a wide and handsome flight of stairs. We attended divine service in the evening, by candle-light, in the cathedral; after which, we were ushered through the vaulted aisles and passages before mentioned into the large old-fashioned parlour, in which our new acquaintance had just assembled before us in order to our more ceremonious reception.

"There was not wanting in the manner of some of these respectable persons there present, (for there were three generations, the youngest of which was in the early bloom of life,) a certain solemnity and dignity not commonly to be met with in these days, which suited well with the ancient parlour in which the party were collected together, a parlour which had seen many successions of monks and friars, and witnessed many of the mysteries of the Roman Catholic system. Yet with all this solemnity there was much friendliness of manner, which we valued the more, because we understood that the friendship of this excellent family was never offered where esteem was wanting. This evening, and many

other evenings, nay, whole days which we spent in the society of this family, were long imprinted, in particularly affecting characters, on my mind, because the time I spent in this city immediately preceded a perilous voyage and long absence from our native land. But the reason why I mention this family in this place, is the remarkable spirit of filial piety which pervaded the whole; so that the oldest member of it often spoke of her parents with all the warmth and tenderness of one who had just laid the authors of her existence in the fresh earth.

“In the house of one individual of this family, a person herself far advanced in age, I observed the portrait of a very lovely female in the fancy dress of a shepherdess, yet, notwithstanding her masquerade habit, having a countenance expressive of true maternal tenderness and female delicacy. On my venturing to ask the name of this interesting figure, the lady of the house replied, ‘That picture is a representation of my mother, my beloved mother, whom I lost when very young.’

“The same sweet spirit,” continued the lady of the manor, “extended itself to the youngest individual of this family, and became an inexpressible ornament to her youth, enduing her with that diffidence and modesty which sets off female beauty to a degree which no other ornament can equal.

“I shall conclude what I have to say on this family by remarking, that there was certainly a larger proportion of aged persons in it than is usually observable; and thus, in this particular case, the words of the promise were very literally fulfilled, though we ought by no means to stop at the literal fulfilments of any divine promise.”

The lady of the manor then took out a small manuscript wrapped in a case; and, while she unfolded it, she made one or two desultory remarks respecting the conduct of children to parents. She observed the great change of manners in the young towards their elders which had taken place within a few years. “In the seventeenth century,” said the lady of the manor, “children in polite families never addressed their parents but in terms of the most distant respect, nor did any child presume to sit down in the presence of a parent without

being invited so to do; and, even in my time, such was the distance at which children were kept, that I was not accustomed, on ordinary occasions, to sit down on a chair by my mother till I was as much as fourteen or fifteen years of age, being taught in general to take my place on a low stool, as indicative of inferiority. Neither did I, till that period, presume to speak in company, unless in reply to some question put to me. My mother's manners and mode of conduct towards her children were, I believe, more according to the old fashion than those of her cotemporaries; though it is not to be supposed that the difference between them was great. It may, perhaps, be thought that the old-fashioned severity towards children was extreme; but, at any rate, it was a less disgusting and pernicious extreme than that which is at present so common among us. For who are now the persons in a family least considered, but the father or mother, the uncle and aunt? With what disgusting familiarity do we often hear a parent addressed, even in families which would be ashamed to be called ungentle! Are they not the young people, in many circles, who support the conversation, drowning the voices of the old and experienced by their pragmatical and shallow impertinence?—thus depriving themselves entirely of that improvement which they might otherwise derive from the conversation of their elders. For that old person must be empty and dull indeed, who has not more to say to the purpose than those who as yet know little or nothing by experience.

“I also greatly object,” said the lady of the manor, “to the childish manner in which we often hear grown women, and perhaps even mothers of families, addressing their parents, lisping out the words ‘papa’ and ‘mamma’ like a child of four years old. How much more suitable would the appellations of ‘Madam’ and ‘Sir’ be from such mouths! And though some may think such appellations somewhat too ceremonious; yet, undoubtedly, an extreme of ceremony from an inferior to a superior is always more graceful and honourable to both parties than the contrary. I should not,” continued the lady of the manor, “dwell so long on these forms, if I did not consider that much actual vice and lawlessness is often the consequence of their neglect. But, as I shall have

occasion, at a future time, to speak more at large on this subject, I will now leave it, and begin my narrative."

The lady of the manor then opened her manuscript, and read as follows.

Filial Affection; or, the History of Clarissa.

In one of the eastern counties of England, not very distant from the sea-shore, there is a village, or rather small town, so beautifully situated, and withal so cheap and convenient, as to have rendered it, for a length of time, the chosen residence of many genteel families; in consequence of which it could boast a larger and more polished society than is commonly found in places so far from London.

About the middle of the last century, a certain gentleman of the name of Danzy possessed a handsome estate near this village, and a beautiful mansion at one extremity of it.

This gentleman married, early in life, a young lady of extraordinary beauty, but of an extremely delicate constitution, which, however, did not appear till some time after the birth of her second child; when she was suddenly seized with a disorder, which, from its first appearance, affected her head to such a degree, that she for a time totally lost her memory, and the powers of her mind became so entirely confused, as to render it necessary that she should be placed under the charge of some responsible person, who should take the whole management and direction of her.

After a few years, she recovered her recollection in some degree; and it is remarkable, that, when this took place, it was found that she had lost all sense of the events which had fallen out during her sickness, though she recollected what had happened before that time with peculiar accuracy, very eagerly enquiring about those whom she had known and loved at that period, supposing that she had parted from them only the day before. She remembered especially the fair and beautiful infant which had particularly occupied her attention for the last six months before her seizure, and which had been taken from her breast at the moment when she was first attacked; neither could she be persuaded by any means,

that the little girl of six years old, who was brought to her and taught to call her mamma, was the same little lovely one whose endearing smile and soft caresses were fixed upon her memory in characters which never could be changed.

It is one of the most affecting symptoms of derangement in some minds, that it seems to unfit the patient for taking any knowledge of the lapse of time; so that persons suffering under this malady are accustomed to speak of that which is past as if it ought still to be present. Thus, where derangements take a melancholy turn, and images of past sorrow have strongly seized upon the imagination, the mind appears so entirely to lose its elasticity, as to retain no power whatever of throwing off its painful feelings; but former distressing images, for ever recurring, so strongly colour every passing scene and object with their dark and morbid tincture, that every new idea becomes wholly assimilated to the old, entirely destroying the varieties of life. This state of mind is described by the poet in these few words, namely, "One dreadful now."

With respect to the unhappy lady of whom we are speaking, this was so much the case, that, even after she had recovered her recollection in some degree, time seemed to stand still; and though her ideas were more tender and pathetic than terrific, yet it was with her, to use the somewhat obscure expression of the poet, a perpetual and melancholy *now*, though not altogether a dreadful one.

From the time of her first seizure, Mrs. Danzy had been confined to two apartments, the same which had been her favourite rooms while in health. The one was a large convenient bed-room, in the corner of which was an elegant tent bed or crib, which had been used for her infants, and which those who attended her had been afraid to remove, because, when once an attempt of that kind had been made, she had expressed great uneasiness. It was hung with an old-fashioned Madras chintz, and had a coverlid of embroidered satin. To this little bed she would often go, when her memory was in some degree restored, which happened about six years after her first attack, and would seem very busy in preparing and arranging the bed-clothes, as if for her infant, whom she

would often request her attendants to bring and place on its pillow. On these occasions, an evasive answer would sometimes amuse her; and sometimes she would not be so easily satisfied, but would begin to weep, saying, that she feared some heavy misfortune had befallen her baby, as it was so long since she had seen it. The second apartment which was devoted to this unfortunate lady opened on a balcony, from which there were steps descending into a pretty flower-garden, neatly arranged in the old-fashioned style, with trimmed parterres and garden-seats, and inclosed entirely with iron rails. In her happier days, this little flower-garden had been the delight of this poor lady; and here, at one time of her life, she might have been often seen watering her flowers and weeding her mignonette, while the little Isabella, the elder of her two daughters, followed her mother with tottering steps, and amused her with her infant prattle. The dressing-room itself contained several pieces of furniture to which the poor lady had always shewn a particular partiality: a cabinet, containing many memorandums of ancient friendship; a tea-table, which had been made in the days of Queen Anne, with a border of carved mahogany; a gilt bird-cage, where linnet after linnet succeeded one another, always appearing to be the same individual bird to the poor lady, whose daily business was to feed her bird and dress its cage. A small bookcase likewise, containing certain beloved volumes, which were read again and again with the same pleasure as at first, stood in one part of the room; and, in another part, was an embroidered footstool, on which Isabella formerly sat in those days of the lovely infancy of her children which the fond mother remembered with such tender interest—days of exquisite bliss, (as she described them,) when her little Clarissa lay on her lap, while Isabella sat at her feet. There was also in this room, besides the tea-table above mentioned, another, on which stood a desk, and near which Mr. Danzy used to sit when he came to see his family in this apartment: in addition to which there were sundry old pictures, chimney-ornaments, clocks, and other toys, which had belonged to grandmothers, aunts, and other venerable personages then no more, concerning each of whom Mrs. Danzy had always some tale to tell, whenever she saw

the eye of any visitor or attendant fixed upon the articles which had belonged to them.

Mr. Danzy, who sincerely loved his wife, retained his regard for her during her long illness; and when the severest symptoms of the disorder were so far abated that she began in some degree to recover her recollection, and to be able to amuse herself with the articles about her, he took particular care that all the little things which she had once valued should be brought before her and placed as she wished. He also provided her with an attendant, who, he trusted, would make her life as comfortable as possible. Every day, at a certain hour, he made a point of visiting her; and as he knew that she expected him at that hour, he would put off any other engagement, rather than disappoint her.

And now, having stated with some accuracy the afflictions of this lady, and the situation to which she was reduced in consequence of them,—a situation, though melancholy, not without its comforts, at least while her husband lived,—I pass on to a more remote period of my history, in order to give some account of the daughters of this lady, and the manner of their education.

Isabella, the elder, was nearly three years of age, and Clarissa, the younger, not more than half a year old, when they were deprived of the attentions of their tender mother. As Clarissa was a very tender infant, when taken from her mother's breast, a decent matron, who resided in the village, was hired, not only to take care of her, but to administer that nourishment to her which her mother could no longer supply. This nurse proved a very faithful servant; and as her husband was taken at the same time into the family, (her only child, a boy, being placed with his grandmother,) she continued in charge of her little nursling till she was seven years old, bringing her up to the best of her judgment and abilities. Miss Isabella was likewise partly left under the jurisdiction of this nurse; but, not being so fond of her as her sister Clarissa was, she often made her escape from the nursery into the housekeeper's room, where the lessons she received from Mrs. Burton, the housekeeper, were of a far less desirable nature than those with which her sister was furnished by her nurse.

In those days there was not that outcry on the subject

of education which we now hear : but whether affairs of that kind were not quite so well managed at that time as they are now, remains perhaps to be decided. There is reason to think, that the whole system of education, as now generally conducted in this country, is built on such false principles, that, although the superstructure may be enriched with many dazzling ornaments, yet that the whole fabric is naught by reason of its lacking a proper basis. For it is greatly to be feared, that our modern system too often wants that only good foundation, without which we are told that every building is utterly worthless—*For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.* (1 Cor. iii. 11—15.)—But to leave these matters, which are not precisely to our present purpose, and return to our story.

It happened, however, that Margaret Neale, the little Clarissa's nurse, was one of those happy persons who, though possessing little learning, and endowed with little skill except in the ordinary duties of common housewifery, had been favoured, through divine grace, with a deep sense of the importance of religion. And as we naturally endeavour to impart that which we think most precious to those we love most dearly, so she used her utmost exertions to bring her beloved little nursling to the knowledge of her duty to God, as explained in Scripture. To this important instruction she added the use of the needle, in which little Clarissa shewed considerable skill, at the same time paying great attention to neatness of dress and orderly manners.

Under the tuition of this excellent woman, the little girl long preserved that sweet simplicity of childhood which, like the down of the peach, when touched by an unskilful hand, is instantly removed never again to be restored. There was no one to utter worldly sentiments in her ear, for she seldom saw any one but her nurse,

and Margaret Neale had no such sentiments. And although the child was exceedingly pretty, and always delicately dressed, she was seldom praised by those who saw her, because it was known that every word of commendation bestowed on Clarissa would be considered as an affront by Mrs. Burton, the housekeeper, who always maintained, that Clarissa ought not to be named in the same day with dear Miss Isabella, who was assuredly a very beautiful young lady; and Mrs. Burton was in such high authority in the family, and among the dependents of the family, that her word was upon no account to be disputed.

Thus was Clarissa shielded, through the divine mercy, from many trials to which her elder sister was exposed: and though Margaret Neale did all in her power to attract little Isabella to her, and to give her that instruction of which she stood in so much need, yet the child invariably repulsed her advances with contempt, and would seldom submit to remain in her presence, excepting in case of Mrs. Burton's being engaged and unable to have her in her room; on which occasions the little girl was sometimes left in the nursery with her sister.

The apartment which was commonly occupied by Clarissa and her nurse was near the roof of the house, and had a projecting window commanding a view of the whole extent of the large old-fashioned garden at the back of the house, with its long straight alleys, its little formal groves and parterres, its circular ponds, leaden images, bowers, and summer-houses; and, beyond these, it overlooked a little kind of paddock, in the centre of which arose a mound covered with earth.

It happened, one day, as Clarissa and Isabella were sitting in this window, being occupied with their needles, that Isabella, looking off from her work for a moment, cast her eyes on that little inclosed spot of ground, which had been railed off from the rest of the pleasure-grounds for the especial amusement of Mrs. Danzy. It happened, at this instant, that the poor lady was taking her regular airing, accompanied by Mrs. Burton, who walked on one side, and Mrs. Diana Burton, her sister, who was stationed on the other side.

This second person had been for some time past em-

ployed by her sister to help her in looking after Mrs. Danzy, and it had been whispered among a few, that the poor lady was not altogether kindly used by these sisters. But as she was not in a state to tell her own story rationally, and as the sisters had the art to satisfy Mr. Danzy with regard to their fidelity, no one felt herself entitled to interfere, nor indeed was there any hope of doing so successfully.

The afflicted lady, therefore, whether well used or otherwise, was always left under the jurisdiction of the same persons with whom she now appeared in the garden. Her dress on this occasion was a blue brocade gown and petticoat, the gown looped up behind in festoons, according to the fashion of the day. She wore a lace apron, ruffles, and head-dress, having a round black silk cloak, trimmed with lace, over her shoulders. She leaned with one hand on the arm of Diana Burton, and in her other hand she held a short stick, with which she seemed to be inclined to point at certain flowers and shrubs; and, had she been permitted, would have stood still by one and another of these, to relate some circumstance connected with them—to speak of those who had given her such and such flowers—and to amuse herself with plucking off the dead leaves, or loosening the earth near the roots. But it was evident, from the motions of those who were with her, that these indulgences were not permitted her; for, when she attempted to stop, she was evidently drawn forward, and compelled to retrace the same dull round of the flower-garden, without pause or intermission, till the hour for her regular airing was expired. “There,” said Isabella, when she had contemplated this affecting scene for some moments, “there is mamma in the garden! I dare say that she wants to be standing still to tell some of her long stories. Do you know, Mrs. Neale,” continued the child, “that mamma has begun to talk a great deal lately, and to ask many questions? Do you know, that she enquires after people who have been dead and gone years ago? and she will have it they are alive now. And there is scarcely a tree in the garden that she has not some tale to tell about, if any body would hear her!”

“And will nobody hear her, poor lady?” said the nurse. “If they would but let me see her, I would

hear all her poor tales, if it were a hundred times over."

"O, very fine indeed!" said Miss Isabella: "but I doubt not you would be as tired of them as other people are."

The naughty girl then bent down her head to her sister's ear, and whispered certain words which I shall not repeat, but the purport of which was to inform her that their mother was deranged, and that she never spoke any thing but nonsense.

On hearing this, the little Clarissa, who was then not quite six years of age, reddened till her fair face and neck were all in a glow, her little bosom swelled and heaved, her eyes filled with tears, till she at length burst into an agony of crying, sobbing quite aloud.

The nurse was startled, and placed her darling upon her lap; and while she pressed her in her arms, she looked angrily at Isabella, saying, "Miss, what have you said to vex your sister?"

Isabella, with much confidence, repeated the words aloud which she had whispered in her sister's ear.

The tears now started in the eyes of the nurse, and trickled down her cheeks, while she uttered the strongest expressions of disapprobation. "Woe, woe," she said, "be to them who have put such thoughts as these into a daughter's heart concerning a suffering mother, and caused such words to proceed from her lips! Do I not remember the day? Yes, Miss Isabella, I remember the day, and they who have taught you these things may remember the day also, when your mother came a lovely bride to this house, the fairest then of all the fair. And do they not recollect how tender she was to you her firstborn? how she tended you for many months with her own fair hands? how she nourished you with her own milk? And, when you dropped from the breast filled and satisfied with the sweet food which nature provides for the new-born creature, she did not hasten to give you to the hireling attendant, but still kept you on her lap, while with eyes of love she gazed on your infant features as you lay sweetly sleeping. And in that flower-garden,—that very flower-garden,—how often have I seen her watching your uncertain steps, and holding out her dear arms to protect you from this danger, and

from that, as you went tottering along with your baby steps! And now, because it has pleased the Lord to lay his hand upon her, even her own child turns against her! Oh! that I should live to see so much ingratitude!" Here the poor woman burst again into tears, and pressed her cheek against her weeping nursling, who too well understood all that passed. For many a conversation had this faithful nurse and child had together upon the affecting subject of her mother's indisposition; and often had she communed with the child on what they would, together, do for Mrs. Danzy, when Clarissa should come of age.

In the mean time, Isabella, who had not been used to hear such sharp remonstrances, sat pouting and silent; till the good woman, having somewhat overcome her emotion, was able to address her with more composure on the subject.

And, first, she represented to her the intimate and close connexion subsisting between parent and child, being both, as it were, but one flesh and blood; observing, at the same time, that even birds and beasts were far from shewing any insensibility to the feelings of parental and filial regard. "Neither," added she, "are any creatures destitute of these feelings, unless, perhaps, we except serpents, crocodiles, and other vile reptiles and insects, which are the acknowledged emblems of all that is abominable. Look," said she, "at this moment, on yonder hill in the paddock, where the deer are feeding; look how the young fawns are gambolling and frisking by their dams; and how, when the mother runs, the little ones follow her, bounding and sporting about her, as if to shew their love and joy. Should human creatures, then, be worse than brutes?" added the good woman; "or, rather, should they not greatly excel them in all that is amiable, since they are endowed with reason, and because they know the commandment of the Lord, which says—'Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee?' And mind this, Miss Isabella, God doth not say, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' because they are good, or wise, or clever, or able to serve thee; but because they are thy father and thy mother. And though they cannot reward thee, it does not alter the

matter: for the reward promised is not such as human bounty can bestow. But God himself will give thee the reward, even long life, or everlasting life, as I take it: for long life in this world is not always desirable; but everlasting life is the first, the highest, and the greatest of blessings. This also should be observed, Miss," proceeded the nurse, "that, though a parent were to be ever so wicked, that circumstance would not do away the obligation of the child towards him, inasmuch as the obligation is from God; and the punishment in that case will come from Him who has appointed the observance of so important a duty. And if the sin of the parent does not discharge the child from its obligation," continued the nurse, "assuredly, Miss Bell, his misfortunes never can do so, but ought, rather, to bind the child closer and closer to the afflicted parent: and, according to my opinion, any slight towards my dear mistress in her present situation, is more to be guarded against by her children than if she were in the highest state of health and prosperity."

The nurse then, taking her Bible, which was lying upon a deal chest-of-drawers near to where she sat, turned to the following verses in Ecclesiasticus: *My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth. And if his understanding fail, have patience with him; and despise him not when thou art in thy full strength. For the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten: and instead of sins it shall be added to build thee up.* (Ecclus. iii. 12—14.)

The nurse however had no reason to think that her plain dealing had any good effect on Miss Isabella; since she took the first opportunity of escaping out of her room, and from that time made her appearance in it seldom than ever. She also had reason to think, that whatever she had said to Isabella was immediately repeated to Mrs. Burton; for, the next day, on going into the housekeeper's room to get her tea-canister filled, Mrs. Burton looked very coolly at her, and though she kept her a long while waiting, never asked her to sit down.

Mrs. Danzy had now been ill rather more than six years, when her illness began to take rather a favourable turn; and this appeared from the recovery of her me-

mory, which led her frequently to ask for her children, as well as to enquire about other persons whose names she had not mentioned since her illness. The children had long been kept out of her sight by Mrs. Burton, who pretended that she would be too much affected by their presence; but the calls of the poor mother for these little dear ones having, at length, reached the ears of her husband, he ordered, one evening, that they should be carefully dressed, and brought into her presence.

When the good nurse received this order, she hastened, with joy, to dress her lovely nursling for the interview, and was filled with delight at the sweet appearance of the little lady when she had completed the task of dressing her.

Miss Clarissa's best suit was a satin slip of light violet colour, the petticoat being stiffened with whalebone; with a stomacher and apron of fine lace, a necklace of pearls, and a lace cap with a bunch of violets on one side.

When equipped in this dress, the nurse took her by the hand, and led her to the door of her poor mother's apartment. In the vestibule, she met Mrs. Burton with Isabella, who, looking scornfully at her, would have taken the child from her hand. But the nurse replied, with firmness, "No, as I took this infant, nearly six years ago, from its mother's breast, I am certainly the properest person to return her into that bosom."

Mrs. Burton, perceiving that resistance would be vain, acquiesced; but with a look that imported, "I shall remember this."

The two females, with the children, proceeded together to the door of Mrs. Danzy's room, into which they were introduced by Mrs. Diana; and, on the door being opened, they saw the lady sitting on one side of the window, speaking with her husband. She started when the women entered, and advanced to meet them with a hurried step. She instantly recognized the nurse, and said, with eagerness, "And where, where is my baby, Margaret?"

The nurse drew little Clarissa forward, saying, "Here, Madam, here is your lovely child."

She gazed on the child for a moment, and then earnestly looked in the nurse's face, saying, "But, my

baby! my little baby! they promised me my baby to-day. It is very long since I have seen my little darling. I trusted her to you, nurse; and why have you been so very very long without bringing her to me?"

"This is your child, your own sweet baby, dear lady," said the nurse, lifting up Clarissa. "Look at her features. Are they not the same?—those sweet soft eyes, those flaxen ringlets, that dimpled cheek, and pretty pouting lip? Look at your baby; know her again; and be assured that she is your own beloved child."

The poor lady turned away weeping, like one who had been often deceived, whose heart had been made sick by hope long deferred, and, throwing herself on a chair, gave free passage to her tears.

On this, Mrs. Burton and her sister uttered a sneering laugh, which was so faint as not to be heard amid the sobs of the afflicted lady. But the more tender-hearted nurse and affectionate husband followed her to her chair; where placing the children before her, they besought her to look favourably upon them.

After giving vent to her feelings for some minutes, she, at length, with a kind of passive yet sorrowful obedience, which to a discerning eye might have marked but too plainly the habit of deep subjection to which she had been accustomed, dropped the apron which she had thrown over her face in the first moment of bitter disappointment, and, wiping her eyes, looked at the children with considerable earnestness, offering them her hands.

Miss Isabella, who had been in the habit of hearing her afflicted parent spoken of as a poor, whimsical, disordered creature, shrunk from the poor lady as she extended her pale hand towards her. But the little Clarissa, who had been accustomed to consider her unhappy parent whom she occasionally beheld from the window of her nursery as an object of the tenderest love and compassion, sprang forward at the approach of her mother's hand, and, clasping her arms round her neck, would very soon (had free permission been permitted her) have cheated her distressed parent of half her sorrows by her innocent and tender endearments. But Mrs. Burton and her sister, who both now began to tremble for their authority, knowing that if little Clarissa ob-

tained her mother's confidence she would not fail also to obtain the same for her nurse, thought proper to interfere, by stating to Mr. Danzy the direction of the physician, that his patient should be kept entirely calm and composed: to which Mrs. Burton added, in corroboration of the doctor's opinion, her own perfect assurance, that her mistress, from what had already passed, would become as ill the next day as she had been during any stage of her disorder.

Little Clarissa was accordingly torn from the arms of her mother, and carried back to the nursery; and the next morning, it was reported in the family that Mrs. Danzy was so ill as to be obliged to keep her bed.

From that time, Clarissa was seldom brought into her mother's presence, though Isabella followed Mrs. Burton in and out of the apartment at her pleasure; but as her manner was always cold and haughty towards her afflicted parent, she never made any progress in her affection, the poor lady always seeming to consider her as a stranger, and continuing still to enquire month after month for the infants whose little endearments she remembered with such delight.

Thus another year was suffered to pass with this poor lady, her mind remaining much in the same disconsolate state; and during this period she had seldom been permitted to see Clarissa, whom she often enquired after, although she could never by any means be brought to identify her with the infant so long deplored.

Towards the end of this year, a new affliction reached this family in the sudden death of Mr. Danzy by a fever.

Though this gentleman's death was unexpected, he had not departed without a will, which was amply declaratory of his intentions towards those who depended on him. It was expressed as his request in this will, that his uncle, a single man and an old bachelor, should undertake the guardianship of his daughters, whom he left co-heiresses of his property, with this singular clause—that the family-mansion should belong to the one who married first. He left it also as his request, that his daughters should be sent to the best boarding-school in London, or to a convent in France, for their education, and be kept there till the elder was of age;

at which time they were to be brought home, and become joint-possessors of the mansion until the marriage of one of them should take place. He also appointed Mrs. Burton to the charge of his wife until his elder daughter came of age, and as much longer as might be agreeable to his children; making a suitable provision for the maintenance of his wife. To Mrs. Neale and her husband he also bequeathed a handsome legacy, and gave permission to his uncle to reside in the mansion-house till his daughters were of age; taking for granted, no doubt, that his wife's apartments would never be invaded. In short, he made every arrangement which prudence and affection could suggest for the benefit of his family; summing up his will in a manner which proved that he had the feelings of a Christian, though perhaps not of one highly enlightened. It was, however, much to be lamented, that he wanted that insight into character which would have prevented his entrusting such persons as Mrs. Burton and her sister with the charge of his poor unfortunate wife.

As I am obliged to enter with considerable minuteness into some parts of this history, I shall endeavour to pass over the less interesting particulars of it with the more haste.

The above-mentioned articles of Mr. Danzy's will, which did not require any length of time for their performance, were put in execution immediately after his death. Mr. Barnet, the uncle before spoken of, was immediately sent for on Mr. Danzy's removal. This gentleman, without loss of time, proceeded to the execution of his nephew's will, and, as soon as the father's remains were deposited in the family-vault, set out with his two great-nieces to London, where, not meeting with a school to his taste, he carried them over to France, and established them in a convent at Amiens. On his return to England, he dismissed the greater part of the servants, and fixed himself in one corner of the family-mansion, while the poor lady and her harsh attendants occupied the other.

Things being thus established, years rolled on, with little change of scene at the mansion, and no variation of ideas to the poor afflicted lady, who still spoke of her infant children, and could never be made to understand

that her affectionate husband was dead. And through this long interval, she was seen daily arranging the pillow and satin quilt for her baby, and preparing the chair to receive the visits of her husband; sometimes talking to her linnet when left alone, which was frequently for many hours in the day, and sometimes playing on her guitar, of which instrument she had been a perfect mistress in her happier days.

In the mean time, the young ladies in the convent acquired such accomplishments as were taught in those days; and, as they advanced in years, they improved so greatly in their appearance as to promise an extraordinary degree of beauty, especially the younger, who had a sweetness of countenance and manner which made her singularly attractive.

There was in the convent a widow lady, an English woman, residing as a pensioner, of high rank and considerable piety, who, though a Protestant, had made this convent her place of residence in order more fully to separate herself from the society of a large worldly acquaintance. It was the happiness of Isabella and Clarissa to win the regards of this lady; who took great pains to attract them to her, for the purpose of preserving them from those ignorant and superstitious notions which they were in danger of acquiring from constant intercourse with the other inhabitants of the house. From the society of this lady, Clarissa, whose mind, through the divine blessing on the early labours of her nurse, was prepared for the reception of good instruction, derived such advantage, that few young women of nineteen, which was the age she had attained when her uncle came to convey the sisters home, could in any degree be compared to her with respect to intellectual attainments. Her person also and manners were charming; while her entire freedom from selfishness could only be attributed to the influence of that free grace by which the nature of man is radically changed, and from which his feelings and affections take a new direction. But Isabella, I am sorry to say, had by no means reaped an equal advantage from the instructions of this excellent lady; the same impatience of control which she had evidenced in early life still continuing to direct her conduct, rendered her much less docile than her sister.

Clarissa's separation from this lady was affecting; but she received much comfort from a promise which she made of visiting her in England, and which promise was afterwards fulfilled, to the great joy of both parties, though not till after the lapse of some years.

After taking leave of this dear lady, Clarissa had no other feeling left on undertaking her journey home but an extreme impatience to come to the end of it, in order that she might once again salute her mother and her nurse; and this feeling prompted her to entertain her sister, whenever she was not restrained by her uncle's presence, with the plans she had formed for her mother's happiness.

"Why," said her sister to her, when she first opened the subject, "what can you do for our mother?"

"Do for her!" said Clarissa; "O, many many things: I will do every thing for her."

"Absurd!" replied Isabella: "will you not allow her a waiting-maid?"

"Just as she pleases in that respect," replied Clarissa. "But this I know, that Mrs. Burton shall be dismissed: she has been with her too long at least by nineteen years."

"And will you dismiss her without consulting me, Clarissa?" returned Isabella.

"I am sure you will not oppose her dismissal, if we discover that she has been unkind to our mother," said Clarissa.

"But you have as yet no proof of her unkindness," replied the other.

"No," said Clarissa, "I have not any absolute proof, to be sure: but I shall soon see how it is; for I shall watch every word and action."

"And if you do so with an intention to find fault, Clarissa," said Isabella, "these women must be more than human to escape your censure."

"All this may be true," replied Clarissa. "Notwithstanding which, I have such strong suspicions that my poor parent has been misused by them, that I shall never be easy till I have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"I think," replied Isabella, "that you should be equally afraid of being unjust to Mrs. Burton as to your mother."

“No,” returned Clarissa, “I cannot see that, Isabella. Mrs. Burton is not wholly dependent on us, as our poor mother is. She can speak for herself; she can plead her own cause; she is prepared to fight her own battles: and if we put her away, she has other resources. But our poor helpless parent—O, Isabella! Isabella! my future life, with the divine help, shall be devoted to her; and I never will enter into any engagement by which I may be prevented from doing my duty to her as an affectionate daughter.”

“Your professions, Clarissa,” replied Isabella, “re-
mind me of those of the two elder daughters of King Lear; and I shall not be surprised if they are no better fulfilled.”

Clarissa made no further reply; but she inwardly prayed, that her present resolutions of watching over and comforting her mother, as long as she needed such care and consolation, might be strengthened and confirmed from on high.

It was about noon on the third day of their leaving town, that the two young ladies and their guardian arrived at the family-mansion; for travellers did not in those days fly over the country with the velocity they now do. They found every thing at the old mansion nearly in the same state as they had left them; for Mr. Barnet had been a faithful steward to them with respect to all their worldly concerns. On the great flight of steps which led up to the hall-door, stood Mrs. Burton, and several more of the old servants, prepared to offer their young ladies the most respectful reception. While Isabella was addressing these, Clarissa looked eagerly round for her nurse; and not seeing her, she was running forwards to her mother's room, when Mrs. Burton, perceiving her intentions, stepped forward, and, in a fawning manner, besought her not to think of going to her mother at that time—“For this,” said she, “is the hour when our dear lady is accustomed to take her repose; after which, when she rises to receive her dinner, I will endeavour to prepare her for your appearance, ladies. But,” added she, looking at Miss Isabella, “if we were to break suddenly upon her, it is not possible to foresee what might be the consequence: for no one knows,” proceeded Mrs. Burton, lifting up her eyes and

drawing up her lips, as if under the influence of acute feelings, "no one can have an idea what that poor lady has suffered, and still suffers, from her dreadful disorder."

"That she has suffered and still suffers severely I doubt not," replied Clarissa, casting a glance at her sister, which Isabella well understood; "and this very assurance," continued she, "will make me the more determined to devote myself, in every possible way, to the alleviation of her sufferings."

"Alas, Miss!" said Mrs. Burton, "you will find the task a heavier one than you now imagine."

"If it is a heavy task, Mrs. Burton," rejoined Clarissa, "who is so fit for it as a daughter?"

"Surely, Miss," said Mrs. Burton, "nothing is more true than what you have said: one thing only I have to remark—that I hope you young ladies will take care how you begin this work of kindness; since it is not easy for me to give you an idea how my poor lady suffers whenever she is put out of her way, or in any degree hurried and confused in her poor mind."

"Nothing can be more rational than what you say," returned Isabella; "and I am sure that I can answer both for my sister and myself, that we shall not attempt to interfere with your very judicious and kind management of our poor mother."

Clarissa heard this speech of her sister's, but made no observation upon it, being resolved to judge for herself of the situation of her mother, and to act according to that judgment.

The young ladies were at this moment called by their guardian to dinner; during which repast Clarissa, hearing her uncle say that he must now enquire after a suitable habitation for himself, having for some years past resided in the mansion-house according to Mr. Danzy's will, thought it right to propose that he should still occupy his favourite little study and bed-chamber at the further end of the house, and attend the family meals when it suited him so to do.

This was the very thing which the old gentleman wished; but it was a proposal not altogether so pleasing to Isabella, who, however, felt that she could not make any reasonable objection: though she remarked, half in good

humour and half otherwise, that although her uncle was at liberty, if he chose, to occupy the little study, and continue his office of accomptant and steward in the family, yet, as she was now of age, he must recollect that his office and authority of guardian was at an end, at least with respect to herself.

“But,” remarked Clarissa, “his office is not yet at an end with respect to me, sister; neither do I intend it ever shall be,” added she: “for I shall always wish to obey the reasonable commands of my father’s uncle, and shall always think it a privilege to have such a friend to consult.”

Though the old gentleman was a cold matter of fact man, he could not withstand this proof of the sweetness and tractability of his younger niece’s temper; and the tears actually stood in his eyes while he reached his hand across the corner of the table to hers, saying, “Clarissa, you are a good girl; and you will be blessed in your children, if ever you have any.”

“Dear uncle,” replied Clarissa, “I have not so many old friends, or relations, who are capable of supplying to me the want of a father, that I should be in haste to throw any of them away.”

As soon as dinner was over, it still being only a few hours after noon, Clarissa, finding that her uncle and sister had entered into some discussions which she thought of little importance, made her escape out of the dining-parlour, and, passing hastily through the great hall, she called a female servant to her, whom she saw at the foot of the stairs, to enquire after her dear nurse, who she understood still lived in the neighbourhood: and having dispatched this servant in all haste to fetch her, (for she had been made to understand that Mrs. Neale had never been permitted to come to the mansion-house since her dismissal,) she proceeded up the staircase to her mother’s apartment. Her heart beat violently as she put her hand upon the bolt; but the door was locked, and though she made several attempts to open it, yet could she not succeed. She then knocked; but as there was a large antechamber between her mother’s sitting-room and the place where she then stood, it was doubtful whether the sound could be heard so far. Having waited a few minutes, and no voice being

heard from within, she went down stairs again, and, crossing the hall, entered a long passage flagged with blue and white stone, which led into the garden. She stopped at a door which opened from this passage into the housekeeper's room. The door of this room stood ajar, and, as she passed, she distinctly heard the voice of Mrs. Burton, who was making tea for a parcel of female servants and footmen. Clarissa was glad to be assured that Mrs. Burton was thus employed, and consequently out of her way; so passing on, she came unobserved to the garden. Then hastening through several well-remembered walks and alleys, she came up at length to the iron rails which encircled the little plot of ground particularly called her mother's garden. There stopping a moment, with a feeling which cannot be described, she looked up to her poor parent's windows, which were open; no one appeared near them. She immediately began, with hasty step, to traverse the railing, till she came to the iron gate by which there was an entrance from the outer into the inner garden. She was afraid of finding this gate locked; and locked indeed it was, in order to prevent the poor prisoner from getting out had she desired it; but the key was in the lock, on the outside, as this passage to the poor lady's apartment was often used in the summer time by her attendants as the most direct way from the housekeeper's room. Clarissa turned the key with a hand trembling with impatience; and having thus gained admittance into the garden, she moved hastily forwards, till, running up the steps, she found herself, in a few minutes, in the balcony, before the windows of her mother's room. There she stopped for a short space, (her figure being concealed from any one within the apartment by the stone pillar between the two windows, or rather glass doors, which opened into the balcony,) not only to recover her agitation, but to consider how she might best present herself before her afflicted parent. While in this situation, she thought she heard the soft but low tones of a guitar; and, immediately afterwards, a sweet but plaintive voice reached her ear, singing an old Scotch air, which she remembered to have heard before, but knew not where. While listening to these sounds, she recollected that her poor mother used formerly to play on her guitar, and that

she had sometimes seen her from the projecting window of her nursery, sitting in the balcony with that instrument in her hand. "And do you still play, sweet lady?" said Clarissa to herself. "And have you sung and played on your guitar these many many years? and has no one been softened to love and pity by your sweet plaintive voice and innocent skill?"

Clarissa stood in the balcony, out of sight, till the poor lady had finished her song: then stepping softly forwards, she passed through the glass door, and entered the room, resolving, as much as possible, to command her feelings so as not to agitate her beloved parent. The poor lady was just laying her guitar on the table when Clarissa appeared. She was much faded and aged since her daughter had seen her; and though she had been dressed with more than common care that evening, yet there was a certain indescribable forlornness about her which produced a painful degree of depression in the mind of Clarissa, the external expression of which she had much difficulty in suppressing.

At sight of the lovely young woman who was entering her apartment by the balcony, the poor lady started and flushed high, looking round her with a frightened air: but being somewhat reassured by the gracious and sweet manner of Clarissa, who came smiling forward, making her compliments as to an entire stranger, and requesting permission to be allowed to rest a few minutes in her apartment, she shortly recovered herself, and, with that politeness and perfect gentility of manner which had never forsaken her through her long malady, she drew a chair to Clarissa, near the one which she had herself occupied, assured her that she was welcome, and asked her if she had been taking a long walk.

"I am come a great way to-day" replied Clarissa, affecting ease of manner, although her heart seemed to beat against her throat so as to make it difficult for her to speak articulately; "and I am now tired, and want rest."

The poor lady looked earnestly at her daughter while she spoke, and with such a look of tenderness as a mother's feelings only seemed capable of producing. Then laying her hand on her arm, she said, "You do not live near this place, my dear: have I ever seen you before?"

Clarissa replied, "Do you recollect me, Madam? Is my face at all known to you?"

The afflicted lady held her hand to her forehead, as if in much perplexity. "I do not know," she said; "yet I think the face is familiar to me. It is, however, a sweet face, a very sweet face. And where do you come from, my love?"

"I am come to live very near you, Madam," said Clarissa, "and mean to visit you every day."

"Every day!" said Mrs. Danzy, "how will you get in? If they see you, they will not let you come in." This she added in a whisper; and, rising, she went up close to Clarissa, and said, looking timidly to the door, "They do not like me to be seen; and if they know you mean to visit me every day, you will be prevented. But perhaps," she added, "you know the time when I am left alone, and then you can come. Take care however not to be seen when you do come."

"Are you often left alone?" said Clarissa.

"Yes," replied the poor lady, "yes, I am often alone. But do not mention that, my dear; they will be angry if they know I have told you. And do you say that you will come," added she, looking in Clarissa's face, "do you say that you will come often to see me? That is very kind. It would be a great pleasure to me to see you. I would set a chair for you every day, if I thought you would come. But perhaps you will come once, and never come again."

The look which the poor lady gave her daughter at the moment she spoke these last words affected Clarissa so violently, that, being unable to control her feelings any longer, she threw her arms round her mother, and, dropping her head on her bosom, burst into an agony of tears, sobbing quite aloud.

Mrs. Danzy was much touched by these tears and this emotion, though she did not seem to have any idea of their cause, or the least suspicion that the lovely young person who now clasped her in her arms was the beloved child whose absence she had so long mourned. Notwithstanding which, being strongly drawn towards her daughter, she returned her embrace with the utmost tenderness; and, as Clarissa's face rested on her bosom, she wiped away her fast flowing tears with her handker-

chief, while her own fell as fast and mingled with them. "And why, my dear young lady, why do you weep?" she said. "What can I do for you? I wish I had any comfort to give you. But I am a poor comfortless creature myself: that however does not matter; I am old and of no consequence; but you are young and blooming, and your aspect peculiarly prepossessing. I cannot bear to see your tears: I pray you be comforted."

In this manner she went on addressing her daughter, and wiping away her tears, which still continued to flow.

After a few minutes, Clarissa, being somewhat recovered, attempted to account for her tears by saying that she had been engaged in a long journey, and was fatigued by it. "But I am much better now," she added; "the tears I have shed have relieved me: and now, my dear Madam, I am at liberty to converse with you. I am come to live in your neighbourhood, and I hope to visit you daily, and spend many hours with you. If you will permit me, I will bring my work and sit with you, and will read to you if you approve it. Indeed it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to attend you."

"My dear young lady," returned Mrs. Danzy, "who has put it into your heart to pity such a poor creature as I am—one whom all the world has long forgotten? My dear husband has not been at home now for many days; and though I am in constant expectation of him, he never comes. Nor do I ever see my children now: they either come home so late, or go out so early, that I never obtain a sight of them. And this makes my time hang very heavily on my hands; for I am left alone hour after hour, and day after day: because you know it would not be very proper for me to go out."

"And why not proper?" said Clarissa, subduing her emotions with a violent effort.

"I do not know," returned the poor lady, meekly; "but they tell me so."

"They tell you so!" said Clarissa, rising with indignation, and then sitting down again, while every limb trembled with passion. Then checking herself, or, rather, diverting her feelings into another channel, she threw herself again upon her mother's bosom, and sobbed violently.

"My dear young lady! my sweet young lady!" said

Mrs. Danzy, again wiping away her tears with her handkerchief, "do be comforted; I pray you be comforted. What afflicts you, my love?"

"Do you call me your love?" said Clarissa, lifting up her fine eyes to her mother, who had risen, the better to support her daughter's drooping head. "Your voice is that of a tender parent to a beloved child. Tell me, beloved lady, shall I be your child? your daughter? your friend? your nurse? your constant companion?"

Mrs. Danzy looked earnestly at her child, and then, in a low whispering voice, said, "They will not let you stay with me: when they come, they will take you away."

"No," said Clarissa, "if you wish me to stay with you, I will never leave you. Only speak the word."

"I dare not,—I dare not," replied the poor lady, whose quick ear caught at that moment the sound of a step on the stairs. "They will come; they will take you away; and then I shall be made to suffer. Yes," she added, shuddering with terror, "yes, I shall be made to suffer—you do not know what—but I do! I do!"

The sound of the lock of the antechamber door was now heard: on which the poor creature actually shrieked with terror, and was so earnest for Clarissa to run out into the balcony and conceal herself from those that were coming, that the young lady, fearing some dreadful scene would take place if she did not give way, thought it best to yield to the request; and before the persons who were approaching had reached the inner door, she had made good her escape, and was standing in the balcony, behind the centre wall or pillar which divided the glass doors, when Mrs. Burton and her sister entered the apartment.

In this situation she was compelled to hear a short conversation between her poor mother and her attendants, which confirmed all her suspicions, and gave her courage to proceed with firmness in her determination of rescuing her out of their hands.

"Lock the doors behind us," said Mrs. Burton to her sister, as she entered the inner room. "And now, Madam," added she, addressing the poor lady, "give me some account of the shriek I heard but now. Are you

thus to disturb the house with these uproars? Compose yourself immediately, and let me see you in a proper state to receive two ladies, whom I shall presently introduce to you. But you have been in tears, and your pocket-handkerchief, I perceive, is wet with them. What does this mean?" continued the wicked woman. "Sister Di, she must be left alone no more; she will be liable to see company now, and you or I must always be within hearing."

"I have said nothing since you have been away," said poor Mrs. Danzy, in a trembling voice.

"You have said nothing!" proceeded Mrs. Burton, in an enquiring tone: "what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the poor lady. "For how should I speak, when I have no one to speak to?"

"But," remarked Mrs. Burton, "you will have some persons presently to speak to: and mind this—I shall be within hearing, whether you see me or not; and if you do not say what pleases me, you understand"——

"I do, I do," replied the poor lady. "But do not be angry with me now: I will please you in every thing."

Clarissa heard no more, for the poor lady was led into her inner apartment, in order perhaps that some alteration should be made in her dress; and Clarissa took this opportunity to make her escape from the place of her concealment to the other side of the house. She had scarcely entered the paved passage before mentioned, which led out of the garden into the hall, before she met her dear nurse, who was come at the first notice, accompanied by her husband, to see her beloved child.

Clarissa was so violently agitated by the scene which she had lately witnessed in her mother's room, as to be totally overcome by the sight of her nurse; and, had not the good woman and her husband led her out into the fresh air of the garden, where they set her upon a seat and gave her some water to drink, she would certainly have fainted.

When a little recovered, she opened her whole heart to these her humble friends on her mother's case, enquiring of them what could be done, and whether they were willing to assist her in her endeavours to rescue her unhappy parent from her miserable thralldom.

The nurse and her husband, who had long suspected

and lamented the misery of their poor mistress, entered with warmth into all their dear young lady's feelings; and being at that time in low circumstances, they received with delight a proposal she made them of returning to the places they had once occupied in the family, the one as Clarissa's footman, and the other as her attendant. And although poor Margaret declared herself unfit to dress a young lady in the present fashion, Clarissa would take no excuse, assuring her that she would be helped by no one if she could not have the assistance of her poor nurse.

Thus the same sense of filial piety which actuated this sweet young lady with respect to her mother, seemed to extend itself to all who had ever shewn her tokens of affection and regard in her infancy, completely adopting that memorable maxim of the wise man—*Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not.* (Prov. xxvii. 10.)

When this arrangement was made, the nurse having consented to enter into the service of her dear young lady that very night, and her husband as soon as he could dispose of his house and furniture, Clarissa went in search of her sister, to inform her of the agreement she had made with the nurse, and to ask her when she would choose to make her visit to her mother. She found Isabella still sitting with her uncle, making arrangements for her own and her sister's establishment and equipages. "Clarissa," said Isabella, "you have been shedding tears. Are they tears of joy or sorrow?"

"They are the effect of both," answered Clarissa. "But I wish to tell you that I have hired my dear nurse again to wait upon me, and her husband is to be my footman."

"Upon my word, Clarissa," said Miss Isabella, "your household will be capitally appointed."

"At least," said the other, "my household will be respectable and faithful, and I shall not live in constant dread of being wronged and deceived; especially," added she, smiling, "if my kind uncle will still condescend to keep his situation as manager of my purse."

The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff on the occasion: then smiling, and drawing himself up with a kind of satisfied air, "Cousin Clarissa," he said, "I do trust

and hope that you will never have any reason to repent the confidence you place in me. I have executed your poor father's will according to the very letter of it; and I think and trust that every item of it has been properly attended to: so that your sister will find, when I deliver over to her the moiety of her property, that it has greatly grown and increased during her minority. But no more of this at present. I now have to thank you for your good opinion of me, as well as for the kindness you have shewn me this day; and I beg leave, in return, to assure you, I shall make it my business, Miss Clarissa, to pray for your welfare, and for that of all who belong to you."

Mr. Barnet was a mere matter of fact man, as I have before said. His words were few, his compliments and professions fewer; and therefore his acquaintance always knew how to appreciate his civil speeches, which might generally be received without deduction. Clarissa received her uncle's compliment with a gracious smile; and then turning to her sister, she remarked, that, as she conceived it to be her duty, so she should count it her greatest delight, to devote the greater part of her time to her dear parent. "For two years to come, Isabella," she said, "I shall have little business, being a minor; and as I do not wish to go out, or to see company, I mean to give up my time entirely to attendance on my mother."

Isabella reddened violently on hearing this declaration, and said, with suppressed emotion, "Your resolution is good, Clarissa, and the *world* will admire you: and if I do not do the same, it will probably blame me."

Clarissa might have answered, "If your God and your conscience do not condemn you, you may defy the censures of the world." But she thought it best at this moment to be silent; so, rising, she said, "Come, sister, let us now go and see our dear parent. Nurse is in the hall, waiting to accompany us. She will perhaps assist our mother in bringing us to her recollection."

"*Nurse!*" repeated Isabella. "Upon my word, Clarissa, you make yourself very ridiculous; a young woman at your age crying after her mamma and her nurse as you do! I suppose nurse is to follow you now, as she did ten years ago, all over the house, and to be pre-

sent at all our conversations. By and by, I shall expect to see her come in and feed you at dinner."

"Sister," replied Clarissa, good-humouredly, "I love to see you laugh, be the subject what it may; and, from henceforward, I give you full liberty to laugh at me and my nurse: only, let me entreat you to indulge me in having my own way with our poor mother."

"I suppose you will have it, sister," said Isabella, "whether I allow it or not."

"Come, come, young ladies," said the old gentleman, "let us have no more of this: let each of you please herself, and follow her own fancy. Why should you interfere with each other?"

"Uncle," replied Isabella, "you do not see through Clarissa; you are not aware what she is about, though to me it is as clear as the noon-day. She wants to get my good Burton and her sister out of my mother's room, and to establish her dear nurse in their place."

"And why so? why so, Miss Clarissa?" asked the uncle. "Was not Mrs. Burton the person appointed by your poor father to take care of his afflicted lady? And I always understood that it was the desire of the whole family that Mrs. Burton should retain her office."

"But if she does not make my mother happy, uncle," said Clarissa, "ought we not to remove her?"

"To be sure, to be sure, cousin; there can be no doubt of that," returned the old gentleman. "But what reason have you to think the poor lady is ill used?"

"What reason, indeed!" said Isabella: "it is a mere fancy of my sister's; and if she listens to old nurse's tales, there will be no end of her fancies of this kind."

"My ideas on this subject," answered Clarissa, "are neither taken from my nurse, nor from any other person, but from my own observations."

"And you have had much time and opportunity, assuredly, to make these observations," said Isabella.

"More opportunity than time," answered Clarissa.

Isabella gave Clarissa a searching look; and Mr. Barnet said, "My dear cousin, I wish to make one observation, which I recommend to your attention.—Persons who are afflicted in the manner your dear mother is, must be placed under some control; and it is certain, that the afflicted person will always fear and

dislike the individual who is appointed to exercise that control. On this account prejudices should not be lightly taken up against such persons as are placed in situations of authority over the afflicted in mind."

"Very true, very true," answered Isabella. "But though my sister displays such extraordinary feeling for her mother, she cannot even exercise common justice towards other people. And hence she is resolutely bent upon condemning poor Burton and her sister unheard, and means to hunt these respectable old servants out of the house in order to advance her fond old nurse to the confidential station they occupy."

"Dear sister," said Clarissa, "have I ever made a proposal of the kind? All I ask is, that I may be allowed to sleep in my mother's apartment, and assist Mrs. Burton in the care of her."

"Allowed!" said Isabella: "very humble indeed! Apply to your guardian for permission, not to me."

"I am sure," returned Clarissa, "my good uncle will never use any means to prevent my paying proper attention to my poor mother."

"Assuredly not, cousin, assuredly not," said the old gentleman.

This conversation, which I have delivered at considerable length, was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Burton, who, coming in smiling and courtseying, said, "Now, if you please, Miss Danzy and Miss Clarissa, the poor lady above stairs is ready to receive you. But," added she, lowering her voice, and looking important, "you must be so kind as to speak low, lest you should ruffle the dear lady; for her nerves are so exceeding delicate, that she cannot bear the smallest discomposure. I did but the other day slip my foot upon the bright floor in the antechamber; and do you know, ladies, that, from her fright and anxiety about me, lest I should be hurt, she could not sleep all night."

The word "hypocrite" and "artful woman" were upon Clarissa's tongue; but she restrained herself, and followed Mrs. Burton, who led the way ostentatiously towards her lady's room. The nurse was waiting in the hall, by Clarissa's desire. Isabella passed without noticing her courtesy, but Clarissa requested her to follow.

They now all ascended the stairs in silence to the door of the antechamber; and while Mrs. Burton unlocked it, Clarissa remarked, that she could not see occasion, as her poor mother was always attended by one person at least, why she should be locked up. "It does not look well for us, Mrs. Burton," she said, "or creditable, to make a lady a prisoner in her own house."

"It was the doctor's order, Miss," replied Mrs. Burton, dryly.

The party now entered the inner room, the door of which was open, and were ushered into the presence of the lady, who appeared sitting gravely and sedately in an arm-chair, behind which stood Mrs. Diana.

When the ladies were introduced, she hardly lifted up her eyes, and scarcely spoke; though she started and flushed faintly on observing that one of the strangers was the same from whom she had lately received a visit of so extraordinary a nature. Isabella looked at her sister with an expression of countenance, as much as to say, "You see what a state she is in: what can be done with such a person?"

Clarissa, however, did not return the glance; but, addressing her nurse, said to her, in a low voice, "Speak to her: see if she will recognize you."

The nurse, being encouraged by Clarissa, stepped forward, and, courtseying, said, "My dear lady, I am come to enquire after you: it is long since I have seen you. Do you enjoy good health?"

The poor lady looked at her for a moment, and then addressed her by her name with considerable kindness: but almost instantly checking herself, she said, "You must ask Mrs. Burton about my health;" and then relapsing into a stiff, cold, formal silence, nothing further than a few monosyllables could be got from her.

The two young ladies having sat for a few minutes looking on their afflicted parent, Isabella arose, and, stepping into the balcony, beckoned her sister. "You see the state she is in, Clarissa," she said: "we can do nothing for her. She does not know us. She seems to enjoy every comfort of which she is capable. Let things rest as they are, I pray you. You will only expose your mother, and make yourself ridiculous by your over officiousness in this matter."

“Sister,” replied Clarissa, calmly, “I will make no change, no confusion. I will only order my bed into my mother’s room, and my toilet, &c. into the antechamber, that I may be near enough to assist Mrs. Burton in her charge.”

“Mrs. Burton will not like this, Clarissa.”

“Why not?” said Clarissa. “I shall not interfere with her; I shall only endeavour to assist her.”

“You will overthrow her authority.”

“Never, when it is properly exercised.”

“She will never bear it, sister.”

“I am sorry for it, Isabella,” replied Clarissa; “because I am resolved, and no earthly power shall move me from my purpose. I am now established in my mother’s room, from which I have been too long banished, and here will I take up my residence.”

“Amazing obstinacy!” said Isabella. “Mrs. Burton will certainly leave our mother, if you provoke her.”

“Then let her go,” returned Clarissa. “You may still retain her, if you have a regard for her, as your own maid or housekeeper. I shall never object to any thing you can do for her in that way.”

“But do you not know,” added Isabella, in an under tone, “that, by our father’s will, we are under obligation to pay Mrs. Burton one hundred pounds, and her sister fifty, on the day they leave my mother’s especial service?”

“One hundred and fifty pounds!” replied Clarissa; “I did not recollect the circumstance, though I must have heard it before. But I am glad I know it now; and, if there is the smallest difficulty on that account, I will undertake to pay the money from my own pocket.”

“You are a minor, Clarissa; you cannot pay that sum.”

“But I will give any security.”

“You cannot give any security unknown to my uncle.”

Clarissa replied, that she had a pearl necklace with a diamond locket in her possession, which was left to her by her godmother, and which she would very gladly lay down as a pledge for the hundred and fifty pounds, provided her sister would pay the money.

Isabella had long felt a desire for this splendid necklace, which she well knew to be of greater value than the sum in question, and she accordingly expressed herself satisfied; adding, however, that she should be better pleased if poor Mrs. Burton were not disturbed.

The young ladies now returned into Mrs. Danzy's room, when Clarissa informed Mrs. Burton of her intention to assist her in attending upon her mother. At the same time, she gave directions to her nurse to go immediately and give orders for a couch-bed being introduced into her mother's apartment, and to see her trunks, boxes, toilet, &c. properly arranged in the ante-chamber.

While Clarissa was giving these orders, which she did in a clear and decided manner, Mrs. Burton and her sister stood with eyes and hands uplifted; the former, however, scarcely gave Clarissa time to finish her orders, before she burst into such a storm of rage and violence, notwithstanding all her affected concern for the nerves of her poor lady, that every one in the room stood silent with amazement. At length, having in some degree spent her indignation, she gave way to a flood of passionate tears; when, turning to Clarissa, she said, "Am I come to this, after such long and such faithful services, to be watched and suspected in this way? But I know, Miss, I very well know, that I never had your good opinion."

"It is no proof," replied Clarissa, "that you have not my good opinion, Mrs. Burton, that I desire to devote myself to the service of an afflicted parent, and that I am willing to assist you and your sister in the work of administering comfort and amusement to her."

Mrs. Burton was about to reply, when the attention of the whole party was drawn to Mrs. Danzy, who appeared to be falling from her chair in a fainting-fit.

Clarissa sprang towards her, and, supporting her on her bosom, held a smelling-bottle, which she happened to have in her pocket, to the nose of her poor mother, while she repeatedly pressed her vermilion lips against her poor pale forehead.

While thus employed, and her mind fully engaged with the dear sufferer whom she held in her arms, she was suddenly surprised to find herself quite alone; Miss

Isabella, Mrs. Burton, and Mrs. Diana, having thought it best to withdraw for the purpose of settling their own plans.

It was some time before the poor lady began to revive. She lay for several minutes motionless: at length, opening her eyes, and drawing a deep sigh, she looked up at the sweet face of her daughter; after which, raising her head from her bosom, and looking eagerly around, she said, in a low voice, "Are they all gone?"

"Yes," replied Clarissa, "dear lady, they are all gone, and have left you with me."

"Do not speak loud," said the poor lady; "they hear all you say, even when you whisper."

"Then we will say nothing to make them angry," replied Clarissa.

"But they will be angry; they are angry," returned Mrs. Danzy. "They will tell me so when you are gone."

"But I am not going," said Clarissa: "I shall sleep in your room to-night, and you shall tell me where I shall place my bed."

"Who are you?" asked Mrs. Danzy. "I like you very much; but I cannot think who you are."

"I am your daughter," said Clarissa.

"My daughter!" replied the poor lady, sighing: "no, my daughters are little children, very little children, and it is a long time since I have seen them."

"Perhaps they are much grown then," said Clarissa: "perhaps they are women now."

"No," replied the afflicted lady, "they are little children. My Clarissa is an infant, a very sweet infant: she was taken from me to be nursed, and she will be brought back again very soon. I have prepared her cradle-bed and her pillow, and she will be brought again by and by."

At this strong and most affecting proof of her mother's derangement, Clarissa could not repress her feelings, but burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Why do you weep?" said Mrs. Danzy, tenderly. "Sweet young lady, do not weep." And she took her handkerchief out, as she had once before done, to wipe away her tears. "And do you say that you will come and sleep in my room?" said she. "But I think they

will not allow it," she added in a lower tone; "I am sure they will not allow it."

"We will see that by and by," said Clarissa. "But do not be afraid; I shall not leave you with them."

While Clarissa uttered these last words, the nurse and other servants were heard in the antechamber, bringing in the young lady's trunks, and arranging a toilet for her, which they encircled with a folding-screen.

The poor lady, on hearing the noise they made, stepped to the door with considerable glee; and, having looked on a minute, turned with alacrity to Clarissa, saying, "I do think it is true, and that you are really coming to live with me." And then, with a kind of childlike curiosity, she asked what her young visitor had got in her trunks, and whether she might be permitted to see their contents.

"You shall see me open my trunks to-morrow," replied Clarissa, "and I will shew you many beautiful things. But now they are bringing in my couch-bed, I will beg you to point out where it is to be placed."

There are some people who never consider what they shall do till it is time to act; on which account, when the time for action arrives, they are all irresolution and indecision. But this was not the case with Clarissa respecting her mother. She had consulted her friend in the convent on this most interesting subject, and had, in consequence of her advice, wholly made up her mind on the course she ought to pursue: so that, although she appeared to be acting with precipitation, every step she took was the product of mature deliberation. And though her views of religion were at that time not altogether clear, yet she had not failed to seek the guidance of her heavenly Father, with a sincere desire to conform herself in all things to his holy will. And thus the Almighty was pleased to lead her on by a way which as yet she understood not.

It was nearly two hours from the time Isabella and the two Mrs. Burtons had left the room, before Isabella returned, followed by the elder Mrs. Burton. During this interval, Clarissa, with the assistance of the nurse, her husband, and other servants who secretly favoured her cause, had made good her establishment in her mother's room; while the poor lady, whose hopes revived

on beholding the preparations made for the residence of her young companion in her apartment, was standing in the inner room, giving the nurse some directions about the bed, and saying that she hoped it was properly aired.

Clarissa, who was also in the inner room, contemplating the infant's bed with satin quilt, which stood as aforetime in the corner, no sooner heard her sister's voice than she hastened to meet her, and found, with pleasure, that Mrs. Burton was willing to relinquish her present office, and to assume that of housekeeper, provided the promised hundred pounds were secured to herself, and the fifty to her sister.

Clarissa gave her on this occasion all the satisfaction she could wish, at the same time saying, "Understand, Mrs. Burton, that it is your own act and deed to give up this office, and no proposal of mine; since all I wished was to share with you the charge of waiting upon my afflicted mother.

It was now apparent, that a wish was felt by all parties to have the matter entirely hushed up. Mrs. Burton begged pardon for having spoken warmly; hoped Miss Clarissa would think no more of it, and expressed a hope that she should perform her duty as housekeeper so as to give satisfaction. After which she began to busy herself by ostentatiously giving directions to the nurse respecting her management of Mrs. Danzy; particularly requesting her not, on any account, to hurry and alarm the poor lady, or suffer her to talk much, with other such intimations as tended to convey the idea of her own extraordinary tenderness and affection. Mrs. Diana also played her part very well: so, when the two sisters had delivered up their keys, they departed, leaving Clarissa and her nurse equally amazed at the ease and speed with which so entire a revolution had been produced in the economy of Mrs. Danzy's apartments.

"And now," said Clarissa, when the door was shut after them, "we will think no more, nor speak any more, of these people; but, instead of embittering our minds against them, we will devote our time to the more important purpose of rendering my dear parent as happy as circumstances will allow. And, first, nurse, you shall call your husband, who is now to act as our footman, to

bring us our tea, for the evening is far spent; and I will take out my work, and sit down as quietly as if I were perfectly at ease."

Clarissa having thus given her directions, took her work-bag in her hand, and going into the inner apartment, where her afflicted mother stood trembling from head to foot, having just heard Mrs. Burton's voice, she took her hand, and said, "And now, my dear lady, I have got my bed settled, and all my boxes and toilet arranged, we will have our tea if you please."

"But will Mrs. Burton allow you to drink tea with me, my dear?" said the poor lady, in a low voice.

"Yes," said Clarissa: "for as she is now to occupy the place of housekeeper, she must live in the housekeeper's room; and I am to have the care of you. See," continued she, "I have got all the keys; and I shall lock the door, and open it, when I please; and from this time no one will come in or go out without my permission."

Mrs. Danzy smiled, and said, "Who are you, my dear? You are very kind to me, and very pleasant too."

"My name is Clarissa," answered the young lady; "and if you will not be my mother, I will have no other. May I call you mother?"

The old lady kissed the hand which her daughter held to her, a condescension which Clarissa could not well bear: nevertheless, being fearful of exciting the invalid too much, she took no notice of this action, but led her into the outer room, where was placed a small settee, near a table on which John Neale was arranging the tea-cups.

Clarissa placed her mother on the settee, and began, in a quiet way, to take out her work. The old lady smiled, and, her sight being weak, she took out her glass to observe what kind of work her new companion was engaged in. She likewise noticed John, and asked him how he did; after which, turning to the nurse, she said, "And is nurse to wait upon us? What will become of the infant, if nurse is always here?"

"What infant?" said Clarissa.

"Why, my dear little one," replied the lady. "Nurse, what have you done with my darling?"

“Poor dear lady!” replied the nurse, “you cut me to the heart.”

“Your dear child is well, perfectly well,” said Clarissa, determining to be calm, “and never so happy as at this moment.”

The poor lady seemed satisfied; and taking up one of the tea-cups, the pattern of which she remembered, “These cups,” she said, “were given me before I was married; they were a present from my mother.” And having once entered upon this subject, and finding that no one checked her, she gave a full, true, and accurate history of the set of china and teaboard which stood before her; in the course of which she introduced several little family anecdotes peculiarly interesting and affecting to Clarissa.

This story, with its sundry parentheses, lasted till the old lady’s attention became wholly fixed upon a handkerchief which Clarissa was embroidering with French silk. She took up one end of it, admired it greatly, and then looked at her daughter with a very sweet smile, repeating what she had several times before said, “Who are you, my love? How beautiful your work is! and how happy your company makes me!”

When the tea-kettle was brought in, Clarissa insisted that the nurse should make tea; after which, the poor lady, who had long been used to take her comfortless meals alone, declared that she had never enjoyed herself more than on that evening.

As I have been obliged to make this story very long, I will not enter into every particular, which otherwise might be interesting, concerning Clarissa’s management of her afflicted mother. She remained with her all the evening, leading her to talk upon such subjects as appeared to have no agitating effect upon her mind, till bed-time arrived, which was with her a very early hour. The nurse then assisted her to bed, and watched by her till she fell asleep.

In the morning, Clarissa was ready to assist her mother as soon as she awoke; and, as she always breakfasted in bed, this affectionate daughter was prepared to make her tea by her bed-side; during which meal, the poor lady, being delighted to have such company, and much amused with the little bustle of tea-making, began, in

the joy of her heart, to tell old stories, among which she forgot not to give the history of the old-fashioned tea-table on which the tea-equipage was arranged.

Immediately after breakfast, Clarissa brought her Bible, and read several chapters to her poor mother, and this was succeeded by a suitable prayer; after which nurse was called in to dress her. These necessary preparations being completed, she led her mother into the anteroom, that she might be present at the unpacking of her box; on which occasion, after amusing her with a sight of the rich silks she had brought from France, she presented her with many beautiful trinkets in ivory and needlework which had been made in the convent.

These the poor lady received with all the simplicity of a child, and employed herself the greater part of the afternoon in arranging them in her cabinet, while her daughter sat working by her side.

The pleasure of seeing her poor mother so composed and happy, and so easily amused, afforded Clarissa so much delight, that she entirely forgot how the time passed, and was quite surprised when called to dinner. But she excused herself from attending the family at that time, and sat down to take this meal with her mother.

When Mrs. Danzy saw John come in to lay the cloth, and observed a cover laid for Clarissa, she said, with emotion, "Surely, my sweet young lady, you do not mean to dine with me?"

Clarissa replied, "I am come to be your daughter; and where should a daughter dine but with her mother?"

After dinner, Clarissa and her nurse tempted the poor lady into the garden; and, as it was a fine evening, they caused her to sit down on a garden-seat, while Clarissa entertained her with some little stories of things she had heard in France: and she found, that the plainer and simpler the tale, the better her mother was pleased by it.

On their return into the poor lady's parlour, they found the tea-things set out upon the table, where every thing was tastefully and neatly arranged for their evening meal. Poor Mrs. Danzy was struck with the altered appearance of every thing about her, and, turning to her daughter, she said, "What, am I to have another such happy evening as I had yesterday?"

“Yes,” said Clarissa, “I hope so, and many many more.”

The poor lady was affected, and burst into tears.

Her daughter wiped away her tears, and took this occasion to lead her thoughts towards God; pointing out his goodness to his creatures, not only in all lesser points, but more especially in that wonderful proof of his love, the sending his Son to die for lost mankind.

The poor lady seemed to agree in all that was said; but Clarissa could not exactly tell how far she comprehended it.

After a few days, Clarissa found her poor parent so thoroughly calm and comfortable, and so contented in the society of the nurse, that she found it possible to leave her for a few hours during the twenty-four with perfect comfort to all parties. But she seldom prolonged her absence more than an hour at a time, and was sure, on her return, to be welcomed with a degree of joy which gave her inexpressible satisfaction.

All this while, Isabella was very fully engaged in new modelling her family; and as her fortune was ample, having been greatly improved during her minority by her uncle's excellent management, she resolved to assume a magnificent style of living, and to exhibit an equipage more than ordinarily splendid.

Having made her appearance in form at church, her house was speedily crowded with visitors. She gave handsome entertainments, and received many invitations in return. Thus she presently became involved in one continued round of company and engagements. Clarissa, in the mean time, was scarcely known by her sister's visitors, and was represented by many as a young person of very retired and singular habits. However, as her uncle said, she saved her money and preserved her bloom by keeping quietly at home, while her sister made a useless expenditure of both.

In this manner the autumn and winter passed away, Mrs. Danzy enjoying herself so much all the while under the gentle dominion of Clarissa and her nurse, that she looked comparatively fresh and well. Her daughter also took care to supply her with handsome dresses befitting her situation, and prevailed upon her to spend a considerable portion of her time in the open air.

As spring came on, Clarissa procured a garden-chair for her mother, in which, after many persuasions, she allowed herself to be wheeled about the garden and into the paddock, while her daughter walked by her side; and, after a little use, it was wonderful how much the poor old lady enjoyed these little excursions. There were indeed times, when, through the force of her mental affliction, she required some small degree of control: but whenever this became necessary, it was so sweetly managed by the affectionate daughter, that a stander-by could hardly perceive it.

Now after the lapse of many months, there came into the neighbourhood a certain young gentleman, the heir of a very large fortune, and a man of the first fashion in those days.

This young man was solicitous to procure a rich wife: and having heard the fame of the beautiful co-heiresses Isabella and Clarissa, he felt a strong inclination to obtain the hand of one of them. For this purpose, he took handsome lodgings in the village, and formed an acquaintance with some of the principal families in the neighbourhood. It was at a grand ball given in the vicinity, where this gentleman, whom we shall call Egerton Beauchamp, first saw Isabella. Understanding who she was, he got himself introduced to her, and danced with her all the evening.

He was a remarkably handsome man, and very fashionable in his dress and manners. It was no wonder, therefore, that Isabella, who thought of little else but beauty, fashion, and dress, should be much taken with him. Indeed, she thought so much of him, that, in the morning, when she met her sister, she could talk of no one else but Mr. Egerton Beauchamp—the handsome Mr. Egerton Beauchamp.

The same day this gentleman paid her a visit, in order to make enquiries relative to her health after the fatigues of the ball; and under some pretence or other, he continued to call every day for many weeks. During this time Isabella became much attached to him; and, supposing herself to be no less the object of his regard, she wondered that he did not make her an offer of marriage. But at the end of this period he one day, on passing through the great hall to the dining-room, met Clarissa, whom

he had never before seen, with whose whole appearance, as well as with the extreme modesty of her deportment, he was so exceedingly struck, as instantly to resolve, if possible, to obtain her rather than her sister: and, under this impression, he could not but congratulate himself that he had not already made any declaration to Isabella.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp visited several times at the house after having first met Clarissa, without seeing her again; but on receiving information that she often accompanied her mother into the paddock, he made some pretence to go thither, where he had several interviews with the young lady in the presence of her parent and nurse, all of which she supposed to be accidental.

After this he saw her on several occasions at the mansion-house, and became so strongly attached that he could no longer conceal his regard.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp possessed every advantage of person, manner, family, and fortune, which were likely to render him the distinguished object of a lady's regard. Neither was Clarissa by any means insensible to his merits. She saw that he was handsome—handsomer than most men she had ever seen; she thought his manners particularly pleasing; while his conversation was lively and intelligent: in addition to which, it was also plain that he loved her. “But what,” said she to herself, “what is his private character? Does he fear God? is he a good son? would he be kind to my mother? I must not marry any man who will not allow me to fulfil my duties to my afflicted parent. No: the Lord assisting me, I would not accept the son of a king, if I thought he would prevent those affectionate attentions which I owe to a suffering mother.”

When Clarissa had made up her mind upon this subject, she endeavoured to cast all her care upon God, and to do her duty in that particular situation in which he had seen good to place her.

It happened one day about this time, being in company with some ladies residing in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Egerton Beauchamp became the subject of conversation; when, after much praise had been bestowed upon his genteel appearance, his handsome person, and his splendid fortune, some one remarked, “What a pity it is, that he is so bad a son!”

Clarissa coloured and started, on hearing this observation, but remained silent.

Another lady, however, in the company, enquired whether it were a certain fact that he was a bad son?

“He is the only son of a widowed mother,” replied the first speaker, “and there is little doubt to be entertained that he has returned her indulgence with much ingratitude.”

Many facts were now brought forward to prove the truth of this assertion—facts which seemed well known to the company in general, and which, being established on strong evidence, removed all doubt from the mind of Clarissa, who from that time resolved to discourage the addresses of this young man to the utmost of her power, hoping thereby to prevent a regular declaration of his regard.

This plan of Clarissa’s did not, however, entirely succeed. Mr. Beauchamp, notwithstanding her coldness, made her a formal proposal, which she decidedly declined; affection for her mother being her leading motive, and a motive of such prevailing influence as enabled her to overcome those sentiments of preference which she had felt for him, and for him only of all the men she had ever seen.

Nevertheless Clarissa could not make this sacrifice without some effort and many tears; although she was at length assisted to conquer her more selfish feelings, and to continue that work of love and duty towards her beloved parent which she had so happily commenced.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp was seriously attached to Clarissa, and would have preferred her to any other woman of equal or even larger fortune: he was, in consequence, greatly disappointed by her refusal, insomuch that for some months he was unable to recover the blow. At length, however, finding that he still had a chance with Isabella, he again presented himself at the mansion; where, after a decent time for courtship, he made her an offer, and was accepted.

Isabella was no stranger to all that had passed between her sister and Mr. Beauchamp, and it is easy to imagine that she had been extremely mortified by the whole transaction, although she secretly rejoiced that any cir-

cumstance had prevented Clarissa's marrying the man whom she preferred above all others.

When Clarissa heard that this gentleman was paying his addresses to her sister, she thought it her duty, although there was no great confidence subsisting between them, to reason with her respecting her intentions and prospects. "My dear sister," she said, "I have been informed, from those who have every opportunity of knowing the truth, that Mr. Beauchamp has not been a dutiful child to one of the most indulgent of mothers, that he has long neglected her, and that he lives in an habitual disregard of her advice. And what, my dear sister, can you expect from connecting yourself with a man of this description? He who has been an undutiful son cannot be expected to make either an affectionate husband or a good father. But, independent of the misery which you yourself may incur by this connexion, think, my dear Isabella, to what great inconvenience you may expose our afflicted mother. Our poor parent relies wholly upon us for comfort, and we know that her comfort would be very materially interrupted by a removal from the apartments in which she has spent so many years. You know, also, my dear sister, that this house becomes the property of the first of us who marries: and as that which is the wife's is also the husband's, our mother's happiness will, of course, greatly depend upon the temper of the man who shall become master of this mansion. This being the case, it becomes an especial duty on our part, to use much caution in an affair of so much consequence; since the happiness of one so dear to us, as well as our own, may be speedily destroyed by an imprudent choice."

To this purpose Clarissa argued with her sister; but her arguments, as might have been expected, produced very little effect: for, as Isabella had never consulted her mother's comfort in lesser matters, it was not to be supposed that she would do so in a concern so deeply interesting.

Isabella was married to Mr. Beauchamp as soon as the settlements could be made, and the wedding-clothes and equipages procured. Clarissa appeared at the wedding as bride's maid, in company with three other young ladies whom Isabella had chosen for the purpose: she

also was present at the wedding-dinner, and accompanied her sister when she made her first appearance at church. These duties however being performed, she requested permission thenceforward to remain in retirement, and devote herself, as formerly, to the satisfaction of her beloved parent.

Mr. Egerton Beauchamp objected to this arrangement; but Isabella approved of it, telling her sister that she was entirely at liberty to do as she pleased, particularly as she herself was at no loss for young friends who would be happy to attend her in receiving and making the usual visits at such a season.

Clarissa was somewhat more than nineteen years of age at the time her sister married, and from that period till she herself became of age, she lived with her mother in the house which according to her father's will was now become her sister's; where she passed her days in great retirement, confining herself almost entirely to the society of her dear parent. She slept in her room, made tea by her bed-side in a morning, and amused her afterwards till the hour arrived for taking the air, which she regularly did every day in company with her mother; after which she dined with her, read to her, and worked by her or walked with her till tea-time. In this manner she occupied the day so agreeably to poor Mrs. Danzy, that although the old lady still evidenced some tokens of a deranged state of mind, yet she certainly, on the whole, enjoyed great peace, and would sometimes talk very rationally on various subjects, intermingling her discourse with extremely interesting references to events long since gone by.

When Clarissa was obliged to leave her mother, or wished to enjoy a few minutes to herself, she found great comfort in the assistance given her by her nurse, who could amuse Mrs. Danzy almost as well as herself. And, after a while, observing the composure of her mother, and that he was much neglected by her sister, she ventured to introduce her uncle into her mother's sitting-room at meal-times; when Clarissa was happy to find that the old people agreed together very well, and that, while she was by these kind attentions administering to the comfort of her uncle, he, in return, by his long old-fashioned tales, afforded much amusement to her mother.

In the mean time, while Clarissa was living quietly at one end of the mansion-house, with her mother, her nurse, and her old uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp were engaged in one continued round of gaiety; visiting and being visited, giving and receiving costly entertainments, and, in short, running to such extremes of gaiety and expence, as induced Mr. Barnet to foretel that the young people would speedily be involved in difficulties, unless they could bring their minds to submit to timely retrenchments.

Whenever Mr. Barnet had an opportunity of conversing alone with Clarissa, he never failed to express his apprehensions on this head, namely, that Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp would certainly involve themselves in pecuniary difficulties, unless they could be prevailed upon to live in a more economical manner, and to lavish less money in dress, equipage, and amusement. Neither did Mr. Barnet refrain from expostulating with Isabella herself on this subject; though to very little purpose, since neither she nor her husband would listen to any thing he had to urge respecting prudence in pecuniary matters. Pleasure and gaiety were the objects of their most vehement pursuit, from which neither arguments nor persuasions could withdraw them: or, to use other words, these young people were so entirely devoted to self-indulgence, that no motive which could be brought forward was sufficient to influence them to a single act of self-denial.

In the mean time, Clarissa was speedily approaching the completion of her twenty-first year, at which period her sister would no longer be obliged by her father's will to allow her an apartment in the mansion-house; and accordingly she had given her several hints, though in a half laughing way, that she must soon think of providing herself with another dwelling. These hints, however, had been enough for Clarissa; and, in consequence, she had thus expressed her feelings to Mr. Barnet: "My dear uncle, when I am of age, I doubt not that we shall be removed from this place; and I think we must all move together; for unless I have my old establishment about me, go where I will, I shall be unhappy. Therefore, my kind steward, you must begin to look out for us, and find me a habitation in which my dear mother

may have every convenience that she has enjoyed under this roof. As to ourselves, we must do as well as we can: but there must, at any rate, be a corner for you, my good uncle."

"You are a good girl, Clarissa," said the old man. "The Almighty will bless you. You make me ashamed of my own cold and hard heart. But I feel a growing confidence that the Lord will reward you."

Agreeably to this request of Clarissa, Mr. Barnet began to look about for a habitation: and discovering one at the end of the village which he thought might suit their purpose, he made a purchase of it. Immediately after which, by Clarissa's direction, he endeavoured to render the apartments destined for Mrs. Danzy as much like those she had long inhabited as circumstances would admit.

As Mrs. Danzy was particularly fond of the little balcony into which the windows of her sitting-room opened, with the flight of steps which led into the garden, Clarissa took care that a similar balcony and flight of steps should be prepared: and she gave a particular charge that the garden in which the house stood should be planted and beautifully arranged. With respect to her mother's furniture, she had no doubt, in case of their removal, that all would be freely given for her use; although no stipulation of the kind was made in her father's will.

Having taken these precautions, Clarissa quietly and unapprehensively waited the period when she would become of age. In the mean time, she resolved not to take any steps for the removal of her mother, until she understood her sister's wishes on the subject. Of this one thing she was however determined, that if she herself removed, she would never consent to leave her helpless parent behind.

It was in the month of June that Clarissa attained her twenty-first year. This day however instead of being hailed with any tokens of public festivity or joy, as the birth-day of a heiress, was allowed to pass totally unregarded by all except her nurse and uncle, who both rejoiced sincerely on the occasion. And shortly afterwards the old gentleman, who was a truly honest man, took the first opportunity of giving Clarissa an account

of his stewardship, by which it appeared that she was at that time in possession of an income of two thousand a year from landed estates, added to a considerable property in ready money. It was not without feelings of gratitude that Clarissa perceived herself to be so richly endowed, nor did she fail to express a devout hope that grace might be given her to devote her possessions to the glory of God.

After Clarissa had looked over her accounts, and satisfied herself how profitable a steward her uncle had been to her, she expressed her obligations to him in the warmest terms, and requested that he would always make her house his home, assuring him that she should ever consider herself as owing him the duty of a daughter. The old man was much affected by her kindness, and the more so as his own income was very small.

Clarissa's birth-day had scarcely passed by, when Isabella, coming one morning into her apartment, addressed her, in a manner as if she wished to conceal ill-humour under an appearance of gaiety, "As you are now one-and-twenty, Clarissa, I suppose you have formed some plans for your future life. According to my father's will, if I married before you were of age, I was bound to keep you in the house till that period; but that obligation has now ceased, and of course you will think of a habitation for yourself."

"Certainly," replied Clarissa, as calmly as she could speak, "certainly, if you wish it."

"I wish it," replied Isabella, "because my house is no larger than we can very well occupy; and you and your people require much room."

Clarissa was silent for a moment, and then replied, "You do not suppose, my dear sister, that I shall leave my beloved mother behind me! you have no objection to my taking her with me wherever I may go?"

"It is not my wish that it should be so," said Isabella. "I and Mrs. Burton can surely take all proper care of her."

"Sister," said Clarissa, "I now solemnly assure you, that, although I should thereby be reduced to the utmost inconvenience, I never will be separated from my mother."

"Then," said Isabella, "you must take her with you

when you remove; for Mr. Beauchamp can no longer permit his house to be filled with such a tribe as you have about you."

Clarissa endeavoured to overcome her indignation, and to speak with composure: "You then would rather, sister, that I should remove my mother than remain with her here?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Isabella. "Indeed, at any rate, I could not possibly permit my mother to remain in the rooms she now occupies, as our drawing-room which adjoins her dressing-room is too small for us, and it is Mr. Beauchamp's intention to throw the two rooms into one by taking down the centre wall, and forming an arch between."

Clarissa was silent again for a moment, and then said, "Isabella, my mother shall soon be out of the way of your alterations. I have provided a house to which I can retire with her immediately."

"I was told as much," said Isabella, coldly. "Things do not pass so quietly in a village as that the plans of any family in it can be easily concealed."

"Especially," said Clarissa, "when there has been no intention of concealment."

"You are at liberty to move whenever you please, sister," said Isabella; "and I am glad that you have provided yourself with so agreeable a habitation."

"You will not then be displeased, Isabella," said Clarissa, "if I give orders for the removal of my mother's furniture to-morrow?"

"My mother's furniture!" said Isabella, affecting astonishment, "what am I to understand by that expression?"

"The furniture of my mother's apartments," said Clarissa.

"And do you not know," said Isabella, "that, by my father's will, it is to be understood that all the household furniture, plate, and linen, in this house, became mine as soon as I married? And there is no clause which I know of which reserves any articles of this kind for my mother."

"But do you not know, sister," said the astonished Clarissa, "that there are certain articles of furniture in my mother's apartments which she has been accustomed

to use for many years, and which it would occasion her the most lively grief to be deprived of?"

"I do not wish to deprive her of them," replied Isabella. "If she remains in this house, they shall be removed to the apartments I have destined for her."

"I repeat my determination," said Clarissa, "that I will never leave her: and as I cannot remain with her here, I would take her hence though I were to beg my bread with her from door to door."

"Fine exalted sentiments, indeed!" said Isabella; "and all uttered at my expence! But, as I before said, you are at liberty to take her hence whenever you please."

"And will you deprive her of all her little favourite possessions?" said Clarissa.

"Prove to me that these things are hers," replied Isabella, "and I will no longer oppose your taking them."

"And can it be possible that such unimportant trifles should become a question between an afflicted parent and a daughter possessing your fortune, Isabella?" asked Clarissa.

"And do you not see, Clarissa," said Isabella, "that the question does not lie between me and my mother, but between you and me?"

"How so?" said Clarissa.

"You are going to take my mother from hence. You will have the advantage of her income; and yet you expect me to provide her furniture!"

"I understand you now, Isabella," said Clarissa, "which I own I did not at first. Let the goods be valued, and I will pay for them with all my heart, yea, twice the sum which you might require, rather than permit my dear mother to be deprived of a single article of furniture to which she is attached."

The young ladies being now come to an understanding, the several articles in poor Mrs. Danzy's apartment were valued, and Clarissa entered into an engagement to pay their price as soon as they should be delivered into her possession.

In the mean time, Mrs. Beauchamp signified to Clarissa, that it was hers and Mr. Egerton Beauchamp's intention to give a ball: on which occasion Isabella in-

timated, that it would be necessary to throw the two apartments into one; and that, therefore, the sooner her mother could be removed, the more convenient it would be.

Clarissa received this hint from Isabella without uttering a single word; for she was even anxious to be gone, and had no other difficulty to manage, except that of breaking the matter to her mother in the best possible way. She consulted her physician on this subject; and was advised by him not to trouble her poor parent till it should become quite necessary so to do, as she would thereby be preserved from many perplexing apprehensions and terrors. Clarissa approved of this advice, and made every exertion to prepare all things which could be prepared for her mother's reception at the new house, as well as for the comfort of her uncle and the other parts of her family, which was to consist of the nurse and her husband, two female servants of lower order, a gardener, a coachman, and a young person who assisted the nurse in waiting on poor Mrs. Danzy.

On the day previous to that fixed for Mrs. Danzy's removal, every other member of the family, excepting those required to wait upon the poor lady, moved into the new house; Clarissa giving orders, that proper persons should be prepared, about the middle of the next day, to remove the furniture from the old apartments, and replace it in the new ones.

The morning fixed for the removal being a very fine one, Clarissa, as soon as her poor mother was dressed, persuaded her to go out in her little garden-chair into the paddock; and, as all the rest of her people were going to be engaged in removing and arranging the furniture, Clarissa alone attended her, with the young servant (by name Fanny) whom we have before mentioned. When they were in the paddock, Clarissa desired the little carriage might be stopped; and, while her mother sat in it, she rested at her feet, endeavouring to open to her, in the tenderest manner, the necessity there was of an immediate removal.

The old lady seemed at once astonished and angry; but, after a while, the natural sweetness of her temper prevailed. And when she was made to understand, that she must either be separated from Clarissa and her other

attendants, or consent to move with them, she did not hesitate one moment; but, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her daughter's neck, she declared, that she would rather forego every comfort of life, than be separated from her and her other dear attendants.

Clarissa kept the poor lady as long as she possibly could in the paddock, amusing her with an account of their new house and garden; describing how every thing was arranged there for her comfort, and who were to live in the house; particularly reminding her, that she might go into every room of that house, and all over the garden, without fear of interruption.

In this manner she entertained her mother till the usual dinner-hour, at which time they returned to the mansion; when Clarissa, with some difficulty, persuaded her poor mother, instead of going up stairs, to enter, with her, into the little study at one corner of the hall, which Mr. Barnet had lately occupied. There they found preparations for dinner; but Clarissa had considerable difficulty to induce her to eat, or to keep her in any degree composed.

Immediately after dinner, a written message was brought to Clarissa from the other house, to say that her presence was necessary there. The young lady was much distressed by this request; but, seeing no alternative, she left her mother with Fanny, promising to return as soon as possible.

On Fanny's being left alone with Mrs. Danzy, she used her utmost exertions to amuse her, and succeeded for a short time. But the poor lady, missing her daughter with her other attendants, presently became excessively restless, and, assuming a tone of authority, insisted upon going up to her own room; and such was her cunning, that, escaping from the door of the study before Fanny was aware, and hastily running up stairs, she made her way into her old apartments. But what was her horror and amazement, on reaching those beloved rooms, to find them quite empty, and thickly scattered over with dust and fragments of the wall! For her daughter Isabella, impatient to see her drawing-room enlarged, had already employed workmen to throw down the partition-wall of the two apartments.

At the sight of these things, poor Mrs. Danzy lost all

self-command, and breaking out into vehement expressions of grief and amazement, charged all with whom she had to do with the utmost cruelty, calling upon her husband as if he were still alive and could hear her, and lamenting her infant children as secretly suffering some very cruel persecution. At length, a flood of tears coming to her relief, she suffered Fanny to lead her down stairs. And the young woman would, no doubt, have succeeded in bringing her again into the study, had they not encountered Isabella and Mrs. Burton in the hall.

At sight of the latter, whom she had not seen for a long time, Mrs. Danzy shrieked with agony, looking wildly around her as one that would fly, yet not knowing whither to go. "You see, Madam," said Mrs. Burton, addressing Mrs. Beauchamp, while her eyes flamed with rage, "you see, Madam, how they have held me up as an object of abhorrence to the afflicted lady. Is not this hard to a faithful old servant, who has devoted the best of her days to the service of her mistress?"

"Be silent, Burton," said Isabella: "what avail such complaints as these? If Mrs. Danzy fears and dreads you; has she not precisely the same feelings for me, her own daughter? Thanks be to those who have inspired her with them, and who are building up their own character of filial piety upon the ruin of mine." Then turning to her mother, whose irresolution had kept her in one place for the last few minutes, she asked her, with forced but cold civility, whom or what she was seeking, and whether she would choose to walk into her parlour.

"I am seeking," said the poor lady, "all that I love, and all that once formed the happiness of my life—my husband, my children, my faithful servants. But they are all gone! gone! gone!—and that sweet young lady, whom they call Clarissa, she, too, is gone!—and I am left here alone, without a friend!" Here the poor lady burst into an agony of tears.

"Without a friend!" said Isabella, "what words are these, Madam? Let the world bear witness, that I am ready to be your friend, and this faithful woman to be your attendant."

Mrs. Danzy shuddered as she looked at Mrs. Burton, and whispered to Fanny, "Take me away from this house."

The whisper, though not intended to be heard, reached the ears of Isabella: on which she broke out with a vehemence of passion exceedingly indecent towards an afflicted parent. She charged her with an entire want of affection towards herself, as well as with excessive ingratitude to Mrs. Burton; pouring out the most vehement invectives against Clarissa and all of her favourite attendants.

The poor lady wept and trembled, and, moving with a stealing step towards the hall-door, seemed evidently to be meditating a flight, though she knew not whither.

Isabella perceived what she was about: whereupon, her indignation rising higher, she said, "Well, if it is your pleasure to go, you are at liberty so to do. I have offered you my protection and assistance; but since you reject both, it were better for you to depart, and seek refuge among those who may prove more agreeable to you."

The old lady turned tremblingly towards her daughter, as she uttered these ungracious and undutiful expressions; and then, casting one look back on the large old hall in which she had in happier days reigned the supreme mistress, she stepped out upon the flight of steps before the door, where she was unexpectedly received into the arms of Clarissa, who happened to arrive at that very moment.

Clarissa threw a glance of high indignation at Isabella, who stood just within the great door-way; and, ordering Fanny to follow with her mother's hood and cloak, and any other little article belonging to her which might be left, she led her towards a neat plain carriage with which she had provided herself, and which was then waiting at the door.

When poor Mrs. Danzy was placed in the carriage beside her beloved daughter, she burst into an agony of tears, reclining her afflicted head on the bosom of that child in whom she had always found comfort. They waited only till Fanny had taken her place by their side, and then drove off. During their drive, which was short, Clarissa found means so effectually to soothe her mother, that the old lady was prepared to see, with pleasure, all that had been done and provided for her.

The carriage stopped at the neat dwelling which Cla-

rissa had chosen for her family residence, when Mr. Barnett coming out to meet them in high good-humour, congratulated Mrs. Danzy on her arrival at her pleasant house, "where," added he, "we are all ready to wait upon you, and obey your commands."

On her alighting, Mrs. Danzy was received by nurse and her husband, and led by her smiling daughter into her new apartments, where all her old furniture and beloved possessions were arranged in the nicest order.

At the sight of these, the afflicted lady wept, and looked round her with a feeling of such entire confidence in all who surrounded her, as wonderfully tended to the tranquillity of her poor mind.

From that day, Clarissa's household enjoyed a very large degree of peace; and this was the more remarkable, as Mr. Barnett was, in his way, a complete humourist. But this sweet young lady knew so well how to unite a proper authority and decision of character with extreme kindness, that there was not one of the household who stood not in fear of offending her.

After Mrs. Danzy had been some days in her new habitation, she was prevailed upon by her affectionate attendants frequently to leave her own room; to visit her daughter in her neat and elegant parlour; to take her meals with the family; to walk in the garden; to visit and feed the poultry; to take airings in the carriage, sometimes to a considerable distance; and even to see what little company visited her daughter: on which occasions she made herself so agreeable, and often entered with such discretion into the common topics of discourse, that it would have been difficult for a stranger to discover in her any thing like a mental deficiency. But they who witnessed her daily lamentations for her infant, and heard her speak of her marriage as an event which had taken place only a few years ago; who saw her constant care to prepare her baby's bed, and to set a chair and table for her husband; these persons were but too painfully convinced, that the distressing malady which had so long afflicted her was by no means removed, although its symptoms had met with such wonderful alleviations.

In the mean time, another year passed away, in which Isabella had brought her husband a son, at whose birth as great rejoicings were made as at the birth of a little

prince: and Clarissa, during the same period, had received and declined several advantageous offers of marriage—advantageous, I mean, with respect to rank and riches; for a beautiful young woman, possessing a large fortune, can never want offers of this kind. But Clarissa, having refused to marry the only man who had ever yet pleased her fancy for the sake of her mother, was determined never to enter the marriage state, without good reason to suppose, that, by such marriage, she should add to her mother's comfort. Towards the end of this twelvemonth, the rector of the village dying, the living was bestowed upon a young man, of small fortune, though of noble family, of genteel appearance, and pleasing manners.

This young clergyman (by name Edward Melville) had not long resided in the village, before a great stir was excited by his mode of preaching, which was altogether different from any thing that had been heard in that neighbourhood for a length of years, or even within the memory of man. The chief subjects of his discourses were—the depravity of man's nature, salvation by Christ only, the necessity of the new birth, sanctification by the Holy Spirit, and the glorious mysteries of free grace.

These doctrines, as will ever be the case where they are zealously preached, excited vehement agitation in the congregation: and it was particularly observed that many of the rich left the church, while the poor crowded into it. Among those, however, of the higher ranks who remained to listen was Clarissa, who, after hearing for some time with eager curiosity and astonishment, it at length pleased the Lord to open her mind to the truth; when she perceived, with amazement, that she had hitherto been walking in thick darkness, though the unseen hand of her heavenly Father had mercifully conducted her in ways of peace and safety. And hence she was led to hope, that He who had hitherto been her guide and protector in so remarkable a manner, had such purposes of mercy towards her as would assuredly issue in the accomplishment of her salvation. And now she was made sensible how very imperfectly all her duties had hitherto been performed—and that the care which she had so long exercised over her mother and her household had, in general, been directed only to their bodily

comfort, having little or no regard to their spiritual interests. She was also made to feel, that there had been a great degree of coldness, and not a little contempt, mixed with her due anger against her sister; an error which she resolved, with the divine help, immediately to correct: and, in consequence, she speedily paid her sister a visit, which she had not done since leaving her house.

Clarissa closely attended the ministry of this pious minister for several months, devoting much of her time to private reading of the Scriptures, and humbly seeking the knowledge of the truth. During this period she became very anxious for the spiritual welfare of her family, particularly that of her mother; but, finding it extremely difficult to speak freely with the afflicted lady on these subjects, she at length resolved to request Mr. Melville to visit her parent and converse with her. She was for a short time held back from making this request, by considering that she was a very young woman, and that there was a considerable degree of awkwardness in inviting a young man to her house. But, recollecting that she had an uncle living with her, she overcame these scruples, and requested Mr. Melville to favour her mother with a pastoral visit.

Lest, however, the history we are upon should become tedious, I shall refrain from entering minutely into this part of it, contenting myself with shortly remarking that Mr. Melville's conversation, with the divine blessing, produced a very happy effect upon the old lady; raising her mind from earthly to heavenly things, awakening her to a sense of her own natural depravity, teaching her the need of a Saviour, and leading her right humbly to the foot of the cross. And although her mind was, as I before remarked, in a state of manifest derangement, yet it was wonderful how sweetly and even eagerly she admitted religious impressions, appearing to be soothed and consoled by them in a most extraordinary manner. As a new-born babe she received the pure milk of the Gospel: and, having once tasted the heavenly food, she discovered an extreme earnestness to impart it not only to all those whom she loved, but even to those whom she formerly had not loved. She was now frequently heard singing hymns and psalms, and accompanying

them with her guitar; she was also much employed in studying her Bible, and even in committing to memory many little portions of it. Nothing seemed to delight her so much as when Mr. Melville would accept an invitation from her to tea; on which occasions she became very anxious to have every thing prepared for him in the neatest and most respectful way.

It was easy to perceive that, by these means, a great regard was growing between the old lady and her spiritual guide—such an affection as is exercised between a mother and a son: and it was remarkable what pains he took to facilitate her progress in the heavenly way; often calling upon her, walking by her garden-chair when she went out, and persuading her to be wheeled to the poor cottages, in order that she might have the pleasure of administering relief to the destitute with her own hands. The conduct of this young man towards her mother greatly pleased Clarissa: but still, the dread she had of being mistaken in his character, as well as the natural feeling of modesty belonging to her sex, made her generally retire to her own apartment while he was in the house, leaving the office of making tea to others. But this forced coldness on her part seemed to have no effect on the conduct of Mr. Melville, whose attentions to her mother were invariably kind and consistent; and several instances were brought after a while to the knowledge of Clarissa, of similar attentions shewn to other aged and afflicted persons, where there could be no other motive except that of pure religion, which visits the fatherless and widows in affliction, and keeps itself unspotted from the world.

After several facts of this kind had been brought before her observation in a manner which would admit of no doubt, she insensibly relaxed a little of her reserve; so that she sometimes appeared at the tea-table when Mr. Melville favoured her mother with his company. She was now, in her turn, much edified by the pious discourse of this young man, and much delighted by a certain innocent cheerfulness which he possessed in a peculiar degree, and with which he greatly amused the old people, insomuch that they not unfrequently repeated his agreeable remarks in his absence.

In this manner passed several months, during which

the young people had seen so much of each other that a separation would now have become a severe trial to either party: and yet, as Mr. Melville had but a very small property, he seemed to feel that it would be highly presumptuous in him to aspire to the possession of such a young lady as Clarissa. On this ground he hesitated a while: but as the difficulties must be more than imaginary to separate two young people who truly esteem and love each other, he brought himself, after a short time, to open his mind to the young lady; in consequence of which, this comparatively obscure young man obtained her as a wife, of whom the first man in the country would have been proud.

Clarissa's marriage with Mr. Melville made no other change in the family, than that of supplying poor Mrs. Danzy with an affectionate son, and old Mr. Barnet with a no less affectionate nephew, and indeed every individual of the household with a friend who laboured earnestly to promote their future welfare, and to raise their minds from earthly to heavenly objects.

When Clarissa had been married some few months, it was known in the family that she was likely to bless her husband with a little one: but she requested that nothing of this kind might be mentioned to her mother, lest the old lady might thereby be subjected to anxiety.

Some weeks before Clarissa's confinement, it being summer time, Mrs. Danzy was advised to go to a small sea-bathing-place about ten miles from the village in which she resided: and as she shewed no reluctance to this measure, having since she was more kindly treated lost much of her apprehensiveness, and discovered a readiness to go any where with nurse and her husband, the plan was put into execution, though Clarissa was not able to accompany her.

During their mother's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Melville were blessed with a little daughter, whose sweet and promising appearance filled its parents' hearts with love and gratitude. The little infant, whom they christened Clarissa, grew rapidly; so that at the end of six weeks, when the poor grandmother was expected to return, she was considered as lovely a little fair creature of her age as had ever been seen.

Mrs. Danzy's arrival was looked for about tea-time,

and Clarissa took care that every thing should be prepared in the way she best liked. At the moment when she heard the carriage drive up to the door, she took her little infant, who was always dressed with the most exact and delicate neatness, and laid her asleep, as she then happened to be, upon the cradle-bed so often spoken of before, and which had always stood in her mother's room since it had been occupied by herself an infant.

No sooner had Mrs. Danzy stepped from the carriage, than the affectionate daughter kissed her, and taking her hand, addressed her thus—"Now, my dearest mother, you shall be made happy; you shall rejoice in a little Clarissa, an infant whose sweet smiles can hardly fail to chase away all your tears." So saying, she took her mother's hand, and led her to the bed where lay the sleeping baby.

Mrs. Danzy started, changed colour, and bursting into tears, threw her arms round her daughter's neck, evidently at a loss to comprehend the meaning of so novel a spectacle. Then looking at the baby, and falling on her knees by the bed-side, while she pressed her lips on the dimpled hand of the infant, "I know not what to think, I know not what to say!" she exclaimed. "Is this my own child?"

"Yes, dear mother, it is," said Clarissa; "all your own! but I am its nurse."

Mrs. Danzy lifted up her eyes, and clasped her hands together. "I am," she said, "I am a very, very poor sinful creature. O Lord, I have been impatient under trials, and thankless, though enjoying countless blessings. I deserve not the least of thy favours, and am confounded at the thought of my own unworthiness: but thou, O Lord, art infinitely merciful, and hast never dealt with me according to my transgressions. I receive this sweet infant as a pledge of thy love, and as a token that thou still hast purposes of mercy for me." The poor lady could say no more, being overcome with joy and gratitude, insomuch that she knelt weeping by the cradle till led away to tea by her daughter.

From that time, it was impossible to discover whether Mrs. Danzy considered this infant as her own or not; for whenever she attempted to speak upon the subject,

her manner and expressions became so confused, as to render it necessary to lead her from the point. Notwithstanding which, her affection for the infant was like that of the tenderest mother; and there was no delight which she could taste equal to that of watching and attending this sweet child.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville were blessed with several children, whom they brought up carefully in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and in the practice of filial piety.

There could not be a more delightful sight, than to see these lovely young creatures waiting on their grandmother, and striving who should be foremost to perform for her any little office of respect and kindness. Nor was it less touching to hear this poor lady giving them lessons of piety, which she would do in so excellent a manner as to make it evident to all who heard her, that, notwithstanding her affliction, she was fully sensible of the amazing importance of religion.

Thus passed year after year in this happy family. In the mean time, many and rapid changes took place in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp. For a few years after their mother left them, they continued to live in the most expensive manner; till, at length, becoming deeply involved in debt, they had nothing left for it but to fly their country. And it appeared, when their accounts came to be made up, that Mrs. Burton had contributed, together with a new steward, in no small degree, to their ruin.

Poor Mr. Barnet, who was employed with others in looking into their affairs, shook his head, and exclaimed, "Had I been trusted, this confusion would never have been known."

As the estate was entailed, it could not be sold: but Mrs. Beauchamp and her husband were obliged to give it up for their respective lives, and to be content with about five hundred a year; on which they retired to the Continent, whence nothing more was heard of the family till after several years, when the news of Mr. Beauchamp's death reached England. Mrs. Beauchamp, however, did not return on this occasion to her native country.

But when Adolphus Beauchamp came of age, he returned with his mother to England, and after remaining

with her some time in town, he contrived to get introduced to a very rich heiress; and, as he was an extremely handsome young man, he prevailed upon this lady to marry him. Immediately after their marriage, as they possessed no country-house, the young people agreed to hire of the creditors the old family-mansion, until, by the liquidation of his father's debts, it should again devolve to the possession of the elder Mrs. Beauchamp.

The mansion was accordingly hired, and the family returned to the country, after having been absent from it about eighteen years. The elder Mrs. Beauchamp was at this time little more than forty, a handsome gay widow, and much elated by the advantageous match she imagined her son to have made. The prospect of living, in a dependent state, in a house where she had so long reigned in full power, gave her some pain, it is true; but she trusted that her daughter-in-law, being strongly attached to her husband, would not fail to shew his mother every kind attention: and as her private income was small, having been much diminished by many late expences incurred during her son's courtship, she was almost under the necessity of accepting an apartment in the old mansion.

On their arrival in the country, Clarissa hastened to see her sister and nephew, but was received with a coldness which precluded all idea of cordiality. The elder Mrs. Beauchamp was, on her first arrival in the country, considerably gratified by the show and splendour of her son's establishment, as well as by the elegant entertainments he was enabled to give his neighbours. But when the first bustle of paying and receiving visits was over, she had opportunity to discover much in her daughter-in-law which was calculated to cause her no small alarm. This young lady was exceedingly proud, and very ill-tempered; in addition to which she exercised an almost unbounded influence over her husband: and having taken care before her marriage to secure to herself the command of their purse, it was not long before her mother-in-law was made to feel the effect of her high and imperious spirit; inso-much that before a year was passed, several very sharp altercations had taken place between the two ladies.

After one of these, the elder Mrs. Beauchamp appealed

to her son; but was told, that, as she was not in her own house, she must submit to her who was—an expression which she found it hard to bear from her only child. Many motives however induced her to submit, if possible; one of which, and that not the least, was a consciousness that she had been condemned for her conduct towards her own mother, and that her neighbours would rather be disposed to rejoice in her present affliction than to sympathize with her under it.

Thus this proud woman was induced to put up with indignities, which the meekest person would have found it difficult to support with patience. Since it was, however, the object of her daughter-in-law to make her house too uncomfortable for her mother-in-law to tarry long in it, all Mrs. Beauchamp's constrained forbearance could do nothing towards conciliating the young lady. In proportion as the old lady seemed willing to submit, in the same degree her daughter encroached; till, at length, her situation became so intolerable, that she resolved to leave the house, and find some humble lodging, where at least she might be free from insult.

The morning which this unhappy woman had appointed for quitting the house of her ungrateful children, was one which had been fixed upon in the happy family of Mrs. Melville for the marriage of their eldest daughter, concerning whom we last spoke as of a lovely infant sleeping in her cradle.

The connexion which this young lady was about to form was with a gentleman of no very large fortune indeed, but possessing many other very strong recommendations, such as piety, intelligence, industry, and a sweet temper; and withal being strongly attached to the lovely young person he was about to marry. His residence was to be fixed in the village, not far from Mr. Melville's house, where he intended to pursue a profession which he had already commenced with considerable success.

Such a marriage as this, which did not threaten an immediate separation between the beloved bride and her mother, could not but prove an occasion of great joy to this united and happy family. And it was at the moment when they were coming out of church, after the marriage-ceremony had taken place, that the assembled

family, as they were about to enter their carriages, were accosted by a person, who, running up hastily to them, requested assistance for a lady who had fainted at the door of a cottage close by.

The wedding-party consulted with each other for a few moments what was to be done, but it was only for a few moments: for a strong sense of pity overcoming all other feelings, they hastened to the cottage, which was very near the gates of the church-yard, where to their unspeakable surprise they beheld Mrs. Beauchamp lying insensible, in the arms of the cottager. "What does this mean?" said Clarissa, shocked beyond measure at her sister's situation: "what can this mean?"

"Why, Madam," said the cottager, "they have turned the poor lady out of the mansion-house, the house where she was born and bred, and of which she was mistress so many years; and I verily believe she is broken-hearted."

"Turned her out of the mansion-house! is it possible?" said Clarissa. "Surely it cannot be true!"

"It is true indeed, Madam," returned the cottager: "nothing can be more true." And then she proceeded to relate certain facts, which left the matter no longer in doubt.

On Mr. and Mrs. Melville's being convinced of the true state of the case, they hesitated not a moment upon the line of conduct which they ought to pursue; but, ordering up to the door of the cottage one of the carriages which were in waiting, they caused the fainting lady to be lifted into it, and rapidly conveyed to her sister's house, where, being laid on the best bed which the house would afford, such remedies were applied as speedily brought her to her senses.

The rest of the bridal party were assembled in the parlour below, at breakfast; while Clarissa alone, and the nurse, who had been called for the purpose, were standing by the side of the unhappy Isabella, when, recovering from her fainting-fit, she opened her eyes, and looked earnestly around her, not knowing where she was. Her sister then addressed her affectionately, informed her that she had just been made acquainted with her melancholy situation, and hoped that she would not refuse to accept an asylum in her house.

The kindness of Clarissa did but heap coals of fire on the head of Isabella; who, in reply to this affectionate address, said, "Finish your work of triumph, Clarissa. To build your reputation on my disgrace and shame has ever been the object of your desire; and too well have you succeeded in your views. You have desired to witness my disappointment and ruin; and now, now you see it, and stand by complacently smiling upon it, heaping obligations upon me, for which the world will praise you, far and near, while my name will be held up to the detestation and contempt of the whole neighbourhood."

"Dear Isabella," said Clarissa, "O that you could but understand the motives on which I act! I trust, in that case, that your feelings towards me would be very different. But think of me, dear sister, as you will, only accept the home I offer you. This apartment, if you please, shall be yours, and all the inhabitants of this house will delight to do your pleasure."

Isabella looked as if she would almost have chosen death rather than a retreat in her sister's house: yet, bereaved and desolate as she found herself, she was forced to accept the offered asylum, hoping thereby to escape all further insult from her daughter-in-law.

The remark was, indeed, never made in the presence of Clarissa; yet there were not wanting many who observed how wonderfully the daughter, who had driven her afflicted mother from her house, was now requited in kind, and even made to suffer more from her own son than her mother had endured from herself.

Although Isabella, as I before said, was forced to accept an asylum in the house of her sister, it very soon appeared that her mind was in a state which would admit of no comfort whatever. Mr. Melville used every exertion to bring her to the knowledge of her Saviour; but his opportunities with her were fewer and shorter than any one had apprehended: for, after passing a few months in the indulgence of excessive grief, she was seized with a disorder which shortly brought her to the grave; and when she died, it was without giving any evidence of that saving change which her sister so anxiously desired to witness.

Mrs. Danzy lived to an extreme old age, growing con-

tinually, it was hoped, in piety and in the knowledge of God; though her mind, in other matters, still discovered the same deficiency, which has been so often noticed in the course of this narrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville were much blessed in their children; and this favoured family, for many years, presented a scene of as perfect peace as can well be found in this world of sin and sorrow: for the elder parts of the family were willing to accommodate themselves to the younger, while the younger were taught to consider, that respect and kindness to their elders was a duty most agreeable in the sight of God. And as these amiable tempers were, in both, the effect of grace, they partook, in some degree, of the unchangeable nature of Him by whom that grace was bestowed.

The lady of the manor, having thus concluded the history of Clarissa, called upon her young people to unite with her in prayer.

A Prayer to be enabled to fulfil the Duties enjoined by the Fifth Commandment.

“O ALMIGHTY Father and Creator of all mankind, thou who hast constituted all the various orders and conditions of men, who hast appointed us to enter into life in the weak and helpless condition of infancy, making us, in our early years, entirely dependent on those who have the charge of us, whether our natural parents, or others standing in their place, and receiving authority from them;—grant us grace to conduct ourselves towards these directors of our youth, with that obedience, respect, and tenderness, which are agreeable to thy holy will, and conformable to the lovely example set before us by the holy child Jesus.

“Youth is naturally proud, insolent, and self-sufficient; and the present age is an age of insubordination and contempt of elders. Many of the young people of the present day carry themselves high and haughtily, withholding all due respect from the hoary head, O blessed Father, take from us, we beseech thee, this spirit of pride and self-sufficiency. Make us to know and feel the depravity of our nature, with all the usual follies at-

tendant on the state of youth. Grant that we may be ever ready to give honour to our elders, and ever prepared to receive the admonitions of the aged. Make us obedient to our parents and teachers, and lowly and respectful to all that are in authority.

“If our parents are weak, or old, or sick, enable us to bear their infirmities with tenderness, remembering how they bore with our weaknesses in a state of infancy. If they are unreasonable or unkind, let us recollect, that it is the Lord who hath said, ‘Honour thy father and thy mother,’ and that the obligations of the child cannot be cancelled by the unworthiness of the parent.

“And now, O holy Father, inasmuch as we can do no one thing well without thine assistance, pour upon us, we humbly pray thee, the gifts of thy Holy Spirit; so that, as the offences of our past lives have, we trust, been pardoned through the death of our blessed Saviour, our future days may be preserved from sin, and especially from that sin which consists in the contempt of those powers which thou hast appointed, whether they be exercised by parents, teachers, magistrates, guardians, ministers, or rulers.

“And now to God the Father,” &c.



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